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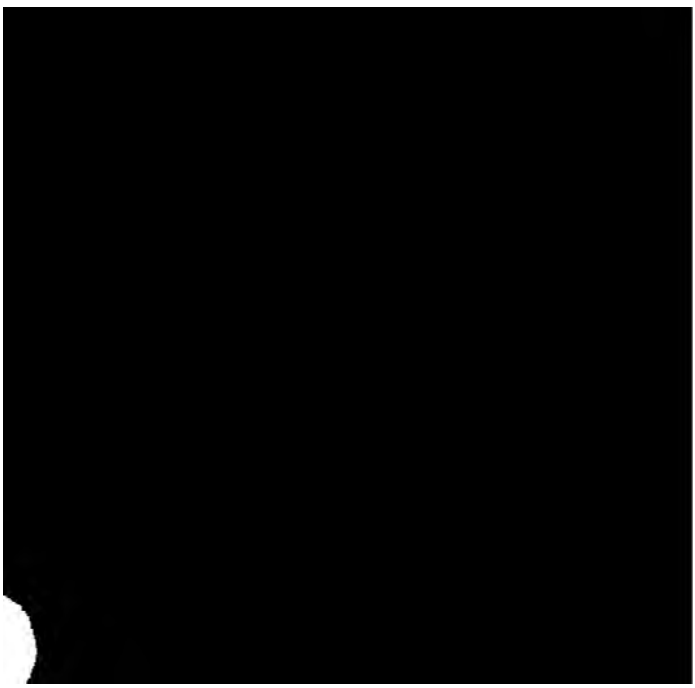
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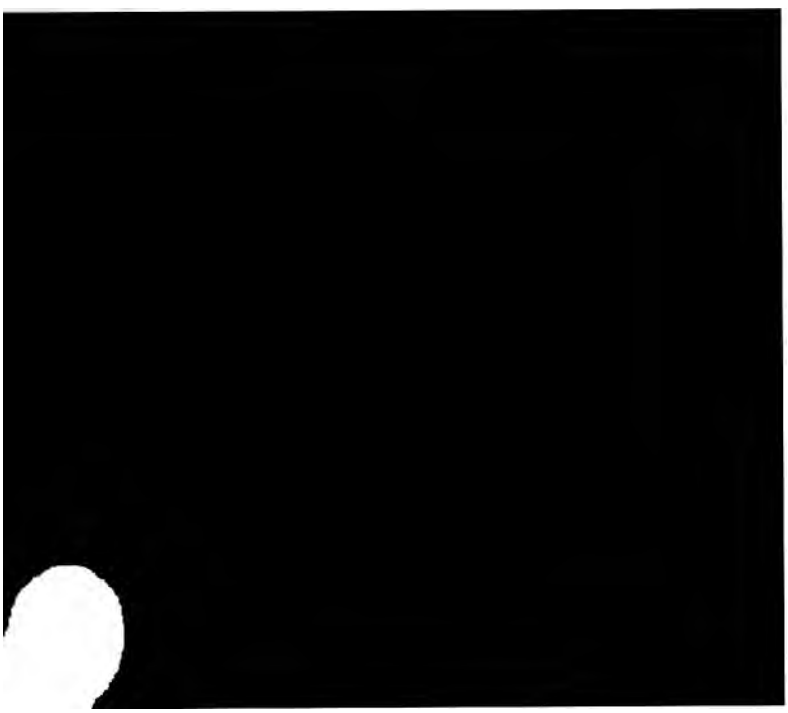






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NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

VOL. CLXIX.

THE LETTERS AND WORKS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

VOL. I.





THE

LETTERS AND WORKS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

EDITED BY HER GREAT GRANDSON,

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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MEMOIR

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,

PREFIXED TO MR. DALLAWAY'S EDITION OF HER WORKS, AND WRITTEN BY HIM.

LADY MARY PIERREPONT was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Duke of Kingston, and the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William Earl of Denbigh.(1) She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690, and lost her mother in 1694. The first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously, that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality, when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best.(2) Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise. Her translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus received his emendations.(3) For so complete an improvement of her mind she was much indebted to uninterrupted leisure and recluse habits of life. Her time was principally spent at Thoresby and at Acton, near London; and her society confined to a few friends, among whom the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Anne Wortley, (4) a lady of sense-

(1) Lady Mary had two sisters: Lady Frances, who married John Erskine of Mar, and Lady Evelyn, the wife of John Leveson Lord Gower.

(2) Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 37.

(3) Preserved with her other MSS. Epictetus has been translated by another English classical lady, Mrs. Carter.

(4) This is a mistake; Mrs. Anne Wortley was sister, not mother, to Mr. Wortley. Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 37.

and spirit, the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire. She was the wife of the Honourable Sidney Montagu, second son of the heroic Earl of Sandwich, who died in the arms of victory during the memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles the Second.

In this intimacy originated her connexion with Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. the eldest son of the lady above mentioned. After a correspondence of about two years they were privately married by special licence, which bears date August 12, 1712. He had received a classical education, and had travelled trough Germany to Venice, in 1703, where he remained about two years. For more than three years after their marriage, as the Duke of Kingston and Mr. Sidney Montagu were both living, their establishment was limited; (1) and Lady Mary resided chiefly at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield, where her son Edward Wortley Montagu was born; and his father was principally engaged in London, in his attendance upon his parliamentary duties, and his political friends. (2) In his cousin Charles Montagu Mr. Wortley found an able patron, who, as he was the universal protector of men of genius, was strictly associated with Addison and Steele. The temper of Addison did not admit of unreserved intimacy, and Mr. Wortley had not to regret that any man was favoured with a greater share of his

with Mr. Addison, subjoined letters, selected from many, are a sufficient evidence.

"TO EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR, — Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, (1) as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of 2000*l.* per annum, an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.*, and, what is more than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and the stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects pray send me a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would take a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasise is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

"I am, dear sir, yours eternally, etc. J. ADDISON.

"July 21, 1711."

"TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

"Wortley, July 28, 1711.

"NOTWITHSTANDING your disappointments, I had much rather be in your circumstances than my own. The strength of your constitution would make you happier than all who are not equal to you in that, though it contributed nothing towards those other advantages that place you in the first rank of men. Since my fortune fell to me I had reason to fancy I should be reduced to a very small income; I immediately retrenched my expenses, and lived for six months on fifty pounds as pleasantly as ever I did in my life, and could have lived for less than half than sum, and often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus, in the second satire of the second book, and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health: at present I take all the care I can to improve mine. This air is as proper for that as any I know, and we are so remote from all troublesome neighbours and great towns, that a man can think of nothing long but country amusements, or his books; and if you would change the course of your thoughts, you will scarce fail of effecting it here.

(1) Spectator, No. CXXIII. v. ii.

I am in some fear I shall be forced to town for four or five days, and then we may come down together; if I stay I shall let you know it in a week or ten days, and hope to see you very soon. You were never in possession of any thing you love but your places, and those you could not call your own. After I had read what you say about them, I could not take pleasure in the Spectator you sent, but thought it a very good one. In two months, or a little more, I think I must go the Newcastle journey. You told me you should like it; if you do not, perhaps we may contrive how you may pass your time here. I am not sure we shall easily have leave to lodge out of this house; but we may eat in the woods every day, if you like it, and nobody here will expect any sort of ceremony.

"Yours ever, EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU."

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Charles Montagu, who had been sent on an embassy to the Elector of Hanover, whose seat in the House of Lords, as Duke of Cambridge, he had solicited, was immediately distinguished by the new sovereign, George the First, and created Earl of Halifax. To the high honour of the Order of the Garter was added the important and lucrative appointment of First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Wortley was now a confidential supporter of administra-

pointment as ambassador under the great seal bears date June 5, 1716. Sir Robert Sutton was removed from Constantinople to Vienna, and instructions were given them by the British court to arrange a plan of pacification. Mr. Stanyan, who afterward succeeded Mr. Wortley in his embassy, was intrusted with a similar commission, and nominated a coadjutor.

Early in the month of August, the new ambassador commenced an arduous journey over the continentof Europe to Constantinople, accompanied by Lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers, unavoidably to be encountered, in traversing the savage Turkish territory, the native horrors of which were then doubled by those of war. Pope, in his letter written after she had left England, exclaims, "May that person, for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future."

It has been said that Lady Mary was the first English woman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant; but the Editor recollects seeing an account at Constantinople, that both Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their Lords, during their several embassies. Whilst on her journey, and residing in the Levant, Lady Mary amused herself, and delighted her friends by a regular correspondence, chiefly directed to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, (1) and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both ladies of the court, and to Mr. Pope.

Of the accuracy of her local descriptions, and of the justness of portrait in which she has delineated European and Turkish manners, the Editor has had the good fortune to form a comparative opinion, and to bear the fullest testimony of their general truth. Eighty years after her he followed nearly the same route, over the Continent to Constantinople, and resided nearly the same space of time, as Lady Mary had done, in the palace at Pera, part of which had been contemporary with her. He may now be allowed to remember the pleasure with which

(1) Fenton, in his epistle to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, mentions Lady Rich in the following high encomium:

"And like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene,
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refined.
That angel form, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-eyed morn awakes the May;
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair."

he perused her animated letters in the very places from which they were originally sent, and the ample satisfaction he received in finding them reflect, in faithful colours, the scenes which he was then viewing, and the society with which he was, at that time, conversant. As the Oriental nations are not, like the European, liable to the fluctuation of fashion, the traveller into the Levant, a century since, will not have noticed a single custom, or peculiarity of dress, which is not equally familiar to modern eyes.

The embassy to Constantinople was formerly of great commercial importance, when the treasures of the East were brought by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolized the merchandize, which now finds its way to England by other channels. Added to his political concerns, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul-general of the Levant, which gave considerable influence and emolument to the British mission. Previously to Lady Mary's arrival at the destined point of her journey, the ambassador and his suite rested about two months at Adrianople, to which city the Sultan Achméd the Third had removed his court from the capital of his dominions. It was there that she first became acquainted with the customs of the Turks, and was enabled to give so lively and just a picture of their domestic manners and

leisure in collecting the copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself, in two small volumes in quarto. They were without doubt sometimes shown to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time, in 1761, she gave these books to a Mr. Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of one of them. "These two volumes are given to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. WORTLEY MONTAGU, December 11, 1761."

After her death,(1) the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett; and it has since appeared, that Mr. Cleland was the Editor.(2) The same gentleman, who had negotiated before, was again dispatched to Holland, and could gain no farther intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than that, a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the Letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived that Mr. Sowden should be called away during their perusal, and he found on his return that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him, but on the next day they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, that the intervening night was consumed in copying these Letters by several amanuenses. Another copy of them, but not in her own hand-writing, Lady Mary had given to Mr. Molesworth, which is now in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. Both in the original MS. and the last-mentioned transcript, the preface, printed by Beckett, is inserted, purported to have been written in 1728 by a lady of

(1) Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 60.

(2) Letters of Lady M——y W——y M——, in three vols. 12mo, published in 1763, by Beckett and De Hondt. When doubts were entertained concerning the authenticity of these Letters, Mr. Cleland did no discourage the idea, that the whole was a literary fiction of his own. Pope Ganganelli's Letters were likewise edited by him in two volumes, formed, at least, if not translated, from the French publication. This work succeeded with the public, and he was induced to invent two more. As the MSS. of the fourth volume of Lady M. W. M——'s Letters, published in 1767, are not extant, a conjecture is allowable that the first mentioned was not his first attempt at this species of imitation.

quality, and signed M. A. It is given in this edition as having been at least approved of by her ladyship.

When she arrived at Constantinople, her active mind was readily engaged in the pursuit of objects so novel as those which the Turkish capital presented. Whilst they excited her imagination, she could satisfy her curiosity, in her ideas of its former splendour as the metropolis of the Roman empire. Her classical acquirements rendered such investigations interesting and successful. Among her other talents was an extraordinary facility in learning languages; and in the assemblage of ten embassies from different countries, of which the society at Pera and Belgrade was composed, she had daily opportunities of extending her knowledge and practice of them. The French and Italian were familiar to her before she left England; and we find in her Letters that she had a sufficient acquaintance with the German to understand a comedy, as it was represented at Vienna. She even attempted the Turkish language, under the tuition of one of Mr. Wortley's dragomans, or interpreters, who compiled for her use a grammar and vocabulary in Turkish and Italian.(1) Of her proficiency in that very difficult dialect of the Oriental tongues, specimens are seen in her letters, in which a translation of some popular poetry appears.

The heat of Constantinople during the summer months is

"Sunday, March 23, 1718.

"The boy was engrafted last Tuesday, and is at this time singing and playing, very impatient for his supper; I pray God my next may give as good an account of him. I cannot engraft the girl, her nurse has not had the small-pox."

As a primary object in Mr. Wortley's mission was to effect a reconciliation between the Turks and Imperialists, and to act in concert with other ambassadors for that purpose, it was necessary that he should have a personal interview with Sultan Achméd, who was then in his camp at Philippopoli. Having been invited by the Grand Visier, he made his public entry into that city with a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, besides the guards, one hundred of whom wore the richest liveries.

Lord Paget, in 1698, had made a similar procession to Belgrade on the frontiers of Turkey, in which nothing was omitted to impress the Turks with ideas of the splendour of the nation he represented, the expense of that single mission amounting to 3000*l*. Both these ambassadors travelled with three hundred horses, and had their tents placed nearest to that of the Grand Visier.

These negotiations failed of their intended effect, because the preliminary requisition of the Imperialists tended to the complete cession of the territory acquired by the present war.

Mr. Wortley received letters of recall under the privy seal, October 28, 1717, which are countersigned by his friend Mr. Addison, then secretary of state. A private letter on that occasion, which is subjoined, will show how far Mr. Addison had acquired the tenor of official correspondence, without betraying the partiality of friendship.

"September 28, 1717.

"Dear Sir,—Having been confined to my chamber for some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find upon my coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the secretary to the ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson, being convinced that forms of law would in their ordinary course be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and himself, after which, if an ejectment ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejectment, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender makes such a proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of

opinion, that upon your being possessed (which they look upon as sure and sudden), it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country than to live at Constantinople. For this reason they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the Imperial court, and of joining Sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks. I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at Vienna, and how necessary it is to humour that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honour to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of our first ministers, who told me that he believed Sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation, which was carried on by my Lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favour and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person than at the distance you are from him, at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could

curious Oriental MSS. (1) and, investigating the classical shores of the Hellespont, he procured an inscribed marble, which he presented on his arrival in England to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Pursuing their voyage through the Archipelago they landed at Tunis, and having crossed the Mediterranean, arrived at Genoa, and from thence passed Turin to Lyons and Paris. They did not reach England before October 30, 1718.

In a short time after her return, Lady Mary was solicited by Mr. Pope to fix her summer residence at Twickenham, and it will appear from the following letters, that he negotiated with Sir Godfrey Kneller for his house in that celebrated village with great assiduity.

"MADAM,—You received, I suppose, the epistle Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which (abating some few flowers) was word for word. My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has since put me upon farther enquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord William Pawlet has taken; 'tis the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he would know all the particulars, which I am not able to give an exact account of, having sent you this notice the moment I heard of it: though still, that which I believe you both would like best is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest situated thing imaginable.

"Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you. I am sensible of the obligation, and had been the faithful ambassador between you, had I not been forced to leave the town the minute he told me of it. I cannot perform impossibilities, therefore I will not pretend to tell you the esteem with which I always have been.

"Dear madam, your most faithful humble servant,

"To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley, in the Piazza, Covent-Garden." "A. POPE.

When Lady Mary was settled at Twickenham, it might be presumed, from the ardent expressions of admiration and friendship which glow in Pope's letters to her during Mr. Wortley's embassy in the Levant, printed in this edition, that their intercourse would not have been interrupted by the in-

(1) Particularly six volumes in quarto of Arabian Tales, including most of those translated by Messrs. Galand and Petit La Croix, and many others not to be found in their publications.

fluence of those passions by which inferior minds are governed, and the stability of human happiness so frequently destroyed. That the change in Mr. Pope's sentiments was not immediately consequent on their becoming neighbours, is certain from these notes, which profess as much anxiety as any ever dictated by friendship.

"IT is not in my power, dear madam, to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me.

"I have been kept in town by a violent headach, so that if I might see you any time to-day, (except two, three, or four o'clock, when I am engaged to dinner,) I should be pleased and happy, more indeed than any other company could make me.

"Your most faithful obliged servant, A. POPE.

"To the Right Honourable Lady M. W. M. etc."

"I MIGHT be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in town. I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and now have a swelled face, and very bad; nothing will do me so much good as the sight of dear Lady Mary; when you come this way let me see you, for indeed I love you. "A. P.

"Twickenham, August 22, 1720.

"MADAM,—I was made acquainted late last night, that I might depend upon it as a certain gain to buy the South Sea stock at the present price, which will certainly rise in some weeks, or less. I can be as sure of this, as the nature of any such thing will allow, from the first and best hands, and therefore have dispatched the bearer with all speed to you.

"I am sincerely, dear madam,

"Your most faithful humble servant, A. POPE.

"To the Right Honourable the Lady M. W. Montagu, at Twickenham."

Mr. Pope, during his intimacy with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made her a request to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with which she complied, and received these complimentary epistles on that occasion.

"MADAM, Sir Godfrey happening to come from London yesterday (as I did myself) will wait upon you this morning at twelve, to take a sketch of you in your dress, if you will give leave. He is really very good to me. I heartily wish you will be so too. But I submit to you in all things, nay in the manner of all things; your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine! I am most truly yours, A. POPE.

"P. S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly."

"To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham."

"INDEED, dear madam, it is not possible to tell you whether you give me, every day I see you, more pleasure, or more respect; and, upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and think I was partial before to your prejudice.

"The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers, as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would

say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw your face first, which, he says, can never be set right on your figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he purposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up, at your own house in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner they seldom draw any but crowned heads, and I observe it with a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind as to tell me if you care he should do this to morrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like: let every decorum you please be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet and conveniency in any degree.

"I have just received this pamphlet, which may divert you.

"I am sincerely yours, A. POPE.

"To the Right Honourable the Lady M. W. Montagu, at Twickenham."

inoculation into this kingdom. Mr. Maitland, who had attended the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured to establish the practice of it in London, and was encouraged by her patronage. (1) In 1721, as its expediency had been much agitated among scientific men, an experiment, to be sanctioned by the College of Physicians, was allowed by government. Five persons under condemnation willingly encountered the danger, with the hopes of life. Upon four of them the eruption appeared on the seventh day; the fifth was a woman, on whom it never appeared, but she confessed that she had it when an infant. With so much ardour did Lady Mary enforce this salutary innovation among mothers of her own rank in life, that, as we find in her Letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and in superintending the success of her plan. (2)

In the Plain Dealer, (No. XXX, July 3,1724,) a periodical paper, published under the direction of Steele, is a panegyric which precludes the necessity of any other. (3)

(1) Mottraye's Travels into the Levant, v. iii. Account of Inoculation in the Gentleman's Magazine, v. xxvii. p. 409. Philosophical Transactions, 1757, N. LXXI.

(2) The following calculation is made in the Annual Register, 1762, p. 78. "If one person in *seven* die of the small-pox in the natural war, and one in *three hundred and twelve* by inoculation, as proved at the Small-Pox Hospital, then as 1,000,000, divided by seven, gives $142,857\frac{1}{7}$, 1,000,000, divided by 312, gives $3,205\frac{40}{312}$, the lives saved in 1,000,000 by inoculation must be 139,652. In Lord Petre's family, 18 individuals died of the small-pox in 27 years. The present generation, who have enjoyed all the advantages of inoculation, are inadequate judges of the extremely fatal prevalence of the original disease, and of their consequently great obligations to Lady M. W. M."

(3) This was the compliment of the day. A modern bard has likewise added his suffrage:

"The triumph was reserved for female hands,
Thine was the deed, accomplish'd Montagu!
What physic ne'er conjectured, what described
By Pilarini, by Temone * sketch'd,
Seem'd to philosophy an idle tale,
Or curious only, *She* by patriot love
Inspired, and England rising to her view,
Proved as a truth, and proved it on *her son*.
A manly mind, whose reason dwelt supreme,
Was hers, the little terrors of her sex
Despising, by maternal fondness sway'd,

* Dissertatio Dris Temone pro variolis, published in Mottraye's Travels.

Report of Inoculation practised by Timonius

"It is an observation of some historian, that England has owed to women the greatest blessings she has been distinguished by.

"In the case we are now upon, this reflection will stand justified. We are indebted to the reason and the courage of a lady for the introduction of *this art*, which gains such strength in its progress, that the memory of its illustrious foundress will be rendered sacred by it to future ages. This ornament to her sex and country, who ennobles her own nobility by her learning, wit, and virtues, accompanying her consort into Turkey, observed the benefit of this practice, with its frequency even amongst those obstinate predestinarians, and brought it over for the service and the safety of her native England, where she consecrated its first effects on the persons of her own fine children; and has already received this glory from it, that the influence of her example has reached as high as the blood royal, and our noblest and most ancient families, in confirmation of her happy judgment, add the daily experience of those who are most dear to them. It is a godlike delight that her reflection must be conscious of, when she considers to whom we owe, that many thousand British lives will be saved every year to the use and comfort of their country, after a general establishment of this practice. A good, so lasting and

sions, which were not detailed in her letters to her sister Lady Mar, and other correspondents, with inimitable raillery. But those who were delighted with her sarcasms were not always secure from their force, when directed against themselves; and she numbered among her acquaintance more admirers than sincere friends. There were many who, in repeating her bon-mots, took much from the delicate poignancy of her wit to add their own undisguised malevolence. In her letters she frequently betrays her disappointment in the great world, and declares that her happy hours were dedicated to a few intimates. Of these, were the Countess of Oxford, the Duchess of Montagu, and particularly the Countess of Stafford, who was a daughter of the celebrated Count de Grammont, (the agreeable historian of the court of Charles the Second,) and "La Belle Hamilton," whose beauty still blooms in the unfading tints of Lely, at Windsor. Lady Stafford appears, from her Letters, written in French, to have inherited the sprightliness of her father, and to have been capable of friendship, of a much more durable texture than that of many others with whom Lady Mary was equally conversant. In her retirement at Twickenham she enjoyed the literary society which resorted to Pope's Villa; and was received by them with every mark of high respect.

Gay, in his verses in imitation of Spenser, entitled a "Welcome from Greece to Mr. Pope upon finishing his translation of the Iliad," (written in 1727,) imagines all his friends assembled to greet his arrival on the English shore, and exclaims, (perhaps with sincerity, as far as his own opinion was concerned,)

> "What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
> Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes,
> How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
> For she distinguishes the good and wise."
>
> *Stanza*, v. i.

Upon the accession of George II. the Countess of Bristol, and her son Lord Hervey, possessed great influence in the new court, and were the favourites of Queen Caroline. The political sentiments of Lady Mary were conformable with those of Sir Robert Walpole, and his administration; and she was much connected with the courtiers of that day. With Lord Hervey she seems to have formed an alliance of genius, as well as politics; and, as both were poets, they were in habits of literary communication, and sometimes assisted each other in joint compositions.

Pope, who had been the original promoter of Lady Mary's

residence at Twickenham, now became jealous of her partiality to the Herveys; and insinuated many severe criticisms against verses, which were admired at court. He had now mixed politics with his poetry, and was so firmly attached to Bolingbroke and Swift, that he held the Whigs in a detestation which he was careless to conceal. There was still a common friend, Lady Oxford, at whose house they frequently met, (1) but rarely without opening their batteries of repartee, and that with so many personalities, that Pope's petulance, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike," sought to discharge itself by abrupt departure from the company. Seeming reconciliation soon followed, out of respect to Lord and Lady Oxford, but the wound was rankling at his heart. Lady Mary had long since omitted to consult him upon any new poetical production; and when he had been formerly very free with his emendations, would say, "Come, no touching, Pope, for what is good the world will give to you, and leave the bad for me!" and she was well aware that he disingenuously encouraged that idea. She had found, too, another inconvenience in these communications, which was, that many poems were indiscriminately imputed to Pope, his confederates, and to herself. Swift, on one of these occasions, sent her "The Capon's Tale," published in Sheridan's edition of his works, and concluding *there*

After her return, the veil of secrecy was removed, and they were communicated to a favoured few. Both Pope and Gay suggested many additions and alterations, which were certainly not adopted by Lady Mary; and as copies, including their corrections, have been found among the papers of these poets, their editors have attributed three out of six to them. "The Basset Table," and "The Drawing-Room," are given to Pope, and "The Toilet" to Gay. It is therefore singular, that Pope should himself be subject to his own satire on Philips, and

> "The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown."

The Town Eclogues contained that kind of general satire which rendered them universally popular, and as the sagacity of every reader was prompted to discover whom he thought the persons characterized, the manuscript was multiplied by many hands, and was in a short time committed to the press by the all-grasping Curl. Characters thus appropriated soon became well known; Pope and his friends were willing to share the poetical fame, but averse from encountering any of the resentment which satire upon powerful courtiers necessarily excites. He endeavoured to negotiate with the piratical bookseller, and used threats, which ended in no less than Curl's publishing the whole in his name. Irritated by Pope's ceaseless petulance, and disgusted by his subterfuge, Lady Mary now retired totally from his society, and certainly did not abstain from sarcastic observations, which were always repeated to him. One told him of an epigram,

> "Sure Pope and Orpheus were alike inspired,
> The blocks and beasts flock'd round them and admired;"

and another, how Lady Mary had observed, that "some called Pope, little nightingale—all sound, and no sense."

He was, by the consent of all his biographers, the most irritable of men, and in possession of a weapon which he could wield with matchless dexterity, and from the use of which he was never deterred by power, nor dissuaded by concession.

The Italians have a proverb, (which he has himself versified,) "Chi offende perdona mai," and as being the aggressor in fact, his stratagem was to excite in the public mind, by horrid imputations, the idea of an injury and a provocation which he had previously received, but which had never existed.

A memorable epoch in Lady Mary's life, was her avowed quarrel with Pope; and his former partial conduct having been shown, the frequent invective he afterwards introduced

into his satires, sometimes under the name of "Sappho," and as often under that of "Lady Mary," deserves to be pointed out. (1) In the eighty-third line of his imitation of Horace (Satire I. book ii.) an execrable couplet occurs, too gross to be admitted into any decent poem, in which he likewise stigmatizes Lord Hervey's poetical genius;

> "The lines are weak another's pleased to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

This wanton attack could not fail to excite in the noble personages, so openly alluded to, the most just and poignant indignation, and they were jointly concerned in "Verses addressed to the Translator of the first Satire of the second book of Horace." (2) Upon the circulation of this poem in MS. Pope wrote a prose letter to Lord Hervey, in which he exculpates himself with seeming candour. (3)

"In regard to the right honourable lady (says he, in the letter to Lord Hervey,) your lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private, and I firmly believe not in any letter or conversation. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to join in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern Sapphos as imitate much more the lewdness than the genius of the ancient one, and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the name and the qualification there mentioned."

Dr. Joseph Warton (4) and Dr. Johnson (5) concur in condemning the prevarication with which Pope evaded every direct charge of his ungrateful behaviour to those whose patronage he had once servilely solicited; and even his panegyrical com-

(1) Epistle on the Characters of Women, l. 21, 24. Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, l. 95. Epistle to Lord Bathurst, l. 119. Dr. Donne's second Satire versified, l. 1. Imitation of the first Epistle of the first book of Horace, l. 161. Dunciad, b. ii. l. 133.

(2) Lord Hervey likewise wrote and circulated "An Epistle from a Doctor in Divinity to a Nobleman at Hampton Court;" Aug. 28, 1733.

(3) Warton's edition, v. iii. p. 339.

(4) Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, v. ii. p. 258.

(5) Prefaces to the Poets, vol. iv. 159

mentator, Dr. Warburton,(1) confessed that there were allegations against him, which "he was not quite clear of."

The opinion of Dr. Johnson, from his known love of truth, in most instances, carries an assurance with it. He allows that "Pope was sometimes wanton in his attacks, and before Chandos,(2) Lady Mary Wortley, and Hill,(3) was mean in his retreat." Does not the falsity of the exculpatory declaration after the wanton attack constitute the *meanness* imputed to him, since, had his biographer believed Pope innocent of a slanderous intention, he could never have considered his flat denial of any such intention as *mean*. Pope avers, that he was far from designing a lady of Lady Mary's condition by a name so derogatory to her as *Sappho;* yet that very *Sappho* is said "to wear diamonds." (4) And he talks of meaning many *Sapphos*, yet in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, he has

"Still Sappho——"

and,

"Why she and Sappho rose that monstrous sum;"

by which quotation, and several others, the question of unity or plurality is decided. It only, therefore, remains to ascertain the person whom he intended to satirize, and it would not be difficult to select many passages, in which Lady Mary is expressly mentioned by name.

Pope proceeds in his own vindication. "I wonder yet more (says he) how a lady, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your lordship there is a natural, a just, and a well-grounded esteem,) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me, indeed, might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which can-

(1) Life of Pope in the Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 3413, written by Warburton. In his edition of the letters written by Pope to several ladies, the 16th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, are addressed to Lady M. W. M.; and letter 11th to the Duke of Buckingham, as far as relates to the description of the old house, is exactly the same as one of Pope's to Lady Mary published in Warton's edition.

(2) James Duke of Chandos, and his house at Cannons, as Timon in the Epistle on Taste.

(3) Aaron Hill, a dramatic writer, whose Zara still keeps its place upon the stage.

(4) See this argument pursued farther in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, p. 420, to which the Editor is indebted.

not be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had *both too much wit for me*, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours."

The explanatory note to the words, *too much wit for me*, in Warburton's edition, consists of the following couplet, from his Epistle to Arbuthnot, among the variations.

> "Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
> And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit." (1)

Pope's avowed reason for discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance was, therefore, that she had *outwitted* him, and the truth by the corrected lines,

> "Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
> Sappho can tell you how this man was bit," (2)

is most fairly proved. For if he were *outwitted* by a female wit, and by *Sappho*, and yet outwitted but *once*, *Sappho* and Lady Mary must of course be the same identical person. Still he did not hesitate to assert, in the same letter, "I can truly affirm, that, ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of, or to, either of you, never hitched your names into a verse, or trifled with your good names in company."

But more attention is not due to the investigation of this controversy, which may now be dispassionately viewed. Time has annihilated their animosities, and the liberality of the present age will allow, how much any character may suffer, or may command, under the authority of a great name. The magic of Pope's numbers makes us unwilling to know that they were not always the vehicle of truth.

John Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy seal to George II., and well known by his duel with Mr. Pulteney, his writings, and his eloquence in the senate. After he became obnoxious to Pope, both as a politician and a poet, he was satirised under the name of Sporus. It is said, that in his person he was effeminate, and he appears to have been of the sect of modern philosophers who first called themselves "free thinkers;" but he was a man of talents, and all his literary remains are much above "florid impotence." The subjoined original letters are a specimen of his wit, and the airy style of his epistolary compositions.

(1) Epistle to Arbuthnot, l. 368. (2) And in the variations.

"Bath, October 8, 1728.

"I HAD too much pleasure in receiving your ladyship's commands to have any merit in obeying them, and should be very insincere *if* I pretended that my inclination to converse with you could ever be a second motive to my doing it. I came to this place but yesterday, from which you may imagine I am not yet sufficiently qualified to execute the commission you gave me; which was, to send you a list of the sojourners and inmates of this place; but there is so universal an affinity and resemblance among these individuals, that a small paragraph will serve amply to illustrate what you have to depend upon. The Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only people whose faces I know, whose names I ever heard, or who, I believe, have any names belonging to them; the rest are a swarm of wretched beings, some with half their limbs, some with none, the ingredients of Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk about, half-living remembrancers of mortality; and by calling themselves human, ridicule the species more than Swift's Yhahoues. I do not meet a creature without saying to myself as Lady —— did of her femme de chambre, *Regardez cet animal, considérez ce néant, voilà une belle âme pour être immortelle.* This is giving you little encouragement to venture among us; but the sincerity with which I have delineated this sketch of our coterie at Bath will at least persuade you, I hope, madam, to think, I can give up my interest to my truth, and induce you to believe I never strain the latter, when I assure you, in the strongest terms,

"I am with the greatest warmth and esteem, Madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

"HERVEY.

"I write from Lindsey's in more noise than the union of ten cock-pits could produce, and Lady Rich teazing me at every word to have done, and begin a quadrille, which she cannot make up without me."

"Bath, October 28, 1728.

"YOUR suspicions with regard to the Duchess of Marlborough are utterly groundless; she neither knew to whom I was writing, nor that I ever had the pleasure of a letter from you in my life. The speech you had cooked up for her was delightful, exactly her style, and word for word what she would infallibly have said, had she been in the situation you supposed. How far I made free with your letter I will nakedly confess: I read two or three things to her, out of it, relating

to the coronation; but upon my honour, without giving the least hint from whence it came, and by a thing she said three days afterwards, I found she guessed Lord Chesterfield to be my correspondent. If I went farther in this step than you would have me, give me absolution upon my confession of my fault, and I will give you my word never to repeat it. This preliminary article settled, I beg for the future our commerce may be without any restraint; that you would allow me the liberty of communicating my thoughts naturally; and that you would conclude yourself safe in doing so to me, till I cease to have the least grain of natural, grateful, or political honesty in my whole composition. I will not make the common excuse for a dull letter, of writing from a dull place; it is one I never allowed, and one I never will make use of: if people have the gift of entertaining belonging to them, they must be so, when writing to you, be it from what place it will; and when they fail of being so, it is no more for want of materials, than materials could make them so without genius. Boileau can write upon a *Lutrin* what one can read with pleasure a thousand times, and Blackmore cannot write upon the *Creation* any thing that one shall not yawn ten times over, before one has read it once. You see I am arguing fairly, though against myself, and that if I am stupid I have at least candour enough to own

nelle parole, no, ma in silenzio.' It is so long since I read this, that it is more than possible I may quote it false, but, to speak in her Grace of Marlborough's style, *you know what I mean.* If you do not dislike long letters, and an unstudied galimatias of tout ce qui se trouve au bout de la plume (comme dit Mad. de Sevigné), let me know it; and if you would not have me think it flattery when you tell me you do not, encourage the trade, not only by accepting my bills, but making quick returns. Adieu, I am staid for to dinner; but if the omitting a respectful conclusion with three or four half lines to express warmth, truth, obedience, humility, etc. shocks your pride, give me a hint of it in your next, and I will take care never again to retrench those fees, due to ladies of your wit, beauty, and quality."

Among celebrated characters of the nobility, Lady Mary could rank Sarah Duchess of Marlborough as one of her correspondents. Their curiosity will plead for the admission of these two letters.

"Windsor Lodge, Sept. 25, 1722. (1)

"YOUR letter (dear Lady Mary) is so extremely kind upon the subject of poor dear Lord Sunderland, that I cannot help thanking you, and assuring you that I shall always remember your goodness to me in the best manner that I can. It is a cruel misfortune to lose so valuable a young man in all respects, though his successor has all the virtues that I could wish for, but still it is a heavy affliction to me to have one droop so untimely from the only branch that I can ever hope to receive any comfort from, in my own family. Your concern for my health is very obliging, but as I have gone through so many misfortunes, some of which were very uncommon, it is plain that nothing will kill me but distempers and physicians.

"Pray do me the favour to present my humble service to Mr. Wortley, and to your agreeable daughter, and believe me, as I am, very sincerely,

"Dear madam, your most faithful and most humble servant,

"To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham." "S. MARLBOROUGH.

(1) There is some difficulty with regard to the date of this letter. Robert fourth Earl of Sunderland, grandson to the Duchess of Marlborough, died on the 17th November 1729, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and was succeeded by Charles fifth earl, his brother, who afterwards, upon the death of his aunt Lady Godolphin, Duchess of Marlborough, became Duke of Marlborough. It would appear that this letter referred to the death of Robert.—W.

"Blenheim, Sept. 28, 1731.

"You are always very good to me, dear Lady Mary, and I am sensible of it as I ought to be. All things are agreed upon, and the writings drawing for Dy's marriage with my Lord John Russell, which is in every particular to my satisfaction; but they cannot be married till we come to London. I propose to myself more satisfaction than I thought there had been in store for me. I believe you have heard me say that I desired to die when I had disposed well of her; but I desire that you would not put me in mind of it, for I find now I have a mind to live till I have married my Torismond, which name I have given long to John Spencer. I am in such hurries of business that I must end, when I assure you that I am

"Your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

"S. MARLBOROUGH.

"My hand is lame, and I cannot write myself, which is the better for you.

"To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,
at her house in Cavendish-square, London.
"Free, Harborough."

Her high birth, of course, entitled Lady Mary to the society and respect of her equals, but her influence in the literary

broken; *Marianne* brought its author above 1500*l*. *The Captives*, above 1000*l*. and *Edwin*, now in rehearsal, has already, before acting, brought its author above 1000*l*. Mine, when acted, will not more than pay for the paper on which it is written. I will wait on your ladyship, and explain farther. Only this at present, for the reason mentioned, I am determined to suppress my play for this season at least. The concern you showed for its success is my apology for this account, which were otherwise very impertinent.

"I am, madam, your ladyship's much obliged
"and most obedient humble servant, E. YOUNG."

"MADAM,—the more I think of your criticisms, the more I feel the just force of them; I will alter those which are alterable; those which are not I beg you to make a secret of, and to make an experiment on the sagacity of the town, which I think may possibly overlook what you have observed, for the players and Mr. Doddington, neither of whom were backward in finding fault, or careless in attention, took no notice of the flaw in Demetrius's honour or Erixene's conduct, and I would fain have their blindness continue till my business is done; the players are fond of it, and as it has been said on a point of a little more importance, 'si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.'

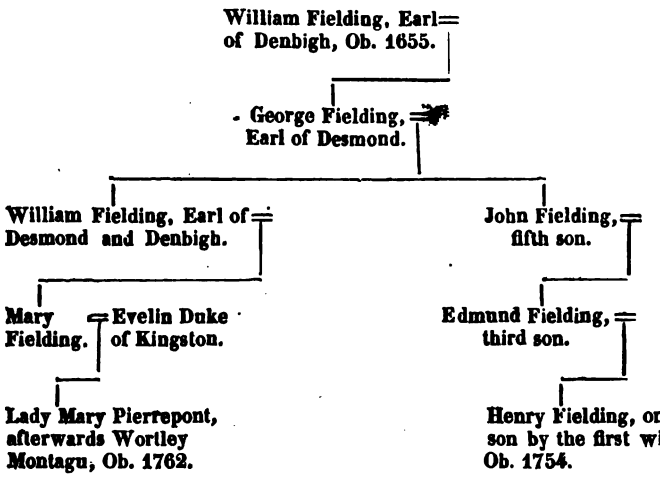
"I am, madam, your most obedient
"and most humble servant, E. YOUNG."

"MADAM,—your alteration in the fourth act will be of exceeding advantage in more views than one; I will wait on your ladyship with it as soon as I have done it, which will be, I believe, Monday morning. But that I am satisfied you want no inducement to assist me as much as you can, I should add that I have more depending on the success of this particular piece, than your ladyship imagines.

"Friday, noon."

It appears, from one of these letters, that she liberally assisted Savage, whose misfortunes had engaged Pope to promote a subscription for him; and to Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend. It is one of the most pleasing tasks of the genealogist, to be enabled to trace the affinity of genius; and we learn that Lady Mary and Fielding were second cousins, being descended in the same degree from George Earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first Comedy of "Love in several Masks," in 1727; and addressed her on the subject of "The Modern Husband," which was acted at Drury-Lane theatre in 1731.

SKETCH OF DESCENT.



"MADAM,—I have presumed to send your ladyship a copy of the play which you did me the honour of reading three acts of last spring, and hope it may meet as light a censure from your ladyship's judgment as then; for, while your goodness permits

of immodesty, refer want of success to want of judgment in an audience. I shall do myself the honour of waiting on your ladyship at Twickenham next Monday, to receive my sentence, and am, madam,

"With most devoted respect, your ladyship's most obedient,
"Most humble servant,

"London, Sept. 4, 1731. "HENRY FIELDING."

Such for many years was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and of literature; still it afforded no incidents worthy of biographical notice, which materially distinguished it from the monotony of theirs who enjoy a full portion of rank and fame.

In the year 1739, her health declined, and she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the Continent. Having obtained Mr. Wortley's consent, she left England in the month of July, and hastened to Venice, where she formed many connections with the noble inhabitants, and determined to establish herself in the north of Italy. Having been gratified by a short tour to Rome and Naples, she returned to Brescia, one of the palaces of which city she inhabited, and appears not only to have been reconciled to, but pleased with, the Italian customs. She spent some months at Avignon and Chamberry. Her summer residence she fixed at Louverre, on the shores of the lake of Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had been first invited on account of the mineral waters, which she found greatly beneficial to her health. There she took possession of a deserted palace; she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyards and silk-worms. Books, and those chiefly English sent her by Lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society. Her letters from this retreat breathe a truly philosophic spirit, and evince that her care of her daughter and her family was ever nearest to her heart. No one appears to have enjoyed her repose more sincerely, from the occupations of the gay world. Her visits to Genoa and Padua were not unfrequent; but, about the year 1758, she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, (1) where she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761. She then yielded to the solicitations of her daughter, the late Countess of Bute, and, after an absence of two-and-twenty years, she began her journey to England, where she arrived in October.

(1) The English travellers at Venice, who, she presumed, might have been induced to visit her from curiosity, she received in a mask and domino, as her dress of ceremony.

But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in death, on the 21st of August, 1762, and in the seventy-third year of her age. In the cathedral at Litchfield, a cenotaph is erected to her memory, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honourable
Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,
who happily introduced from Turkey,
into this country,
the salutary art
of inoculating the small-pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
she first tried it with success
on her own children,
and then recommended the practice of it
to her fellow-citizens.
Thus by her example and advice
we have softened the virulence,
and escaped the danger, of this malignant disease.
To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence,
and to express her gratitude
for the benefit she herself received
from this alleviating art;

third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them." (1)

The late Lord Orford (2) had been shown, in manuscript, her letters to Lady Mar only, and not those of a more grave and sententious cast to her daughter. He might in candour, in that case, have retracted his comparison of Lady M. W. M. with the Marchioness de Sévigné, and not have so peremptorily given the palm of epistolary excellence to the foreigner. (3) He yet allows that the letters to Lady Mar (those only he had seen) were not unequal in point of entertainment to others which had been then published. The vivacity with which they exhibit a sketch of court manners resembles the style so much admired in the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, half a century before; and the trait she has given of that in which she was herself conspicuous, becomes equally interesting to us, as it

> "Shows the very age and body of *that* time,
> Its form and pressure." *Hamlet.*

Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually commanded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards; and she disdained the scrupulous labour, by which Pope acquired a great degree of his peculiar praise. But it should be remembered, that the ore is equally sterling, although it may not receive the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. She attempted no poem of much regularity or extent. In the Town Eclogues, which is the longest, a few illegitimate rhymes and feeble expletives will not escape the keen eye of a critic. The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness, the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasms, and just reflections on the folly and vices of those whom she sought to stigmatize. There is little doubt, but that if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary bards would have been adjudged to her by impartial posterity.

The æra in which she flourished has been designated by modern envy or liberality "the Augustan in England," and in the constellation of wit by which it was illuminated, and so ho-

(1) Critical Review, 1763. (2) Reminiscences.

(3) Does not her ladyship seem to anticipate publication in this extract? "The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame de Sévigné's letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine may be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper."—*Letters to Lady Mar*, 1724.

nourably distinguished from earlier or successive ages, her acquirements and genius entitled her to a very eminent place. During her long life, her literary pretensions were suppressed by the jealousy of her contemporaries, and her indignant sense of the mean conduct of Pope and his phalanx, the self-constituted distributors of the fame and obloquy of that day, urged her to confine to her cabinet, and a small circle of friends, effusions of wisdom and fancy, which otherwise had been received by society at large with equal instruction and delight.

A comparison with her ladyship's predecessors of her own sex and quality will redound to her superiority. Lady Jane Grey read Plato in Greek, and the two daughters of the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Lumley, translated and published books from that language; but theirs was the learning of the cloister, and not that of the world. Nearer her own time, the Duchess of Newcastle composed folios of romances, but her imaginary personages are strangers to this lower sphere, and are disgusting by their pedantry and unnatural manners. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu applied her learning to improve her knowledge of the world. She read mankind as she had read her books, with sagacity and discrimination. The influence of a classical education over her mind was apparent in the purity of her style, rather than in the ambition of displaying her acquirements, whilst it enabled her to give grace of expression and novelty to maxims of morality or prudence, which would have lost much of their usefulness, had they been communicated in a less agreeable manner.

Her letters present us with as faithful a portrait of her mind as Sir Godfrey Kneller's pencil did of her person. (1) The delicacy of her style, in early youth, corresponded with the soft and interesting beauty which she possessed. In the perspicuity and sprightliness, which charm and instruct us in the zenith of her days, we have an image of confirmed and commanding grace. As she advanced to a certain degree of longevity, the same mind, vigorous, and replete with the stores of experience, both in life and literature, maintains its original powers. The "Mellow Hangings" have more of richness and greater strength, if less of brilliancy; and the later writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bear that peculiar characteristic, while they offer the precepts of a female sage, which lose all their severity in the eloquence peculiar to her sex.

(1) There is an original portrait of Lady M. W. M. at Welbeck, and a miniature, by Zincke, at Strawberry Hill.

Respecting her letters, as they are now given to the public, the Editor thinks it necessary to add, that having considered how extremely unsettled orthography was at the period when they were written, he has ventured, in certain instances, to accommodate that of Lady M. W. Montagu to modern usage.

Many idioms and a peculiar phraseology, to be found even in the Spectator, and other popular authors of her day, which the refinement of the present age might reject, are scrupulously retained, with an opinion that Lady Mary's genuine thoughts are best clothed in her own language; and that all attempts to improve it would tend to destroy the character of her style, and discredit the authenticity of this publication. J. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, we must remember, was born a hundred and forty-five years ago, and has now been dead more than seventy. Considering this, and also that the incidents of her life were in no respect linked to those historical or political facts which fix in men's memories even trifles, if connected with them, it cannot be expected that her descendants themselves should possess very ample means of giving or gaining information upon a subject borne almost beyond their reach by the lapse of time. The multitude of stories circulated about her—as about all people who were objects of note in their day—increase, instead of lessening the difficulty. Some of these may be confidently pronounced inventions, simply and purely false; some, if true, concerned a different person; some were grounded upon egregious blunders; and not a few upon jests, mistaken by the dull and literal for earnest. Others again, where a little truth and a great deal of falsehood were probably intermingled, nobody now living can pretend to confirm, or contradict, or unravel. Nothing is so readily believed, yet nothing is usually so unworthy of credit, as tales learned from report, or caught up in casual conversation. A circumstance carelessly told, carelessly listened to, half comprehended, and imperfectly remembered, has a poor chance of being repeated accurately by the first hearer; but when, after passing through the moulding of countless hands, it comes, with time, place, and person, gloriously confounded, into those of a book-maker, ignorant of all its bearings, it will be lucky indeed if any trace of the original ground-work remain distinguishable.

To give a sample or two of the metamorphoses which this process can effect.—Pinkerton, in his Walpoliana, mentions that Horace Walpole told him he had known Lady Mary Wortley from the very beginning of her life, having been her play-fellow in his childhood. Mr. Pinkerton could have no motive for in-

venting this, so doubtless he thought, or dreamt, he had heard it; yet it is impossible that Lord Orford should ever have said anything so ridiculous, since Lady Mary was the contemporary of his mother and his aunt, and at least seven-and-twenty when the former brought him into the world.

Another pretty striking instance is furnished by a Review, which informed us some years ago that "The greater part of Lady Mary's epistolary correspondence was destroyed by—*her mother!* (1) that good and gothic lady," as the reviewer sarcastically calls her, for having thus dared to infringe upon property in his opinion rightfully belonging to the public—the unconscious public, whose grandfathers and grandmothers were for the most part yet unborn. Now, the good (and very possibly gothic) lady in question departed this life before her daughter could either write or read; therefore the nineteenth century and its public may let her memory sleep in peace.

For the reasons stated above, the particulars offered here cannot be otherwise than scanty, and may appear uninteresting and frivolous; but authentic they must be, because either received directly from the late Countess of Bute, or else gathered from documents formerly seen in Lady Mary Wortley's own hand-writing.

A tale of pedigree would be little to the purpose; yet, as Lady Mary's letters allude more than once to her family history, it may throw some light upon passages of this kind to say that, in the great Civil War, the second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester by Charles the First, espoused the royal cause; while his next brother, William Pierrepont of Thoresby, surnamed *Wise William*, Lady Mary Wortley's great-grandfather, adhered to the Parliament. The currency of such an epithet speaks his reputation for sagacity and prudence; he had considerable weight with his own party, and, according to tradition, was much courted and consulted by Cromwell. His eldest son died in his life-time, having married a Wiltshire heiress, whose maiden name Evelyn, has ever since been a favourite Christian-name, for both men and women, in most of the families descended from her. Lord Dorchester leaving no male issue, the earldom of Kingston devolved successively upon the three sons of this marriage, grandsons of Wise William. The third, Evelyn, fifth Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester by Queen Anne in 1706, and Duke of Kingston by George the First in 1715, had by his wife, Lady Mary Fielding, three daughters, Mary, born in 1690, Frances

(1) The same absurd story may be found, with some curious comments, in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

and Evelyn, (1) and one son, William, whose birth she did not long survive. Her mother, Mary, Countess Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, (2) was the grandmother of whom Lady Mary Wortley speaks so highly, as having had a superior understanding, and retained it unimpaired at an extraordinary age.

Lady Kingston dying thus early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married; though, if Lady Mary may be believed, not through any over-anxious concern for their welfare. Richardson, she affirms, drew his picture without knowing it in Sir Thomas Grandison, the gay father of his hero Sir Charles, which says a great deal to those who have read the book, and observed the character —that of a man of pleasure, far too fine a gentleman to be a tender or even a considerate parent. Such men, always selfish and commonly vain, begin to view their offspring as rivals the moment they are old enough to put beholders in mind that those to whom they owe their birth can hardly be much less than a score of years older. But playthings are cherished while new, seldom flung aside in the first hour of acquisition; and, besides being an admirable plaything, a sprightly beautiful child, while it *is* a child, reflects lustre upon a young father, from whom it may be presumed to have partly inherited its

land, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor indeed could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified: there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.

There can be no dispute that Lady Mary showed early signs of more than ordinary abilities; but whether they induced Lord Kingston to have her bred up with her brother, and taught Latin and Greek by his tutor, is not so well ascertained. The boy was two or three years younger than the girl, which makes against it. Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek, and by her own account had taught herself Latin. And besides, would she, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have complained of her own as "one of the worst in the world," if it had had this classical foundation? Most likely not; most likely her father, whose amusement in her ceased when she grew past the age of sitting on a knee and playing with a doll, consigned all his daughters alike to the care and custody of such a good home-spun governess as her letters describe; and, having thus done his supposed duty towards them, held himself at liberty to pursue his own pleasures, which lay elsewhere than at home. One remnant of his illegitimate progeny, an old General Armytage, was still living long after the accession of George the Third.

But, admitting that Lady Mary's talents were only self-cultivated, her literary progress might not be the less considerable. Where industry, inspirited by genius, toils from free choice, and there exists unchecked that eager devouring appetite for reading, seldom felt but in the first freshness of intelligent youth, it will take in more nourishment, and faster, than the most assiduous tuition can cram down. It is true, the habit of idly turning over an unconnected variety of books, forgotten as soon as read, may be prejudicial to the mind; but a bee wanders to better purpose than a butterfly, although the one will sometimes seem just to touch the flower-bed, and flit away as

lightly as the other. Lady Mary read everything, but it was without forgetting anything; and the mass of matter, whencesoever collected, gradually formed its own arrangement in her head. She probably had some assistance from Mr. William Fielding, her mother's brother, a man of parts, who perceived her capacity, corresponded with her, and encouraged her pursuit of information. And she herself acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for "condescending to direct the studies of a girl." Nevertheless, though labouring to acquire what may be termed masculine knowledge, and translating under the Bishop's eye the Latin version of Epictetus, she was by no means disposed to neglect works of fancy and fiction, but got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented. For she possessed, and left after her, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote—Cleopatra, Cassandra, Clelia, Cyrus, Pharamond, Ibrahim, etc., etc.—all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, "*Englished*," mostly by "*persons of honour*." The chief favourite appeared to have been a translation of Monsieur Honoré d'Urfé's Astrea, once the delight of Henri Quatre and his court, and still admired and quoted by the *savans* who flourished under Louis XIV. In a blank page of this massive volume (which might have counterbalanced a pig of lead of

The modern world will smile, but should however beware of too hastily despising works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sevigné even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought, with the old woman just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate the mind, and to instil honourable and generous sentiments. At any rate they must have fostered application and perseverance, by accustoming their readers to what the French term *des ouvrages de longue haleine*. After resolutely mastering Clelia, nobody could pretend to quail at the aspect of Mezeray, or even at that of Holinshed's Chronicle, printed in black letter. Clarendon, Burnet, and Rapin, had not yet issued into daylight.

Some particulars, in themselves too insignificant to be worth recording, may yet interest the curious, by setting before them the manners of our ancestors. Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office: which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone;—since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them,—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother,—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

Most of the intimacies formed by Lady Mary in her youth having died away before her daughter began to know what was passing, only a few of her early companions can be men-

tioned : viz., Mrs. Smith, maid of honour to Queen Anne, and daughter of the Whig Speaker Smith; the beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert's sister, afterwards the second wife of Lord Townshend; Lady Anne Vaughan, only child of Lord Carbery, the last of a family noted for having given Jeremy Taylor an asylum at Golden Grove. This young lady was precisely in the situation which Lady Mary always maintained to be the most perilous and pitiable incident to womankind; that of a great heiress at her own free disposal. And truly her fate justified the paradox. She bestowed herself and her wealth upon Lord Winchester (third Duke of Bolton), a handsome agreeable libertine, who, much worse than indifferent to the first half of the gift, cast her off without any long delay, and, when her melancholy life at last came to an end, married the famous actress, Miss Fenton, best known by her stage-title of Polly Peachem.

The name of another young friend will excite more attention —Mrs. Anne Wortley. *Mrs.* Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears; but in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable

spoke of his father's conduct towards her with resentment and indignation. For Mr. Sidney Montagu had not breathed in the atmosphere of Charles the Second's reign during his best years without inhaling some of its poison. This old gentleman, and the scene surrounding him, were distinctly recollected by his grand-daughter. She described him as a large rough-looking man with a huge flapped hat, seated magisterially in his elbow-chair, talking very loud, and swearing boisterously at his servants; while beside him sate a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks, overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu, (1) who every now and then fetched a deep sigh, and cast his eyes upwards, as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned, but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together.

It is hard to divine why, or on what authority, Mr. Edward Wortley has been represented by late writers as a dull phlegmatic country gentleman—"of a tame genius and moderate capacity," or "of parts more solid than brilliant,"—which in common parlance is a civil way of saying the same thing. He had, on the contrary, one of those strong characters that are little influenced by the world's opinion, and for that reason little understood by the unthinking part of it. All who really knew him while living held him a man distinguished for soundness of judgment and clearness of understanding, qualities nowise akin to dullness; they allowed him also to be a first-rate scholar; and as he had travelled more than most young men of his time, a proof will presently appear that he surpassed them in the knowledge of modern languages. Polite literature was his passion; and though our having a taste for wit and talents may not certainly imply that we are gifted with them ourselves, yet it would be strange if the aldermanlike mortal depicted above had sought out such companions as Steele, Garth, Congreve, Mainwaring, etc., or chosen Addison for his bosom friend. The only picture of Mr. Wortley in existence belonged to Addison, from whose daughter Lady Bute obtained it, through her (Miss Addison's) half-sister, Lady Charlotte Rich. It is now in the possession of Lord Wharncliffe. The face seems very young, and, in spite of wig, cravat, and other deforming appendages, very handsome.

(1) The Honourable John Montagu, Dean of Durham, fourth son of the first Lord Sandwich.

Miss, or Mrs. Addison, Addison's daughter by Lady Warwick, and his only child, far from having sufficient endowments to keep up the credit of her great name, was one of those singular beings in whom nature seems to have left the mind half finished; not raised to the average height of human intellect, yet not absolutely imbecile, nor so devoid of judgment in common every-day concerns, as to need the guardianship of the law. With this imperfect understanding she possessed a gift, which, it is said, may sometimes be found where there is no great power of thinking,—such an astonishing memory, that she could repeat the longest sermon word for word after hearing it once, or get by heart the contents of a whole dictionary. As she inherited all her father had to leave, her circumstances were affluent; but, by the advice of her friends, she lived in retirement at a country-seat, and never attempted to enter the world.

Mr. Wortley's chief intimates have been already named. His society was principally male; the wits and politicians of that day forming a class quite distinct from the "white-gloved beau" attendant upon ladies. Indeed, as the education of women had then reached its very lowest ebb, and if not coquettes, or gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives, Mr. Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions. His surprise and delight were the greater, when one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time, and, on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry; in a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:

Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barb'rous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son.

How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by



one in prose does not appear; but Mrs. Anne Wortley grew more eloquent in Lady Mary's praise, and more eagerly desirous of her correspondence. No wonder; since the rough draught of a letter in her brother's hand, indorsed "For my sister to Lady M. P.," betrays that he was the writer, and she only the transcriber of professions and encomiums that sound extravagant as addressed by one woman to another. But she did not live to be long the medium through which they passed; a more direct correspondence soon began, and was continued after her decease. When married, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary agreed to put by and preserve as memorials of the days of courtship all their letters; a curious collection, and very different from what a romance writer would have framed; on his side, no longer complimentary, but strikingly expressive of a real strong passion, combated in vain by a mind equally strong, which yielded to it against its conviction and against its will. "*Celui qui aime plus qu'il ne voudrait*," as a French author somewhere says, is, after all, the person in whom love has taken the fastest hold. They were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether: he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a *sober* esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out, leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.

After some time thus spent in fluctuations, disputes, and lovers' quarrels, he at length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them favourably, and was very gracious to him, till the *Grim-gribber* part of the business—the portion and settlements—came under consideration; but then broke off the match in great anger, on account of a disagreement, which subsequent events have rendered memorable. We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the Tatler and Spectator; whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr. Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught

he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and, as he had to do with a person of no common firmness, the treaty ended there.

The secret correspondence and intercourse went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor, ready to close with all her father's terms, to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself, that of giving her a fixed establishment in London, which, by-the-bye, Mr. Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance. A man who is now about to sell an estate, seldom thinks of inquiring whether it will please or displease his tenantry to be transferred to a new landlord; and just as little then did parents in disposing of a daughter conceive it necessary to consult her will and pleasure. For a young lady to interfere, or claim a right of choice, was almost thought, as it is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed to her. Upon this, her father summoned her to his awful presence, and, after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case, begging permission to split the difference (if we may so say), by not marrying at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent; settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley.

The father's rage may be imagined; Lady Frances Pierrepont, afraid it should lead him to examine her sister's papers, and apprehending that he might there find matter to exasperate him still further, hastily burned all she could find, and amongst them a diary, which Lady Mary had already kept for some years, and was not very well pleased to lose.

Soon after her marriage she resumed the practice of writing a journal, and persisted in it as long as she lived; communicating what she wrote to no person whatever. The diary of course became voluminous. Lady Bute, who knew nothing of it till it came into her possession a few days before her mother's death, always kept it under lock and key; and though she often looked over it herself, and would sometimes read passages from it aloud to her daughters and friends, yet she never trusted any part out of her own hands, excepting the five or six first copy-books, which, at a late period, she permitted one of her family to peruse alone, upon condition that nothing should be transcribed. All that she thus in any way imparted related to distant days, to transactions long since past, and people of a former generation. Meanwhile she constantly declared it was her determined resolution to destroy the whole, as a sacred duty owing to the deceased, whose having forgotten or neglected to leave express orders for the purpose, made it only the more incumbent upon her survivors. The journal was accordingly burned, although with evident reluctance, and not till Lady Bute felt the close of her life drawing near; when the act itself sounded too solemn a note of preparation for those who loved her as she deserved to think of opposing it, or indeed to care at all about a matter, which would then have seemed totally indifferent had it concerned the finest work in the world.

Lady Bute so admired her mother's writings, and took such pleasure in reading her letters to persons whom she thought endowed with taste enough to relish them, that it might have been held sufficiently certain she had the most cogent reasons for making what clearly appeared a sacrifice. Yet, as youth is inconsiderate, and the fragments she did allow to be seen or heard were not a little amusing, she was very often assailed with entreaties to forego her design. When pressed on this head, she would ask whether, supposing the case one's own, one could bear the thought of having every crude opinion, every transient wish, every angry feeling that had flitted across one's mind, exposed to the world after one was no more? And though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability; to record, as certain facts, stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character. In this age, she said, everything got into print

sooner or later; the name of Lady Mary Wortley would be sure to attract curiosity; and, were such details ever made public, they would neither edify the world, nor do honour to her memory. These were Lady Bute's arguments; and what could any one who had a sense of rectitude urge in reply? especially since it must be acknowledged, that in the volumes which she did communicate, the earliest written, and (one may be confident) the least exceptionable, there occasionally appeared traits of satire, that showed what might ensue when the vexations and cares of advancing life should have soured the mind, given objects a darker shade of colour, and made farther demands upon a Christian charity not at all likely to have increased in the mean time.

These volumes comprised the years immediately succeeding Lady Mary's marriage, 1713, 1714, 1715; and also the time of Mr. Wortley's embassy. What passed every day was set down; often only in a line, or half a line, as thus: "Stayed at home alone—went to such a place—saw such a person:" so that frequently three or four weeks took up but a single page. Sometimes, again, an occurrence or a conversation would be given at very great length; sometimes dispatched with one sharp sentence, like the following humorous application of a speech in Dryden's Spanish Friar: "Lady Hinchinbroke has a dead daughter—it were unchristian not to be sorry for my cousin's misfortune; but if she has no live son, Mr. Wortley is heir—so there's comfort for a Christian."

The three years previous to the embassy were passed by Lady Mary in various abodes, and occasionally apart from Mr. Wortley, while he attended parliament. She was sometimes, however, though seldom, in London; sometimes at Hinchinbroke, the seat of Lord Sandwich; sometimes near it, in the town of Huntingdon, for which Mr. Wortley was member; but more often at hired houses in Yorkshire. About the time of Queen Anne's death, she dates her letters from Middlethorpe, in the neighbourhood of Bishopthorpe and of York. It is a mistake that she ever resided permanently at Wharncliffe Lodge. Mr. Sidney Wortley Montagu chiefly inhabited that himself; and with him his daughter Mrs. Katherine Wortley, his youngest son Mr. John Montagu, his brother the Dean of Durham, and the Dean's chaplain. How so many people, together with their servants, could be packed into so small a space, will appear sufficiently wonderful to those who have seen the little dwelling; but a couple more could hardly have been stowed in by any human contrivance.

The first mention of Wharncliffe in Lady Mary's journal, after calling there to visit her father-in-law when on her road to some other place, was very remarkable; considering that she had hitherto known only the midland counties and the environs of London, and probably had never before seen anything like picturesque or romantic scenery. One would have supposed the first sight of so wild and beautiful a prospect as that Eagle's Nest commands, very sure to occasion surprise, if not excite transport, in a mind gifted with the least imagination. But, no; nothing could be colder or more slight than the notice she took of it, almost making an excuse for saying thus much in its favour—"that it was a sequestered rural spot, quite of a rude nature; yet had something in it which she owned she did not dislike, odd as her fancy might appear." In after days, her letters to Mr. Wortley do it more justice; possibly to please him; but the journal gave the original impression, and how may that be accounted for? Can it be that the tastes and pleasures which we now esteem most peculiarly natural, are in fact artificial? what we have merely read, and talked, and rhymed, and sketched ourselves into? plants that require manure and culture, instead of sprouting freely from the soil? Certainly our forefathers were little more alive to them than the American settler, who sees in a wood a nuisance he must clear away, and in a waterfall only the means of turning a mill. Burnet, of the Charter-house, lived and wrote but a few years before Lady Mary Wortley: it may be remembered that his theory of the antediluvian globe supposes it to have had a surface perfectly flat, smooth, and level; and for this reason amongst others, because the earth in its goodly pristine state, the fair work of an Almighty Creator, could not have been deformed by such unsightly protuberances as rocks and mountains. These were the tokens of Divine wrath, vestiges of that awful convulsion which tore the old world to pieces; therefore we naturally regarded them with horror. His hypothesis might have been the same, how contrary soever the opinion of his contemporaries; but he never would have brought this argument to support it, if the majority of the postdiluvians he was writing to, had, like ourselves, considered Earth's protuberances as her finest features. How far were they from suspecting that a future generation would delight in viewing the lakes and climbing the falls of Cumberland!

To resume the journal. In the year 1713, Lady Frances Pierrepont married the Earl of Mar, then Secretary of State for Scotland:—a match of which Lady Mary seems to have

augured ill, having but an indifferent opinion of him, detesting the party he belonged to, and believing that her sister was drawn in by the persuasion of an officious female friend,—his relation. These sentiments, however, were expressed without any great warmth, and not as if the event interested her deeply. But the death of her brother, Lord Kingston, which soon followed it, does seem to have really touched her heart. It gave her the greater shock, because she knew nothing of the poor young man's illness until he was past all hope of recovery; for, as Lord Dorchester had not yet entirely forgiven her stolen marriage, he did not allow her to have much intercourse with the rest of his family. Lord Kingston, who died of the small-pox under age, though already a husband and a father, was of a most amiable disposition, and so affectionate to her, that he would have taken her part openly, and have done every thing in his power to facilitate her marriage, if the temper of Lord Dorchester had not been such as to render his endeavouring to oppose him more dangerous to himself than useful to his sister. Her reflections on his fate were consequently very bitter as well as very sorrowful; accusing her father of having blighted his youth, and destroyed all the peace and happiness of his short life, by marrying him to a silly, childish girl, for the sake of securing her fortune, before he could

the world; in short, though not capable of acting wrong designedly, just the person, if we may use the vulgar tongue, *to get often into scrapes*. Her eldest brother, then Mr. Walpole, had brought her to London in hopes that her beauty, the pride of his county, might captivate something superior to a Norfolk squire. But being immersed in politics, and careless of what passed at home, he left her to the guidance of his wife, an empty, coquettish, affected woman, anything rather than correct in her own conduct, or spotless in her fame; greedy of admiration, and extremely dissatisfied at having to share it with this younger fairer inmate. In spite of her envious machinations, lovers soon crowded round Dolly, and one of the number presently obtained the preference he languished for. He had all manner of good qualities, was handsome, pleasing, as passionately in love as romance could have required, and heir to a competent fortune; but not altogether his own master: he depended upon his friends. A young man's *friends*, in this sense, meaning parents, guardians, old uncles, and the like, are rarely propitious to love. As no second sight revealed to them the long glories of Sir Robert Walpole's reign, they looked solely to a matter nearer at hand—Dolly's portion; and finding that *null*, entered their protest in a determined manner. Mrs. Walpole triumphed; she told tales, made mischief, incited Dolly to flirt with other admirers, and then lamented her fickleness and coquetry to the very people who, she knew, would be sure to speed the lament onward with no favourable comments. Lady Mary took to herself the credit of having been all this while her simple friend's protecting genius; of having often counteracted Mrs. Walpole, and sometimes unmasked her; given Dolly the best advice, and cleared up the misunderstandings between her and her lover that continually arose from jealousy on one side and indiscretion on the other. The story proceeded like its fellows in the Scudery folios, with *ins and outs* and *ups and downs*, more than can be remembered; but the sequel was, that the suitor, either inconstant or disgusted, finally withdrew from the chase, and the nymph remained disappointed and forsaken. Just at this unlucky moment, Lady Mary Pierrepont being absent at Thoresby, poor Dolly's evil star prevailed, and, while her mind was in that depressed, mortified state which makes us thankful to anybody who will give us so much as a kind look, led her into acquaintance with Lady Wharton, the very worst protectress she could acquire —a woman equally unfeeling and unprincipled; flattering, fawning, canting, affecting prudery and even sanctity, yet in

reality as abandoned and unscrupulous as her husband himself.—So said the journal.

It is worth noting that Lady Mary Wortley, who abhorred the very name of Dean Swift, should yet have spoken of both Lord and Lady Wharton precisely as he did. The portraits were so alike that one might have been believed a copy of the other. To be sure, she was (in Doctor Johnson's phrase) almost as "good a hater" as the dean himself, and the diary proved it by certain passages relating to Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham, and also to persons obnoxious to her for private reasons: but neither private nor public operated against Lord Wharton, with whom she had no quarrel, who was intimate with her family and on the same side with her in party; therefore she probably only echoed the general voice in pronouncing him "the most profligate, impious, and shameless of men." Dolly Walpole, however, knowing nothing of any one's character, felt elated at being caressed and courted by so great and good a lady as the Countess of Wharton, told her all her secrets, and complained to her of all her grievances. The result was, that after one of these confidential conversations, when Mrs. Walpole had done something particulary spiteful, and Mr. Walpole happened to be out of town, Lady Wharton pressed the poor girl to leave his house for a few days and pass

weeping sister, with whom he set out for Norfolk the next morning.

Thus ended the first chapter of Dolly's adventures; but she was not doomed to be finally unfortunate. After doing penance for two or three years in a very dull retirement, she had the good luck to light upon a more capital prize in the country than she had ever aimed at in London, the person being Lord Townshend, one of the most unblemished statesmen and respectable gentlemen of that age. Foreign employments had kept him abroad until Queen Anne's change of ministry, and since that he had been a long and sincere mourner for his first wife, the sister of Lord Pelham. Dolly was to him therefore a new beauty, no tattle concerning whom had ever reached his ears. Falling in love at once, he proposed, she accepted, and the news of the match prompted Lady Mary to sit down and write her history.

This brief memoir, it is observable, furnishes a clew to the origin of Horace Walpole's excessive dislike of Lady Mary Wortley. His mother and she had been antagonists and enemies before he was born; "*car tout est réciproque*," says La Bruyère. We see how Lady Mary represented Lady Walpole, and may take it for granted that Lady Walpole did not love or spare Lady Mary; and if they continued to keep up the outward forms of acquaintanceship, which of course brought them often into contact, they would naturally hate each other all the more.

Mr. Walpole's affection for his mother was so much the most amiable point in his character, and his expressions whenever he names or alludes to her are so touching, come so directly and evidently from the heart, that one would very fain think of her as he did, and believe she had every perfection his partiality assigns to her. But, in truth, there was a contrary version of the matter, not resting solely, nor yet principally, upon the authority of Lady Mary Wortley. It filled so prominent a place in the scandalous history of the time, that the world knew as well which way Captain Lemuel Gulliver was glancing when gravely vindicating the reputation of my Lord *Treasurer* Flimnap's excellent lady, as what he meant by the red, green, and blue girdles of the Lilliputian grandees, or the said Flimnap's feats of agility on the tight-rope. Those ironical lines also, where Pope says that Sir Robert Walpole

> "Had never made a friend in private life,
> And was besides *a tyrant to his wife*,"

are equally well understood as conveying a sly allusion to his

good-humoured unconcern about some things which more strait-laced husbands do not take so coolly. Openly laughing at their nicety, he professed it his method "to go his own way, and let madam go hers." In a word, Horace Walpole himself was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Hervey, (1) and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human shape could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son; and, while their *reverse* of personal likeness provoked a malicious whisper, Sir Robert's marked neglect of Horace in his infancy tended to confirm it. A number of children, young Walpole one, were accustomed to meet and play together. Such of them as, like himself, lived to grow old, all united in declaring that no other boy within their knowledge was left so entirely in the hands of his mother, or seemed to have so little acquaintance with his father; the fact being, that Sir Robert Walpole took scarcely any notice of him, till his proficiency at Eton school, when a lad of some standing, drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had, or had not, a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.

Though in all probability Lord Orford never suspected that any doubt hung over his own birth, yet the mortifications of his youth on his mother's account could not but be severe:

The daughter was not brought forward in this manner till after the death of the mother, who enjoyed her married situation a very few months. But the tale the recognition told could hardly be new to any one. Lady Bute never adverted to it without pain and regret, having a tenderness for Miss Skerritt's memory, which the recollection of her many agreeable qualities, her sweetness of temper, and fondness of herself as a child, rendered it difficult to overcome.

Upon the death of Queen Anne, Mr. Wortley's friends coming into power, he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury. He had long been an active, efficient member of parliament, and when he first obtained this office, people expected that he would have a considerable sway in the new King's counsels: for a reason which will now seem rather surprising,—he was the only man at the board (excepting perhaps Lord Halifax) who could converse with his Majesty, because the only one who spoke French; consequently, much of the business must have gone through his hands, if the sovereign, like his predecessors, William and Anne, had assisted in person at the meetings of the commissioners. But George the First leaving finance-affairs and all others to be managed as his ministers pleased, Mr. Wortley had no more personal intercourse with him than the rest. Lady Mary frequently attracted his notice, and likewise that of the Prince of Wales (George the Second.) By her journal, indeed, it might have been imagined that the latter admired her rather more than the Princess (though usually far from jealous) could quite approve. For once, in a rapture, he called her royal highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed! "Lady Mary always dresses well," said the Princess drily, and returned to her cards. However, his favour was soon withdrawn, and hers regained. The father and son were already, almost at their first setting out, upon such hostile terms, that, the moment the Prince heard of Lady Mary's having been at one of the King's select parties, he grew not only cool but resentful, taunting her as a deserter gone over to the enemy's camp; and thenceforward she dressed becomingly in vain. An increase of graciousness on the part of the Princess made her amends.

A former edition tells us, ".that the court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth." A whimsical model! Since Louis was about seven years old when George, a man of sixty, ascended the British throne. One would think Louis the *Fourteenth* must have been the person meant, but that the retired habits of the English monarch accorded no

better with the stately ceremonial of the elder French one, than with the amusements and regulations of his great-grandson's nursery. George the First went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sate, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's (a German lady's) box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords and grooms of the bedchamber. In one respect his court, if court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Of the three favourite ladies who had accompanied him from Hanover, viz. Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, the Countess Platen, and Madame Kilmansegg, the first alone, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as very much confirmed the rumour of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the King's evening parties, consisting of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer English men: among them Mr. Craggs, the Secretary of State, who had been at Hanover in the Queen's time, and by thus having the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favourite.

Lady Mary's journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by-the-bye, stood in great need of some laughing-matter to enliven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to

ing her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace-gates is "Hush!" as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about anything, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered and entirely off her guard; so, beginning giddily with "Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!" she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. "*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*" said the King, going up to him, "*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*" "Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?" The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, "There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction." This was coming off tolerably well, but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; "which I durst not resent," continued she, "for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."

The name of George the First recalls a remarkable anecdote of his mother, the Princess Sophia, which Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary heard from Lord Halifax. When he and Lord Dorset were dispatched by the Whig administration upon the welcome errand of announcing to her the act of parliament that secured the Hanover succession, at the same time carrying the garter to the Elector Prince, her grandson, they were received, as may be supposed, with every mark of distinction. At their first formal audience, as they commenced a set speech, after delivering their credentials, the old Electress, who was standing, gave a kind of start, and almost *ran* to one corner of the room, where, fixing her back against the wall, she remained stiff and erect as if glued to it, till the ceremony ended, and they withdrew. Her behaviour being in all other respects very dignified and decorous, they were at a loss to divine what could have occasioned this extraordinary *move*, and very curious to discover the meaning of it; a secret which Lord Halifax at

length got at, by dint of sifting and cross-questioning her courtiers. She had suddenly recollected that there hung in that room a picture of her cousin, the PRETENDER, and, in a fright lest it should catch their eyes, could hit upon no expedient to hide it but by screening it with her own person. The good Princess, however, was not in the least disloyal to herself; she harboured no dislike to the prospect of a crown, nor any scruples about accepting it; but, nevertheless, valuing her Stuart-descent, she had a family feeling for the young man, whom she firmly believed to be as much James the Second's son as George the First was her own. That is to say, she was what at the time all England would have styled "*a rank Jacobite.*"

The only event particularly interesting to Lady Mary that seems to have taken place between the King's accession and her journey to Constantinople was the marriage of her father, now Duke of Kingston, to "the fair Isabella," as she is called in the journal; in common speech, Lady Belle Bentinck, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portland, King William's favourite. She was one of the most admired beauties in London, and had long been the object of his grace's pursuit. Her previous history supplied the diary with a romantic tale, but Lady Mary did not pretend that it had come under her own

lete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behoved *to see company;* that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the Duchess, closely veiled with crape, sate upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased Duke — Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax-taper; and the condoling visiters, who curtseyed in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion.

We may perceive from this that Sir Richard Steele's comedy of the "Funeral" contained no exaggeration. Nor was the custom of putting houses into mourning for their defunct owners confined to the great. In the supposed letter of Partridge the astrologer, the undertaker, concluding that "the doctor must needs have died rich," sets about measuring the wainscot, and says, "Let 's see: the passage and these two rooms hung in close mourning, with a stripe of black baize round the others, will be sufficient." How a miser must have grudged the expense of dying!

It has been already said that the volumes containing Lady Mary Wortley's journal while in Turkey were among those which Lady Bute trusted one of her family to peruse alone. This portion of her diary was retained some time, compared with the printed letters, and examined with very great attention. It proved, as far as what we may call a negative can be proved, that the story, so generally prevalent, of Lady Mary's having had admittance into the Seraglio, was totally false and groundless. In those pages intended to meet no eye but her own,—where, as in the preceding volumes, every event was set down day by day, every day accounted for, however briefly, every place she went to specified,—not one word denoted, not a mysterious or ambiguous expression left the least room to surmise, that she had ever set her foot within the walls of the Sultan's palace, either at Andrianople or Constantinople; nay, that she had ever sought to do it, or ever thought of it as a thing practicable. The respectable gentleman who edited her works in 1803, was no way to blame for having adopted a notion

which he found commonly received by the world; yet it would appear strange, if we did not know the power of prejudice, that his prepossessions on the subject could make him fancy he saw in the printed letters, which had lain so long under every body's eyes, what was not there. "Many people (he says) were at first inclined to doubt the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has given respecting the interior of the Harem;"—respecting which, the *Royal* Harem, she has given *no* information of *any* kind, excepting what she obtained from the Sultana Hafiten. Nobody can doubt the possibility of one person's hearing what another says; and her words are, "I did not omit the opportunity of learning all I possibly could about the Seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us." In none of her letters, saving that where this visit is described, does she so much as mention, or allude to, the *interior* of the Seraglio. At Andrianople she writes, "The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace; but the gardens are large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; *which is all I know of them, never having been in them.*" Again, at Contantinople: "I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen;—it is a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees; *which is all I know of them.*" Do not

sick fallen beast," at the feet of England. Was this a time for the Porte to refuse a favour which it had freely granted in its haughtier days? Yet, when the English ambassadress asked leave to visit the ladies of the Seraglio, it was peremptorily denied, as contrary to the fundamental rules of their monarchy.

The customs of the East are known to be unchangeable, and more respected by the oriental nations than our laws by us. The usage debarring any foreign minister's wife from entering the Royal Harem, was of this nature; held too sacred for the Grand Signor himself to infringe. Lady Mary Wortley's example being pleaded, the Turks, male and female, laughed at the story, as a ridiculous fable, invented by some one grossly ignorant of their manners; and declared that if she herself said she was ever in the Seraglio of Achmed the Third, she told a falsehood which only Frankish credulity could believe. Shortly afterwards, on the news of our success in Egypt, the Valida or queen-mother, by an act of condescension till then unknown, consented to give the ambassadress an audience,—but not within the Seraglio, that could not be. She removed for the purpose into a palace of her own, quite apart from it, and there the ceremony passed.

The belief which these impartial judges laughed to scorn, did as they said, take its rise from a fable; an absurd, but also a malicious tale, fabricated some time after Lady Mary's return to England. She alludes to it with contempt in a letter written from Florence, and imputes its invention to the malignity of Pope; whether justly or not, is nothing to our present purpose. This letter being one of those published in an additional volume in 1767, and rejected in the edition of 1803, from a doubt of their authenticity, it may be proper to state why they are reprinted here. In Lady Bute's life-time, a person who had heard that there was such a doubt, yet thought their style and spirit spoke them genuine, begged her to decide the question. She sent for the book, and, after turning over half a dozen pages, exclaimed. "Genuine beyond all dispute;" a sentence she confirmed as she went on, saying of one letter in particular, "I am as sure my mother wrote this as if I had seen the pen in her hand."

During Lady Mary's travels she copied into her diary the letters of Pope and Congreve as she received them; and it contained the whole substance of her own meaning of those printed in 1763. The descriptions of her journey, of the court and society of Vienna, of inoculation, of Fatima, of the Sultana Hafiten, of the antiquities, baths, mosques, janissaries, effendis, etc., etc., were all there; sometimes more diffusedly given, but

oftener in the very same words. It seemed her custom to note everything down without a moment's delay; and then, when she wrote a letter, to transcribe from the journal the passages she thought fittest to be communicated to her friends, or one may say, to the world. For, although she did not design the correspondence for publication while she was living, she had it copied, and allowed many people to read it. The diary of course contained farther details; but the cream having been skimmed for the letters, the rest was not very interesting or important. No Valida ever was named, therefore the princess, represented by Voltaire as so active in befriending Charles the Twelfth, had probably died before Mr. Wortley's arrival at her son's court. Upon the whole, Lady Mary led a retired life most of the time she passed in that country.

It is known that when on her way to die, as it proved, in her own country she gave a copy of the letters to Mr. Sowden, minister of the English church at Rotterdam, attesting the gift by her signature. This showed it was her wish that they should eventually be published; but Lady Bute, hearing only that a number of her mother's letters were in a stranger's hands, and having no certainty what they might be, to whom addressed, or how little of a private nature, could not but earnestly desire to obtain them, and readily paid the price demanded —five hun-

and felt for Lady Mary Wortley that fond partiality which old people of ardent tempers sometimes entertain for a rising genius in their own line. Literature had been hers; and she triumphed in Lady Mary's talents as proofs of what it was her first wish to demonstrate, namely, the mental equality of the sexes; if not the superiority of woman to man. Many a tract have the worms long ago eaten, or the pastrycooks demolished, in which she laid down this doctrine; exposing the injustice and tyranny of one sex, and maintaining the capacity of the other, if allowed fair play, for the highest attainments. But, like most people who are bent upon establishing a theory which they know others will controvert, and suspect they may laugh at, she often wrote herself into a passion as she went on, and made more free with the words jackanapes, puppy, booby, and blockhead, than we should think becoming in a fair and elegant authoress at present.

Among Lady Mary Wortley's books there was one of these treatises, splendidly bound, and inscribed "From the Author." The language of it was coarse, but forcible; Mrs. Astell's wrath and zeal and spite against saucy mankind comically bitter, and her indignation excessive at the eagerness of foolish womankind to get husbands; but for which unaccountable weakness, she felt assured that a new leaf might be turned over and the tyrants be brought to confusion. This sentence is recollected: "If a young fellow do but know enough to keep himself clean, you shall have him thinking forsooth that he may pretend to a woman of the best quality and understanding." And when, by chance, the clean men succeeded better with the high and wise women than their presumption deserved—an accident which will now and then happen—it was matter of positive pain and grief to her righteous spirit.

The tract in question, long out of print and forgotten, could hardly have been known to Mary Wolstonecroft; yet it so resembled her "Rights of Women," that the effect was ludicrous, considering how directly the two ladies were contrasted in character, principles, and practice: the ancient championess of the sex being a devout Christian, a flaming high-church-woman, deeply read in abstruse divinity, strictly virtuous, and eminently loyal; the modern one, if we may trust her husband's report and her own, the reverse of all these things. This however enabled her to take the field unincumbered with some difficulties which must have shackled her forerunner; for instance, certain passages in the third chapter of Genesis, such as, *He shall rule over thee.*

How Mrs. Astell got over these is not remembered; but



assuredly it could not be, like the freethinking Mary, by contemning their authority. Whatever were her foibles and prejudices, her piety was genuine, fervent, and humble: cordially loving as well as admiring Lady Mary Wortley, she had nothing so much at heart as to promote her spiritual welfare, and turn her attention from the vanities of this world to the chief concern of accountable beings.

One day, after a serious discussion of some religious subject, very eagerly pursued on Mrs. Astell's side, she paused, and gazing at Lady Mary with melancholy earnestness, said impressively, "My days are numbered: I am old; that you know; but I now tell you in confidence, I have a mortal disease which must soon bring me to the grave. I go hence, I humbly trust in Christ, to a state of happiness; and if departed spirits be permitted to re-visit those whom they have loved on earth, remember I make you a solemn promise that mine shall appear to you, and confirm the truth of all I have been saying."—Surely a most affecting proof of true and tender friendship, whether the forming such an intention be thought presumptuous or pardonable. A few weeks afterwards she died of a cancer; but Lady Mary said the awful apparition never came.

One word more of Mrs. Astell, although she may have already engrossed too many. Lady Mary Wortley had what we should now call an album; a book of poetical scraps, ballads, epigrams, elegies, lampoons, the floating ephemera of the moment; almost all collected previously to the year 1730. Amongst these was the following Ode to Friendship, addressed to herself by Mrs. Mary Astell:

Friendship! peculiar gift of Heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To Wortley and to angels giv'n,
To all the lower world denied:

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desire,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike, with equal fire,

With bright but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend:
In vain for thee the monarchs sighs
Who hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

When virtues, kindred virtues meet,
And *sister*-souls together join,
Thy pleasures, lasting as they 're sweet,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh! may this flame ne'er cease to glow
Till you to happier seats remove!
What raised your virtue here below
Shall aid your happiness above.

The reader will perceive that this is the same ode which, with some variations for the better, Boswell has given us as written at an early age by Dr. Johnson. Query, which of these two conscientious people, the Doctor or Mrs. Astell, could be guilty of purloining their neighbour's goods and passing them off for their own? And also, the difference of ages and distance of abodes considered, what breeze could have wafted the stanzas of the one into the scrutoire of the other? The sentiments undoubtedly seem better suited to an austere maiden gentlewoman, ever the sworn foe of Love, than to a stripling at the time of life when "*that boy and that boy's deeds*" (as lately sang Sir James Bland Burgess) are seldom held in any great abhorrence. Not that we dare build upon this argument, because many young people will defy him stoutly before they have the misfortune to make his acquaintance. But *dates*, as Johnson himself would have said, are stubborn things. Boswell tells us that this ode was first published in the year 1743. Now Mrs. Astell had then been dead twelve years; and, since her ghost never did pay Lady Mary Wortley a visit, it is to be presumed she gave her the verses while she was alive. In short, the *pro* and *con* of the affair might find the Gentleman's Magazine in matter of controversy for a twelvemonth.

Lady Mary's introduction of inoculation on her return from the East, is a subject of far greater importance. The small-pox was a disorder which she had sufficient reason to dread: it carried off her only brother, and had visited her so severely that she always said she meant the Flavia of her sixty Town-Eclogue for herself, having expressed in that poem what her own sensations were while slowly recovering under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. Although this did not happen, yet the disease left tokens of its passage, for it deprived her of very fine eye-lashes; which gave a fierceness to her eyes that impaired their beauty. Former sufferings and mortifications therefore, she acknowledged, led her to observe the Turkish invention with particular interest; but only the

higher motive of hoping to save numberless lives could have given her courage to resolve upon bringing home the discovery. For what an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment had been made, and had proved successful, she could have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant, and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. But it was far otherwise. The age she belonged to resembled Farmer Goodenough, in Miss Edgeworth's popular tale, "The Will," who sets his face doggedly against all changes, innovations, and improvements, no matter what. How like this may, peradventure, be to the same author's Marvel, ever prone to run headlong after every new device, no matter what, we will not inquire. Lady Mary protested that, in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she never would have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty

ness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.

Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testimony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick-room, to prove her security from infection.

A child, especially a solitary child, if intelligent, attends to what passes before it, much earlier and more heedfully than people imagine. From six years old upwards, Lady Bute could see the significant shrugs of the nurses and servants, and observe the looks of dislike they cast at her mother. She also overheard anxious parents repeating to Lady Mary the arguments that had been used to deter them from venturing upon the trial; and aunts and grandmothers, in the warmth of their zeal against it, quoting the opinion of this doctor or that apothecary. All which, well remembered, enabled her to conceive how strong were the prejudices it originally had to encounter.

It may be urged with some justice that the obstinacy of *Farmer Goodenough* produced one excellent effect: the matter was, in Chaucer's words, "boulted to the bran;" it underwent a far more severe and thorough investigation, than if it had been at first received with open arms, or suffered to pass with less opposition. But what *will be* does not alter what *is*; and Lady Mary was surely pardonable for sometimes regretting that the prospect of future good to the world at large had induced her to incur present personal evil.

Perhaps it will not be straying too widely from the subject to mention here a remarkable passage in the life of Lady Mary Wortley's grandson. William Stuart, the late Primate of Ireland. During the long time that he was only vicar of Luton in Bedfordshire, a malignant small-pox broke out in that neighbourhood, almost equal, upon a smaller scale, to some of the pestilences recorded in history. The mortality increased so fast, and the minds of the country people were so distracted with terror, that he at length, taking his resolution, offered to have every person who was still uninfected inoculated at his own expence.

A religious scruple lingered yet among the dissenters, who

were very numerous in that parish and those adjoining; but excessive apprehension overcame it: they, like the rest, crowded to signify their assent, and within a fortnight above two thousand persons of all ages underwent the operation. Mr. Stuart stood alone, without coadjutor or adviser; his family, who were at a distance, knew nothing of the transaction; he had only a country practitioner and country nurses to depend upon; add to this, that it was impossible such a number of patients could all be duly prepared or properly attended to; neither persuasion, intreaties, nor authority could make the poor always observe the directions he gave them; and some, whom he would fain have deterred on account of their advanced age or sickly habits, would run the risk in spite of his prohibition. Yet it pleased God to grant him complete success. Very few difficult cases occurred, and only three people died; an infirm unhealthy woman, a man past eighty years old, and an infant whose mother afterwards confessed she knew it had already caught the disease, which in her ignorance she supposed inoculation was to cure. To crown all, for several succeeding years the small-pox scarcely re-appeared in that district. But when his parishioners were safe, Mr. Stuart himself began to sink under all that he had suffered in body and mind. The exertions daily and nightly required to supply what was wanted

weighed upon Lord Byron's mind, and, by his own avowal, warped his character, we cannot wonder that a temper so irritable as Pope's should have winced at being reminded of his extreme deformity more forcibly than by a thousand words. Doubtless, too, his vanity had taken as encouragement her permitting him to write her love-letters—*i. e.* letters commonly so called, expressive neither of passion, nor affection, nor any natural feeling whatsoever: tissues of far-fetched conceits and extravagant compliments; the prose counterparts of those love-verses which Dr. Johnson christened metaphysical. But let it be observed, in justice to Lady Mary's taste, that her answers treat this kind of language with tacit contempt. Viewing it probably, with the widow in Hudibras, as only "high-heroic fustian," she returns him a recital of some plain matter of fact, and never takes the smallest notice of protestation or panegyric.

Pope certainly thought that ladies could not be addressed without these flourishes, or in any simpler style than that of Balzac and Voiture, then the received models of letter-writing. To men he wrote differently; yet surely his letters, even to them, to his intimate friends, smell of the lamp, and bear the marks of study and composition as visibly as his most finished poems.

ALAS!—is all that can be said about the warfare that followed. It is to be hoped that Lady Mary had little share in the "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and some others which shall not be reprinted in this edition. If they were chiefly Lord Hervey's, they have no business here; and, at any rate, are better forgotten than remembered.

The readers of Dr. Johnson will recollect this passage in his Life of Pope: "The table (Lord Oxford's) was infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity that the one or the other quitted the house." When Lady Bute read the Lives of the Poets on their first publication, she pointed out this paragraph to one of her daughters, observing, "How ill Johnson must have been informed! My mother's intimacy with Lady Oxford was by no means of an early date; their acquaintance first began within my own memory, long after the quarrel with Pope had risen to such a height, and become so public, that it would have been insulting her grossly to admit him into any house where she was one of the guests expected. I am confident they never met at Lord Oxford's table in their lives."

Upon her mentioning the subject to her friend, the dowager Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's only child, the Duchess, who, being her elder by three years, could go those three years farther back, and speak to the point so much more positively, said she was *certain* that no such meeting had ever taken place beneath her father's roof. "If *he* could have dreamed of inviting them at the same time, (said she,) which his good breeding and sense of propriety made impossible, my mother, who adored Lady Mary and hated Pope, would no more have consented to it than she would have put her hand in the fire." That great poet, it was clear from many expressions that escaped the Duchess, had not won the good-will of Lord Oxford's family in the same degree as Matthew Prior; of whom she always spoke with affection, and said he made himself beloved by every living thing in the house,—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal.

It is a common remark, that people of brilliant parts often have no objection to relax, or *rest*, their understandings in the society of those whose intellects are a little more obtuse. Here was an instance: the gods never made anybody less poetical than Lady Oxford; (1) and yet Lady Mary Wortley, though in general not over tolerant to her inferiors in capacity, appears upon the whole to have loved nobody so well. And there was

ing at him, as is proved by the well-known sentence, almost a proverb, "that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys," which was originally hers. And so might be a chance-epigram or ballad besides, yet no great harm done. For as there are some people who must be handled seriously or not meddled with, and a few whom it would be sacrilege and profanation to laugh at, there are others with whom their friends take that liberty every day; nay, who invite it by laughing at themselves. This is very commonly the case with those who, being conscious of some whimsical peculiarity, and withal no fools, think that humorously exaggerating their own foible, gives them a privilege to indulge it. The exaggeration then gets abroad, and by that the character is stamped. For "half the strange stories you hear in the world" (said one who knew it well) "come from people's not understanding a joke." Accordingly, it has been handed down as a proof of the extreme to which Lord Hervey carried his effeminate nicety, that, when asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered, "Beef?—Oh, no!—Faugh! Don't you know I never eat beef, nor *horse*, nor any of those things?"—Could any mortal have said this in earnest?

Lord Hervey dying a few years after Lady Mary Wortley settled abroad, his eldest son (1) sealed up and sent her her letters, with an assurance that none of them had been read or opened. The late Lord Orford affirmed that Sir Robert Walpole did the same with regard to those she had written to his second wife; but she probably destroyed both collections, for no traces of them appeared among her papers. To Lord Hervey's heir she wrote a letter of thanks for his honourable conduct, adding, that she could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shown him what so young a man might perhaps be inclined to doubt,—the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love. Much pleased with this letter, he preserved it; and, when Lady Mary came to England, showed it to Lady Bute, desiring she would ask leave for him to visit her mother.

His own mother, Lady Hervey, made no such request; for she had partaken neither of the correspondence nor the

(1) George Lord Hervey, after his grandfather's decease, the second Earl of Bristol.

friendship. That *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sévigné advises us to peep at, would here have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey had lived together upon very amicable terms, "as well-bred as if not married at all," according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one. It might be from suspecting this state of things, that his avowed enemies, Pope for one, went out of their way to compliment and eulogise her. However, their praises were not unmerited: by the attractions she retained in age, she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome; and never was there so perfect a model of the finely-polished, highly-bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected; but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing. One circumstance will excite surprise: notwithstanding her constant close connexion with the old court, she was, at heart and in opinion, a zealous Jacobite; hardly, perhaps, to the pitch of wishing the Pretender's enterprise success, yet enough so to take fire in defence of James the Second if ever she heard any blame laid to his charge.

At the time of Lady Mary Wortley's return home, Lady

of Mr. Baillie, (1) of Jerviswood, Bishop Burnet's near relation, a leading man in Parliament, of most respectable character. Though married, she resided with her father, as did also the rest of his family. Lady Hervey's Letters, published in 1821, contain a warm panegyric upon her; and Lady Mary Wortley herself could not deny her the praise of being very pretty, very agreeable, and very generally admired: all which rendered only the more grating a strange adventure that befell her in the midst of her brilliant career. One of her father's footmen, probably either mad or drunk, entered her room at midnight armed with a pistol, and declared a passion for her, which he swore he would gratify, or take her life. Her cries brought assistance: he was seized, tried, and transported; she forced to give evidence against him at the Old Bailey. How such a story, and such a public appearance, must have wounded the feelings of a gentlewoman, it is easy to conceive. Any allusion to it must have been galling; and one cannot wonder if she took unkindly even Lady Mary's "Epistle from Arthur Grey in Newgate," although complimentary to her charms, and containing nothing injurious to her character. But she accused Lady Mary of having also made her the subject of a very offensive ballad; and this Lady Mary positively denied. Various bickerings took place; peace seems to have been sometimes patched up, but war to have quickly broken out afresh, and, like all other wars, to have left marks of its footsteps long visible on the soil.

In these old days, people's brains being more active and ingenious than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour, or malice and scurrility, found a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner, from

> "The woeful christening late there did
> In James's house befall,"

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park. Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets, and sold for half-pence, they often came from no mean quarter. That just now quoted was ascribed to Arbuthnot; Lord Bin-

(1) The ancestor of Lord Haddington and Mr. Baillie. Having no son, he entailed his fortune on the second son of his daughter Lady Binning, on condition that he should take the name of Baillie.

ning wrote an admirable one, describing the Duke of Argyll's levee; Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hervey, had the credit of others; and Lady Mary Wortley was a person who often fell under suspicion in matters of the kind, because known to have talents which the world would not believe she left unemployed. But, as she said herself, it attributed to her a great deal of trash that she never wrote—never even saw; and thus made her an object of ill-will to people whose adventures she was so far from having celebrated, that she hardly knew their names.

The impression these unjust imputations made upon her mind will now be shown. When Lady Bute was nearly grown up, some of her young friends wanted to bring about an acquaintance between her and Miss Furnese, (1) an heiress of their own age. Miss Wortley had no objection; but Miss Furnese held off, and so resolutely, that they insisted upon knowing the reason. "Why, then," said she, at last, "I will honestly own your praises of Miss Wortley make me sure I shall dislike her. You tell me she is lively and clever, now I know I am very dull; so, of course, she will despise me, and turn me into ridicule, and I am resolved to keep out of her way." The young set laughed most heartily at this avowal; and Lady Bute, laughing too when told of it, ran to divert her

animosity; and Lady Mary Wortley took the latter course with it too often. She was not ill-tempered; for our men and maids are the best judges of us in that particular, and the old servant fostered under her roof used to talk of her indulgence and familiarity, was fond of repeating her sayings, and almost seemed to have tasted her wit. But mankind is so made, that reproaches, invectives, nay, veritable injuries, are not half so sharply felt, or bitterly resented, as the stings of ridicule; therefore a quick perception of the ridiculous must ever be a dangerous quality, although in some few persons it wears a playful, harmless shape, and is quite distinct from the spirit of satire. Lady Mary, one cannot deny, united both qualities, instantly seized the comical point, saw the matter of mirth wherever it was to be found; but had as keen an eye to detect matter of censure, and rarely forbore a cutting sarcasm out of tenderness to the feelings of others. In short, a professed wit, flushed with success and bent on shining in society, bears too much resemblance to a staunch foxhunter eager in the chase, who takes a leap over his fallen companion, whether friend or foe, without stopping to examine how he came down or what bone he has broken.

The truth is, that affectation and folly must be borne with, or at least let alone, if one would go peaceably through this motley world; which Lady Mary could not expect to do, because she had not Christian patience with either, but attacked and exposed them when they were guiltless of hurting any body but their owner; and thus made mortal enemies of the vain tribe who would have plumed themselves upon her acquaintance if they could have hoped to escape her animadversions. For example, her former friend, or correspondent, Lady Rich, when become that melancholy thing—a decayed beauty, strove to keep up the appearance of youth by affecting a girlish simplicity, which suited her age much worse than rose coloured ribbands, and served as a constant whetstone to Lady Mary's raillery. The Master of the Rolls happened to be mentioned; the same old Sir Joseph Jekyll "who never changed his principles or wig," and who had held the office so long that he was identified with it in every one's mind. "Pray who is Master of the Rolls?" asked Lady Rich in an innocent tone. "Sir Humphrey Monneux, madam," answered Lady Mary, naming off-hand the most unlikely person she could think of. The company laughed, and the lady looked disconcerted: but, not daring to betray her better knowledge by disputing the fact went on in desperation to be more simple still. "Well! I am vastly ashamed of being so

prodigiously ignorant. I dare say I ask a mighty silly question; but, pray now, what is it to be Master of the Rolls? What does he do? for I really don't know." "Why, madam, he superintends all the French rolls that are baked in London; and without him you would have no bread and butter for your breakfast." There was no parrying this: Lady Rich coloured, flirted her fan, and professed herself unable to cope with Lady Mary Wortley's wit—*she* had no *wit*. "Nay; but look you, my dear madam, I grant it a very fine thing to continue always fifteen,—*that* every body must approve of; it is quite fair: but, indeed, indeed, one need not be five years old."

Yet there was one very conspicuous, very assailable, and very irritable person, whom Lady Mary, let her say what she would, in jest or in earnest, could never affront or offend; and this was no other than Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, so celebrated for quarrelling with all the rest of human kind. She would take in good part the most home truths if spoken by Lady Mary, who seemed to be out of the hurricane-latitude, securely stationed beyond the scope of those capricious fits of anger which she continually saw bursting like waterspouts on the heads of her acquaintance. The Duchess also grew partial

By this superb head of hair hung a tale, an instance of her waywardness and violence, which, strange to say, she took particular pleasure in telling. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her "*strong sovereign will*, (1)" the bright thought occurred, as she sate considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and repassed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished,—and she remained in great perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began for once to think she had done rather a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious: and at this point of the story she regularly fell a crying.

The only topic upon which she seemed guarded was what concerned Queen Anne, whom she never mentioned disrespectfully, but in general avoided speaking of; while she liked to dilate upon the first arrival of the present royal family, and would describe with great glee many little circumstances of their ways and manners which were new and somewhat uncouth to English eyes. She had had a nearer view of them than perhaps it was prudent to give her; for, at their outset, wishing to conciliate the Marlborough party, they invited her to a degree of intimacy sure to end in proving the truth of that wise saying about *familiarity* which we can all remember to have indited in round hand. The second or third time she had the honour of being admitted, she said she found the Princess (Queen Caroline) maintaining discipline in her nursery, where one of the children, having been naughty, had just undergone wholesome correction, and was roaring piteously in consequence. The Duchess tried to hush and con-

(1) "———————— Highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide."
Parnell's Rise of Woman.

sole it. "Ay! see there," cried the Prince with an air of triumph; "you English are none of you well-bred, because you were not whipt when you were young." "Humph!" quoth her grace, "I thought to myself, 'I am sure YOU could not have been whipt when you were young,' but I choked it in." Not being at all accustomed either to choke her thoughts in, or to stand in awe of royalty, she soon made her attendance more formidable than agreeable, and gladly returned to her natural vocation of governing others, instead of reverencing the powers entitled to rule over her.

The most vindictive Highland chief never had so many feuds; but her deadliest, unlike his, were in the bosom of her own clan. To begin by her daughters: she was not on speaking terms with Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, and Mary Duchess of Montagu. The two others, Lady Sunderland and Lady Bridgewater, had died betimes; and the children of the former were what she avowedly loved best on earth, especially Robert Earl of Sunderland the eldest son, a man who deserved her partiality, and, as his date was short, did not outlive it. With the second, Charles, she agreed pretty well till he succeeded to the Marlborough titles and fortune; when *money*, that main-spring—hidden or manifest, remote or immediate—

old lady's favour all the while, and in her eyes could do nothing wrong.

One more of her descendants must be named,—Lady Anne Egerton, the deceased Lady Bridgewater's only daughter, married first to Wriothesly Duke of Bedford, and secondly to Lord Jersey. This lady inherited such a share of her grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure daggers' drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandame had acquired her picture; which she afterwards made a monument of vengeance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber-garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within*, inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders.

Many other people remarkable in different ways must have been known to Lady Mary Wortley; many authors appear to have courted her approbation, but only those persons are mentioned here of whom Lady Bute could speak from her own recollection or her mother's report. Both had made her well informed of every particular that concerned her relation Henry Fielding; nor was she a stranger to that beloved first wife whose picture he drew in his Amelia, where, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel,—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection; yet led no happy life, for they were almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety. All the world knows what was his imprudence; if ever he possessed a score of pounds, nothing could keep him from lavishing it idly, or make him think of to morrow. Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessaries; not to speak of the spunging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally to be found. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all; but, meanwhile, care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms.

His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that

after the death of this charming woman he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace, when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion.

Lady Mary Wortley had a great regard for Fielding; she pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and warmly admired his best writings; above all Tom Jones, in her own copy of which she wrote *Ne plus ultra*. Nevertheless, she frankly said she was sorry he did not himself perceive that he had made Tom Jones a scoundrel; alluding to the adventure with Lady Bellaston. She would indeed have seldom passed a wrong judgment on what she read, if her natural good taste had taken its way unbiassed; but where personal enmity or party prejudice stepped in, they too frequently drove it blinded

and past forgiveness, yet, while making them, she has involuntarily borne a more convincing, unquestionable testimony to his chief merits than if she had been ever so eloquent in his praise. She acknowledges having sobbed over his volumes;—she could not lay them down, she sate up all night to finish them. What greater triumph could an author who wrote to the feelings desire? But then it seems she was guilty of saying that, never having lived in the society of real gentlemen and ladies, he had given his fictitious ones a language and manners as different from theirs as could be devised. So was it also said of Garrick, the first and finest of actors, that, performing every other part in exquisite perfection, he never could succeed in that of a mere ordinary *gentleman*. Both assertions were strictly true, and they amount to nothing more than a proof of the old trite position "that every one must fail in something." If Richardson's inelegancies disturb us less than they did Lady Mary Wortley, it is because we take for old-fashioned much that our fathers and mothers knew to be vulgar, or even ridiculous. A man's living friends will have the presumption to find fault with his portrait when their eyes tell them it has no likeness to *him*, though it may not be at all the worse picture a hundred years hence; and this was exactly the case with Lady Mary, who thought no otherwise than her neighbours at the time. Mrs. Donellan, an accomplished woman, whom the readers of Swift may recollect to have been one of his correspondents, told the late Mr. Edward Hamilton, her godson, that Richardson once brought her a manuscript *volume* of Sir Charles Grandison, begging her to examine it, and point out any errors she perceived in this very particular. He was conscious, he said, of his own ignorance touching the manners of people of distinction; and, knowing that she had passed her life in the best company, he could depend upon her judgment. Mrs. Donellan, who both admired his genius and respected his character, undertook the task with good faith as well as good will; but no sooner did she begin criticising, than she found she had to deal with an Archbishop of Grenada. Richardson changed colour, shut up the book, and muttering sullenly, that if there were so many faults, he supposed his best way would be to throw it into the fire at once, walked off in the mood vulgarly, but expressively, yclept *dudgeon*. It was long ere he troubled her with another visit.

After all, Lady Mary Wortley's insensibility to the excellence, or, let us say, the charm of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, is the thing most surprising in her observations on literary sub-

jects; and it can only be accounted for by a marked opposition of character between the two women. The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other. If they had lived at the same time, and in the same country and society, they would not have accorded well together. Madame de Sévigné would have respected Lady Mary's talents, but rather dreaded than coveted her acquaintance. Lady Mary, in lieu of prizing that simplicity of mind which Madame de Sévigné so wonderfully preserved in the midst of such a world as surrounded her, might have been apt to confound it with weakness; and to hold in contempt not only her foible for court favour, but her passionate devotion to her daughter.

As writers also they were dissimilar: Lady Mary wrote admirable letters; *letters*—not dissertations, nor sentimental *effusions*, nor strings of witticisms, but real letters; such as any person of plain sense would be glad to receive. Her style, though correct and perspicuous, was unstudied, natural, flowing, spirited; she never used an unnecessary word, nor a phrase savouring of affectation; but still she meant to write well, and was conscious of having succeeded. Madame de Sévigné had no such consciousness; she did not so much *write*, as talk and think upon paper, with no other aim than to make Madame de Grignan present at every incident, and partaker of

From the books Lady Mary Wortley died possessed of, which were but few, she appears to have been particularly fond of that ancient English drama lately revived among us; for she had several volumes of differently sized and wretchedly printed plays bound up together, such as the Duke of Roxburghe would have bought at any price; the works of Shirley, Ford, Marston, Heywood, Webster, and the rest, as far back as Gammer Gurton's Needle, and coming down to the trash of Durfey. But Lillo's domestic tragedies were what she most admired; for "my lady used to declare," said the old servant so often quoted, "that whoever did not cry at George Barnwell must deserve to be hanged." And she passed the same sentence on people who could see unmoved the fine scene between Dorax and Sebastian in Dryden, who was also one of her favourite authors. She had his plays, his fables, and his Virgil, in folio, as they were first published; Theobald's edition of Shakspeare, manifestly much read; and Tonson's quarto Milton. Besides Cowley, Waller, Denham, etc., there were some less known poets, and some of an earlier age, such as Suckling and Drayton. Nothing further can be called to mind, excepting the outward shape of three ultra-sized volumes, the works of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.

Some of Lady Mary Wortley's early letters, expressing vividly all a mother's fondness for her infant son, give sufficient occasion to moralise over the fate of those parents who are doomed to see the object of such intense affection, the creature whose birth made them so happy, become, when grown up, the curse, the torment, and the disgrace of their lives. Young Wortley hardly waited so long to signalise his propensity to vice and folly; betraying from the beginning that surest symptom of inveterate moral (or mental) disease—an habitual disregard of truth, accompanied by a fertile ready invention, never at fault. Where these prevail, it is building upon a quicksand to attempt working a reformation. He was a mere child when he ran away from school; and this first exploit was followed at short intervals by others still more extraordinary, until he finally sealed his ruin by marrying while under age a woman of very low degree, considerably older than himself; one for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, though her life lasted nearly as long as his own. To be capable at a mature age of such an act as drawing a youth into a disproportionate marriage, did not denote much principle or feeling; yet, as her conduct was not

licentious, she never put it in his power to obtain a divorce. In future, more than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not have scrupled to go through any number of times, if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore she, at least, could not complain of deception.

Notwithstanding all the mistakes, inaccuracies, and exaggerations attending public rumour, this singular man's various adventures, at home and abroad, were perhaps better known to the world at large than to the near relations who must have heard of them with pain, and shunned instead of seeking particular information upon so distressing a subject: consequently little light respecting it could glimmer downwards to more distant generations. He was said to have had a handsome person, plausible manners, and a liveliness of parts which report magnified into great talents; but whether he did really possess these may be doubted. They are often gratuitously presumed to exist in conjunction with profligacy, whenever that takes any wild extraordinary form, because the notion of such an affinity has in it something wonderfully agreeable to two

Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence,) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their re-union to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation; nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonising effect which it has been sometimes known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together." And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may de-

tect the thought — in an obscure country retirement at home!

These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices etc. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he intreated her to appoint a meeting with

Even Lady Mary's stile labours and grows stiffer than usual while pouring them forth. It was not thus, probably, that she wrote to Lady Stafford, or the Duchess of Montagu. The former, a foreigner by birth and education, daughter of the famous Comte de Grammont and "*la belle Hamilton,*" was said to have inherited her uncle Count Anthony Hamilton's vivacity and talents for conversation, which made her the most agreeable woman of her time. Her death happened before Lady Mary left England, and, as it affected her deeply, might be one cause of her desire to change the scene.

As for the particulars of Lady Mary's history, society, and way of life, during her residence on the Continent, they must be gathered from her own letters, which lie before the reader. Those of latest date, written after she finally established herself at Venice, seem to turn very much upon the annoyances she suffered from the behaviour of Mr. Murray, then the British minister there; between whom and her reigned, or rather raged, the utmost animosity. But none of the letters explain, nor are there now any means of discovering, whence the quarrel first sprung, or which of the parties was the most to blame. It certainly tells against *him* that his enmity extended to so respectable a man as her friend, Sir James Steuart of Coltness, whose situation as an exile soliciting recall must have made him more cautious of giving any real cause of offence than a free unfettered person, even if he had not been too much engrossed by his literary labours to meddle with diplomatic intrigues.

She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor was void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsicord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each

floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo. However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly, and before ten months were over she died in the seventy-third year of her age.

In a letter, which may be referred to, dated from Louvere, October the 2nd, 1752, Lady Mary tells her daughter that she amuses herself with writing the history of her own time, but regularly burns every sheet as soon as she has finished it. Her account of George the First, his family, and his Hanoverian society, is evidently a fragment of that history, which, by accident or oversight, escaped the flames; as it has neither beginning nor end, and she declares it meant solely for her own perusal. Mr. Wortley also left a fragment somewhat similar, relating to the same period, and describing the state of parties at and after the demise of Queen Anne: but his sketch, ten times more shapeless than hers, is a mere rough copy, so blotted and interlined as to be scarcely readable. He appears to have aimed chiefly at drawing a distinct line between what

a blot upon his character that nothing could efface. Whichever way truth may lie, he afterwards proved how keenly he felt the mortifying transaction; but proved it in a manner creditable to his heart,—by showing gratitude, not by seeking revenge. On his being ordered to withdraw while the house voted his commitment to prison, one personal friend only, Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, a Scotch member, arose, went out with him, and attended him to the gates of the Tower. Sir Robert did not forget this when he was minister. Mr. Campbell, a moderate man, asked few favours for himself; but any person in whose behalf *he* could be induced to say a word, had a fairer chance of success than if patronised by the greatest and most powerful of Walpole's supporters. His paramount influence, and the consequence it gave him, are hinted at in Lord Binning's satirical ballad upon the Duke of Argyll's levee.

"——————— When, lo!
Great Daniel showed his face.
At sight of him low bowed the peer;
Daniel vouchsafed a nod:
'I've seen Sir Robert, and 'tis done.'
'You've kept me in, by ——!'"

Mr. Wortley, writing (it appears) within a twelvemonth after the accession, says that the Regency then appointed was so chosen as to deserve and win universal approbation. Yet, before the King came over, it had split into separate factions; Lord Marlborough (*i. e.* the Duke), Lord Halifax, and Lord Townshend, each aiming at the whole power, and each trying to strengthen himself among the Tories; because it was understood that a junction between the two parties would be a thing agreeable to the new sovereign. But even the men most willing to promote this, were still for the punishment of *the criminals;* he gives the late Queen's ministers no softer name. Therefore Lord Halifax lost ground, from being suspected of a wish to save Harley; and what he lost was gained by Lord Townshend, or rather by Mr. Walpole, who had got the entire government of his brother-in-law, and rose upon his shoulders. The Tories, however, as well as the Whigs, are divided by Mr. Wortley into two classes, court and country: nay, he adds, "The country Whigs and country Tories were not very different in their notions; and nothing hindered them from joining, but the fears that each had of the other's bringing in their whole party." While, according to him, "the court Whigs had quite lost the esteem of the nation when Lord Ox-

ford got into power, so that the country Whigs did every thing that was done against the court during that infamous ministry;"—and he details instances at some length. He finds fault with the reigning government for several of its measures: chiefly, the long delay of the impeachments, which gave "the criminals" a material advantage; the wording of the proclamation calling a new parliament, which too openly declared it the King's wish to have none but Whigs elected, and thus exasperated the Tories without doing the Whigs much service; the gross and unusual injustice shown in trying elections; the demand of more money for the civil list; the arbitrary changes that displaced not only Tories but Whigs, if unacceptable to Mr. Walpole, and this especially in the Treasury, the commissioners of which, he says, used to be men of considerable importance, and were never dependent upon the First Lord, or nominated by him, till the time of Lord Oxford:—all these sins he lays to the charge of Walpole, "whose violence and imprudence (says the manuscript) is censured by all the Whigs but those that depend upon the court." "The chief men in place are the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, Mr. Aislaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Stanhope. Except the two last, every one of the nine has expressed his dislike of Walpole's conduct: and these two

actually to become so,—"can it," he asks, "be for the honour of the Government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of such a post?"

This account of what was passing cannot well be called *impartial*, since the writer obviously leans—does more than lean—to one side; but he sets down his real opinions, formed on the spot, and recorded only for himself: and surely it may be desirable, though but as a matter of curiosity, to learn how the facts and characters at which *we* are now looking back through the telescope of time, through the long series of years that has made them historical, appeared to the eyes of their contemporaries.

ACCOUNT

OF

THE COURT OF GEORGE I.

AT HIS ACCESSION.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

I WAS then in Yorkshire; Mr. Wortley had stayed in town on the account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him there. Lord Halifax, his near relation, was put at the head of the Treasury; and, willing to have the rest of the commissioners such as he thought he could depend upon, he named him for one of them. It will be surprising to add that he hesitated to accept of it at a time when his father was alive

worth while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependants, a serviceable relation whenever it was in his power, and followed the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behaviour without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States; not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticizing on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee, (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers,) happened to be at the Hague and was civilly received by Lord Townshend who treated him at his table with the English hospitality; and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the Queen changed her ministry; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and play-fellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the King's treasury, for thirty years, with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff, the secretary, was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the King's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the King, as the only proper person for the important post of Secretary of State; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might probably have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother Robert Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be Paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate.

But he had yet higher views, or rather he found it necessary

to move higher, lest he should not be able to keep that. The Earl of Wharton, now Marquis, both hated and despised him. His large estate, the whole income of which was spent in the service of the party, and his own parts, made him considerable; though his profligate life lessened that weight that a more regular conduct would have given him.

Lord Halifax, who was now advanced to the dignity of Earl, and graced with the Garter, and First Commissioner of the Treasury, treated him with contempt. The Earl of Nottingham, who had the real merit of having renounced the ministry in Queen Anne's reign, when he thought they were going to alter the succession, was not to be reconciled to Walpole, whom he looked upon as stigmatized for corruption.

The Duke of Marlborough, who, in his old age, was making the same figure at court that he did when he first came into it, —I mean, bowing and smiling in the antechamber while Townshend was in the closet,—was not, however, pleased with Walpole, who began to behave to him with the insolence of new favour; and his Duchess, who never restrained her tongue in her life, used to make public jokes of the beggary she first knew him in, when her caprice gave him a considerable place, against the opinion of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marl-

usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his own temper, that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years, (for she came hither at threescore,) without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to faciliate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the King, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her called his mistress, or at least so great a favourite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

This lady deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty: she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth; and had once appeared so charming to the King, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful Princess, the Duke of Zell's daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the King's father, and all-powerfull in his

court,) had of setting her daughter in her place; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion which Madame Kilmansegg took for M. Kilmansegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburgh, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. Her ambitious mother ran mad with the disappointment, and died in that deplorable manner, leaving 40,000 pounds, which she had heaped by the favour of the Elector, to this daughter; which was very easily squandered by one of her temper. She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester's resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters; and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that

cess. She asked an audience of his Highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it; and she told him that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in that place, it was very mortifying to see his Highness not show her any mark of favour; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes that he would alter his behaviour to her. The Elector, very much astonished at this complaint, answered that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Mademoiselle Schulenberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His Highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting upon her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much that he parted with her; and she had the glory of possessing the heart and person of her master, and to turn the whole stream of courtiers that used to attend Mademoiselle Schulenberg to her side. However, he did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there; which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant; and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations.

Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour; and had so strong an appearance of that perfection, that it was called beauty by the generality of women: though in my opinion there was a coarseness in his face and shape that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman; and, if Fortune had not interposed her almighty power, he might by his birth have appeared in that figure; his father being nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half a dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

King James II. had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the Queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the

messenger between the King and the Duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; and did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which by lower intrigues happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed enemies, had a very uncommon genius; a head well turned for calculation; great industry; and [*was*] so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procurer both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master, and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the Duke's employing him. He had this only son, whom he looked on with the partiality of a parent; and resolved to spare nothing in his education that could add to his figure.

Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous; and had an appearance of open-heartedness in his manner that gained him

nions. And with this hope she consented without much concern to let her go without her; not reflecting that weak minds lose all impressions by even short absences. But as her own understanding did not furnish her with very great refinements, she was troubled with none of the fears that would have affected a stronger head, and had too good an opinion of her own beauty to believe anything in England could efface it; while Madame Kilmansegg attached herself to the one thing necessary,—getting what money she could by the sale of places, and the credulity of those who thought themselves very politic in securing her favour.

Lord Halifax was one of this number; his ambition was unbounded, and he aimed at no less than the Treasurer's staff, and thought himself in a fine road for it by furnishing Madame Kilmansegg both with money and a lover. Mr. Methuen was the man he picked out for that purpose. He was one of the Lords of the Treasury; he was handsome and well-made; he had wit enough to be able to affect any part he pleased, and a romantic turn in his conversation that could entertain a lady with as many adventures as Othello,—and it is no ill way of gaining Desdemonas. Women are very apt to take their lovers' characters from their own mouths; and if you will believe Mr. Methuen's account of himself, neither Artamenes nor Oroondates ever had more valour, honour, constancy, and discretion. Half of these bright qualities were enough to charm Madame Kilmansegg; and they were very soon in the strictest familiarity, which continued for different reasons, to the pleasure of both parties, till the arrival of Mademoiselle Schulenberg, which was hastened by the German ministers, who envied the money accumulated by Madame Kilmansegg, which they longed to turn into another channel; which they thought would be more easily drawn into their own hands. They took care to inform Mademoiselle Schulenberg of the fond reception all the Germans met with in England, and gave her a view of the immense fortune that waited here here. This was enough to cure her fears, and she arrived accompanied by a young niece who had already made some noise at Hanover. She had projected the conquest of the Prince of Wales, and had so far succeeded as to obtain his favours for some months; but the Princess, who dreaded a rival to her power, soon put an end to the correspondence, and she was no longer possessed of his good graces when he came hither.

I have not yet given the character of the Prince. The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding,

was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat

The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came into England. This behaviour did not, however, hinder schemes being laid by various persons of gratifying their ambition, or making their fortunes, by particular attachments to each of the royal family.

ON THE STATE OF PARTY

AT THE

ACCESSION OF GEORGE I.

BY MR. WORTLEY.

As soon as the Queen was dead, the palace of St. James's was filled with the Whigs, who were impatient to see the choice of the Regency. When the names were known, it had the universal approbation of all men except a few friends of my Lord Sunderland, my Lord Somers, and my Lord Wharton. But Lords Sunderland and Wharton were very wisely left out, having been too violent and too odious to a great part of the nation. The Regency had not been long met but there began to be two or three parties among them; and, before the King

King's approbation, every one of his German ministers declaring openly against it. The suspicion of Lord Halifax's being too much Oxford's friend, for which he gave too much reason, was the occasion of all the wrong steps that may have been taken. For whenever Mr. Walpole, who had got the entire government of Lord Townshend, had a mind to take any violent step, though never so disgusting to the people, he was sure to carry his point. If my Lord Halifax said anything against it, he was said to speak in favour of the Tories; if any other spoke against it, it was said he was of my Lord Halifax's party; so that no one could have a fair hearing but himself: and he was certainly in this particular to be preferred before Lord Halifax, that no one suspected his being a friend to the Tories, for whom the King seemed to have no inclination after Sir Thomas Hanmer had been weak enough to refuse his favour.

Lord Halifax seldom could gain his point, though he was never so much in the right. Mr. Walpole carried every thing, though he was never so much in the wrong.

Before the opening of the session, Mr. Walpole was in full power; and when the places of consequence were to be disposed of, Mr. Walpole named as many as he thought fit, striking out of the list presented by the Treasury to the King, not only Tories, but Whigs, when he wanted to put others in their places; and at a debate, at which eight of the cabinet and about as many commoners were present, Mr. Walpole carried it that the books, letters, and papers on which the late ministers were to be impeached, should not be read till the orders were made. Mr. Walpole pretends he did not think Lord Halifax was to be trusted with them. But most people are of opinion Mr. Walpole wanted to have the whole credit of the management of this affair, and, by knowing more of these papers, to seem an able talker and writer.

He might, if he had pleased, have produced papers to impeach the guilty in the first week of the session; but, instead of that, he delayed his report four months after the session was begun, to make it so much the *finer*. The whole body of the Whigs were impatient to have the impeachment begin, and foresaw that the criminals might make great advantage of this delay. So that this delay, and all the ill consequences attending it, are justly charged upon the imprudence of Mr. Walpole.

It was owing to him that, in the proclamation for choosing the parliament, it was declared in pretty strong terms that it was the King's desire that Whigs should be chosen; and was an open declaration that no Tories were to have any share in the King's favour, which could not but exasperate them, and

certainly was not the occasion of any number of *Whigs* being chosen, more than would have been without it. The Whigs that had no dealings with the court, generally disliked it.

It was owing to him that the King asked more money for the civil list; which gave the Tories a great advantage over the Whigs, and which all the Whigs were sorry for but those who depended upon the court. Had it been proper to make an addition in the first session, it would have come much more properly from the House of Commons.

It was plain, before the parliament met, that they were ready to do what the King pleased, so that whatever was obtained was not owing to any particular man; nor could any man, or any set of Whigs, be considerable enough to put off anything that the King would have done; and the only question was, what was fit to be done, and in what manner. It appears, by what has happened, many things have not been managed as they should be; and the heat of many Tories in the country, and the indifference of many Whigs, is owing to a wrong conduct.

The injustice shown in trying of elections has perhaps this session been greater than ever.

Mr. Walpole's violence and imprudence is censured by all the Whigs but those who depend upon the court; and among

Townshend, are commonly the words put into their mouths by Mr. Walpole.

Lord Townshend acts much against his own interest in setting up Mr. Walpole above the rest; but Lord Townshend was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him Secretary of State. He is the fittest man for it in the House of Lords; nothing could have sunk his credit, or can ever make the Whigs see him changed, unless his blindness towards Mr. Walpole's actions should set them against him, as it has made them less for him than they would have been otherwise. Mr. Stanhope, who has doubled his fortune in one year, as he thinks, by the favour of Lord Townshend, will always second what he does; and perhaps his want of judgment, or want of skill in the House of Commons, may give him a great opinion of Mr. Walpole. Of the nine above named, four or five who differ from [*him*] in this point have been always reckoned above him in judgment; so that what he says are commonly Mr. Walpole's words.

There may be another reason Mr. Walpole is so supported. Baron B——— is said to take what money he can. Mr. Walpole is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it; and why should Baron B. join himself with a man so suspicious, unless he did take it? There are very strong circumstances for suspecting Baron B. has got great sums, and ———(1) is known to be the director of Baron B.; and, indeed, this alliance is so well known, that no man ever says anything of Mr. Walpole, except in praise of him, to any of them.

Mr. Walpole is already looked upon as the chief minister, made so by Lord Townshend; and when he is in the Treasury, it will be thought that the King has declared him so. The Duke of Albemarle, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Clifford, afterwards Treasurer, were all Commissioners at a time. In King William's [*reign*] Lord Godolphin was third Commissioner of the Treasury after having been Secretary of State. Lord Montague was one of the seven Regents in King William's absence. Great men have generally been of the Treasury; and when a Commissioner of the Treasury has equal favour with any of the other ministers, he will be first minister.

Can it be for the honour of the Government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of having such a post? especially when he has already

(1) The name to be supplied seems evidently Mr. Walpole.

the places of two Paymasters, and a place for his uncle, though a Tory.

If he is to be in it (*the treasury*), is it reasonable he should make all the rest?

The Commissioners of the Treasury have commonly been all men of great figure, and independent of one another, chose by the King's favour.

If the list of the Commissioners of the Treasury in King William's time be looked over, it is plain he chose men not likely to be of the same opinion; in King Charles's time it was plainly so too.

My lord Oxford was the first commissioner that chose all his brethren, and it is plain what was the ill consequence of giving him so uncontrolled a power.

If there be one or two in the commission who are not of Mr. Walpole's choosing, they cannot hinder any of his projects, so that they can do no harm; and can do no good but to inform the King of his affairs. This is what Mr. Walpole will endeavour to prevent all he can.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BEFORE THE YEAR 1717.

TO LADY——

HAVING, like other undeserving people, a vast opinion of my own merits, and some small faith in your sincerity, I believed it impossible you should forget me, and therefore very impudently expected a long letter from you this morning; but Heaven, which you know delights in abasing the proud, has, I find, decreed no such thing; and notwithstanding my vanity and your vows, I begin to fancy myself forgotten; and this epistle comes, in humble manner, to kiss your hands and petition for the scanty alms of one little visit, though never so short: pray, Madam, for God's sake, have pity on a poor prisoner—one little visit—so may God send you a fine husband, continuance of beauty, etc.; but if you deny my request, and make a jest of my tenderness (which, between friends, I do think a little upon the ridiculous), I do vow never to ——; but I had better not vow, for I shall certainly love you, do what you will—though I beg you would not tell some certain people of that fond expression, who will infaillibly advise you to follow the abominable maxims of, no answer, ill-treatment, and so forth, not considering that such conduct is full as base as beating a poor wretch who has his hands tied; and mercy to the distressed is a mark of divine goodness. Upon which godly consideration I hope you will afford a small visit to your disconsolate

M. PIERREPONT.

TO MRS. WORTLEY. (1)

Ash Wednesday, 1709.

THIS comes to inquire after your health in the first place? and if there be any hopes of the recovery of my diamond? If

(1) Mrs. Wortley was Anne Wortley, the second daughter of the Honourable Sidney Wortley Montagu, the second son of the first Lord Sandwich, who, upon his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, was obliged by Sir Francis's will to take his name. Mrs. Anne Wortley was the favourite sister of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. Lady Mary's husband.

not, I must content myself with reckoning it one of the mortifications proper to this devout time, and it my serve for a motive of humiliation. Is not this the right temper with which we ought to bear losses which —— ?

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

July 21, 1709.

How often, my dear Mrs. Wortley, must I assure you that your letters are ever agreeable, and, beyond expression, welcome to me? Depend upon it, that I reckon the correspondence you favour me with, too great a happiness, to neglect it; there is no danger of your fault, I rather fear to grow troublesome by my acknowledgments. I will not believe you flatter me, I will look upon what you say as an obliging mark of your partiality. How happy must I think myself when I fancy your friendship to me even great enough to overpower your judgment! I am afraid this is one of the pleasures of the imagination, and I cannot be so very successful in so earnest and important a wish. This letter is excessively dull. Do you know it is from my vast desire of pleasing you, as there is nothing more frequent than for the voice to falter when people sing be-

hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will, perhaps, miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate am I if it does! You will think I forget you, who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters, when they are the only pleasures of my solitude: in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible, when I esteem you as I ought, in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed, imagine the mail burnt, or some other strange accident; you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it; I wish I had that imagination you talk of, to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on every thing. I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am not at all proper for so delicate an employment as choosing you books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world, than in following our own inclinations—Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice every thing in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses; I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious and very nonsensical letter; quite contrary, I think you



will be obliged to me for it. I could not better show my great concern for your reproaching me with a neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in three pages.

My sister says a great deal about Mrs K.; but, besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

August 20th, 1709.

DEAR Lady Mary will pardon my vanity; I could not forbear reading to a Cambridge Doctor that was with me, a few of those lines that did not make me happy till this week: where you talk of dictionaries and grammars, he stopped me, and said, "the reason why you had more wit than any man, was, that your mind had never been encumbered with any of these tedious authors; that Cowley never submitted to the rules of grammar, and therefore excelled all of his own time in learning, as well as in wit; that without them, you would read with pleasure in two or three months; but that if you persisted in the use of them, you would throw away your Latin in a year or two, and the commonwealth would have reason to mourn; whereas if I



and yet in spite of that too, your compliments would please. You may remember you once told me it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby-horse as to a woman, nay, or a man. I should know too how diverting a scene it is (I forgot where I met with it, but you can tell me) to make a ploughman sit on a throne, and fancy he is an emperor. However, 't is a cheat so pleasing I cannot help indulging it; and to keep off the evil day as long as I can of being deceived, shall remain, with truth and passion,

Yours, ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

August 21, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex; I am sure not of myself; 't is not in my power (I would to God it was!) to hide a kindness where I have one, or dissemble it where I have none. I cannot help answering your letter this minute, and telling you I infinitely love you, though, it may be, you 'll call the one impertinence, and the other dissimulation; but you may think what you please of me, I must eternally think the same things of you.

I hope my dear Mrs. Wortley's shewing my letter is in the same strain as her compliments, all meant for raillery, and I am not to take it as a thing really so; but I 'll give you as serious an answer as if 't was all true.——

When Mr. Cowley, and other people, (for I know several have learnt after the same manner,) were in places where they had opportunity of being learned by word of mouth, I don't see any violent necessity of printed rules; but being where from the top of the house to the bottom not a creature in it understands so much as even good English, without the help of a dictionary or inspiration, I know no way of attaining to any language. Despairing of the last, I am forced to make use of the other, though I do verily believe I shall return to London the same ignorant soul I went from it; but the study is a present amusement. I must own I have vanity enough to fancy, if I had any body with me, without much trouble perhaps I might read.

What do you mean by complaining I never write to you in the quiet situation of mind I do to other people? My dear, people never write calmly, but when they write indifferently. That I should ever do so to you, I take to be entirely impossible; I must be always very much pleased or in very great affliction,

as you tell me of your friendship, or unkindly doubt mine: I can never allow even prudence and sincerity to have any thing to do with one another, at least I have always found it so in myself, who being devoted to the one, had never the least tincture of the other. What I am now doing, is a very good proof of what I say, 'tis a plain undesigning truth, your friendship is the only happiness of my life; and whenever I lose it, I have nothing to do but to take one of my garters and search for a convenient beam. You see how absolutely necessary it is for me to preserve it. Prudence is at the very time saying to me, "Are you mad, you won't send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? 'tis the direct way to tire out her patience; if she serves you as you deserve, she will first laugh very heartily, then tear the letter, and never answer it, purely to avoid the plague of such another: will her good-nature for ever resist her judgment?"—I hearken to these counsels, I allow 'em to be good, and then—I act quite contrary: no consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear dear Mrs. Wortley, no body ever was so entirely, so faithfully yours as.

A. P.

I put in your lovers, for I don't allow it possible for a man to be so sincere as I am: if there was such a thing, though, you

which I always knew was hard to be obtained. I heartily wish those plains of Nottingham, that have given me all this pain, may be turned by some earthquake into mountains and rocks, that none of its rivulets may ever receive the tears, nor its breezes the sighs, of a lover; nay, let them be inaccessible both to man and beast. But how can my dearest Lady Mary think it so wild (though an unhappy) thought in me to mention that race. You may easily recollect how either or another rallied you upon one you met last year in that field, or—where you dined together after the diversion was over—well—henceforward I will have done with all jealous tricks. I did not imagine I could have paid so dearly for this—But henceforward I will not dare to speak, no, nor so much as to think, any thing of my dearest Lady Mary in a laughing way, nor will I ever presume to meddle with so high a subject as your pity to any of the other sex, which you outshine so far; but shall be satisfied if I am admitted into your lower entertainments, if I have the same rank among your admirers that your grammars and dictionaries have among your books; if I serve only to assist you in procuring pleasures without the least hope of ever being able to give them. Let me send you what stories I collect, which you will be sure to make diverting; choose your ribbands and heads on which you will bestow the power of enchanting. I will be contented in transmitting to you the best rules I hear of acquiring languages, which, though it can't raise a genius already so high, yet may very much enlarge your dominions, by adding all that can possibly disobey you—the ignorant—who are taught to believe that learning is wit. Make what you will of me, 'tis enough that you own me to be

Yours, A. WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

August 21, 1709.

I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would choose to receive gifts and graces; I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there, imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I 'm in love; if I am, 'tis

a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races, Thorsby, without seeing or even wishing to see one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'T is against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo. You see, being I am in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule: I have been turning over God knows how many books to look for precedents. Recommend an example to me; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, encreasing the winds with my sighs, or to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears; may be, both may do well in their turns :—but to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them, but then you must not take away those few I have. No, I will never exchange them; take back the beauty

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Sept. 5, 1709.

My dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also, with a word, calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations; 'tis among the number of those things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls: I must own, I think it is so with every body—but enough of this: you tell me it was meant for raillery—was not the kindness meant so too? I fear I am too apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

I should be very glad to be informed of a right method, or whether there is such a thing alone, but am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case: I'll assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays, my next shall be longer. M. P.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Sept. 15, 1709.

It is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a thought that can seem dull, as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a thought that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you could put on, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, which you tax with dullness, (perhaps because they were not written when you were in a right humour, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed) are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of

your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy.

But upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault? no—'tis none, and you are altogether perfect. 'Tis to this happy disposition of being pleased with a variety of new objects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surprising; and to this alone I am indebted for the inexpressible delight in the present enjoyment of your favour; and it would be extravagant in me to call it either your fault or my misfortune. I wish the most happy person (1) now in being, whom I have often discovered to be so, in spite of your art to hide it, may be as able to make this reflection at the Nottingham Race, as I, who am not subdued by so strong a passion of that sort (for Hinchinbroke air, from whence I am just come, has not so kind an influence on all as upon Lord Sandwich). Such passions as those, where there is an object like Lady Mary, leave no room for cool reflections; and I wish he may not be so far overcome by his fears for the future, as to forget what a favourite of fortune he is in the present position of so great a bliss. You will want to know how this race comes into my head. This country, out of which many go thither, affords no other tittle tattle at



(1) TO THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

[WITH HER TRANSLATION OF EPICTETUS.]

July 20, 1710.

My Lord,—Your hours are so well employed, I hardly dare offer you this trifle to look over; but then, so well am I acquainted with the sweetness of temper which accompanies your learning, I dare ever assure myself of a pardon. You have already forgiven me greater impertinencies, and condescended yet farther in giving me instructions, and bestowing some of your minutes in teaching me. This surprising humility has all the effect it ought to have on my heart; I am sensible of the gratitude I owe to so much goodness, and how much I am ever bound to be your servant. Here is the work of one week of my solitude—by the many faults in it your Lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it; it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again.—You have it here without any corrections, with all its blots and errors; I endeavoured at no beauty of style, but to keep as literally as I could to the sense of the author. My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your Lordship whether I have understood Epictetus? The fourth chapter particularly, I am afraid I have mistaken. Piety and greatness of soul set you above all misfortunes that can happen to yourself, except the calumnies of false tongues; but that same piety which renders what happens to yourself indifferent to you, yet softens the natural compassion in your temper to the greatest degree of tenderness for the interests of the Church, and the liberty and welfare of your country; the steps that are now made towards the destruction of both, the apparent danger we are in, the manifest growth of injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy, cannot do otherwise than give your Lordship those hours of sorrow, which, did not your fortitude of soul, and reflections from religion and philosophy, shorten, would add to the national misfortunes, by injuring the health of so great a supporter of our sinking liberties. I ought to ask pardon for this digression; it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the

(1) Dr. Gilbert Burnet.

weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman; those words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have this effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it. Erasmus was certainly a man of great learning, and good sense, and he seems to have my opinion of it; when he says, *Fœmina quæ vere sapit, non videtur sibi*

t'other extreme. I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus, *Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit fœminis, quia parum facit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est, fœminam scire Latinam, attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Decorum est fœminam in Germania natam discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice, cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot autoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fidis consultoribus. Certe mihi quantulumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhauriendis capacibus pateris, etc.*

I have tired your Lordship, and too long delayed to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's most respectful and obliged

M. PIERREPONT.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

1710.

DEAR Lady Mary grows very cool. If I could write a hundredth part as well as you, I should dispatch the post as often as I do the coachman to St. James's; but as it is, you will exchange pearl for glass, and I shall think mine well bestowed. I am just come into the country, where I have met with nothing but what you have in perfection; and could I have any part of your imagination, I should write perpetually. I am now in the room with an humble servant of yours, who is arguing so hotly about marriage, that I can not go on with my letter: I should be very glad to bring you into the argument, being sure you would soon convince us in what disturbs so many. Every body seeks happiness; but though every body has a different taste, yet all pursue money, which makes people choose great wigs because their neighbour sinks under them, and they dare not be out of the fashion. But you have dared to have wit joined with beauty, a thing so much out of fashion, that we fly after you with as much interestedness as we see the birds do when one superior comes near them. If you would give me a receipt how to divert you, I would try to practice it, but find it impossible to be pleased with myself or with any thing I do. Send me word what books to read, etc.

Yours ever, ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

1710.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly—Wit it as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dullness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brains, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good

omitted nothing to make yourself so easy, having strove to kill me by neglect: but destiny triumphs over all your efforts; I am yet in the land of the living, and still yours. M. P.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

May 2, 1707.

I HOPE, my dear Mrs. Wortley, that you are so just to me, to believe I could not leave the town without seeing you; but very much against my own inclination, I am now at Thorsby. Our journey has been very bad; but, in my opinion, the worst part of it was—going from you. I hope you intend to be kinder to me this summer, than you were the last. There needs nothing to keep up the remembrance of you in my heart; but I would not think of you, and think you forget me. Farewell, my dear. My letter should be longer, if it were possible to make it so without repetition; but I have already told you I love you, and implored you not to forget me, which (as I hope to breathe) is all I have to say. M. P.

TO E. WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ. (1)

No date.

PERHAPS you 'll be surprized at this letter; I have had many debates with myself before I could resolve upon it. I know it is not acting in form, but I do not look upon you as I do upon the rest of the world, and by what I do for *you*, you are not to judge of my manner of acting with others. You are brother to a woman I tenderly loved; my protestations of friendship are not like other people's, I never speak but what I mean, and when I say I love, 'tis for ever. I had that real concern for Mrs. Wortley, I look with some regard on every one that is related to her. This and my long acquaintance with you may in some measure excuse what I am doing. I am surprized at one of the Tatlers you send me; is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contemn it; we despise it,

(1) A remarkable letter, probably the first she ever wrote to him. There is a copy of it in his handwriting: it appears by it that his sister was then dead.

without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expence of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further; was I to choose of 2000*l*. a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; (*it*) takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it, (I know it sounds vain,) I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I

TO E. WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August; it came not hither till the 20th: you say something of a packet-boat, etc., which makes me uncertain whether you 'll receive my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your destruction. In my opinion, this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr. Steele has observed, in one of his plays, "that the most passionate among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the ulpholders." I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest as well as his mistress; or, if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence, among all his distractions, to consider, that a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me, you should think yourself undone, if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you 'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden—I hope I am not in your power—I would give a good deal to be satisfied, etc.

As to writing—that any woman would do who thought she writ well. Now I say, no woman of common good sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just:—perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are a thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on 't. The generality of the world have a great indulgence to their own follies: without being a jot wiser than my neighbours, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough; but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should

not be out of humour: but you would have me say I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to contemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness; but, amongst all the popish saints and martyrs, I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I INTENDED to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me: now you have

want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I'll show you the last extremes of both.

While I foolishly fancied you loved me, (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it,) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more.—I shall avoid all public places; and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased if I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you. Had I intended ever to see you again, I durst not have sent this letter. Adieu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment:—were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can; and then ask yourself, if you use me well. I have showed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me; I pretend no tie upon your honour: but, in recompence for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

I have not the usual pride of my sex; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me: all who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to show my perfect desire

of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you pleased. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity? M. P.

TO. E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London, or the country; or if in the country, to Durham, or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish with all my soul I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the folly and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways: you would find an easy equality of

people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

I should not choose to live in a crowd: I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, etc., are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondence?

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I AM going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of. I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous or ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had any ways made you uneasy in your circumstances. Let me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair; and since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand



in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves; and I cannot tell what price my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly, though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you: and as whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion, that you have behaved yourself well, let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them; and be so just as to think I would not do an ill thing.

I say nothing of my letters: I think them entirely safe in your hands.

I shall be uneasy till I know this is come to you. I have tried to write plainly: I know not what one can say more upon paper. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

INDEED I do not at all wonder that absence, and variety of new faces, should make you forget me; but I am a little surprized at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart, (a thing wholly insignificant to you,) except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction, in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way.

I begin to be tired of my humility: I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples: you have a great deal of fancy; and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe: experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it, for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been: one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say

you are not yet determined: let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever: make no answer. I wish among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you; and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so: however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

29 Mar.

THOUGH your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is, whatever you may think, inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise; all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel, at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole play-house, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, etc. supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you, than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours, that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all

the world; and every thing we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship, I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble, than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine lady or a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough, not to think this science romantic; I rather choose to use the word friendship, than love; because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason: and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays; how far I deserve such a

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Saturday Morning.

EVERY time you see me, gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me: yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer. Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own that the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you, I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me, I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year; perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman, for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all, as I was last night, when I disobliged one, that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me, without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. Steele.(1) you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow, or next day. Let her dine with you, or go to visit shops, Hide Park, or other diversions. You may bring her home, I can be in the house, reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow. I think a man, or a woman, is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion, even to begin a treaty, without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy, and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

(1) The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.

Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the stile, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that can charm. It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection; that they would have decayed as soon in any other, You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man, unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him and none other.

E. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Tuesday, 10 o'clock.

I AM in pain about the letter I sent you this morning: I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot, in point of honour, break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it.

it, there were so many things in yours to put me out of humour. Thus, you see, it was on no design to repair any thing that offended you. You only show me how industrious you are to find faults in me;—why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you?

I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong); but, in the way that I am here, 'tis impossible. I can't come to town, but in company with my sister-in-law; I can carry her nowhere, but where she pleases; or, if I could, I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone, without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man—judge of the consequences!

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in the thought, however advantageous it might be to me; I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say, 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that; but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates, as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shown in my life. I know not one action of it that ever proved me mercenary. I think there cannot be a greater proof to the contrary than my treating with you, where I am to depend entirely upon your generosity, at the same time that I may have settled on me 500*l.* per annum pinmoney, and a considerable jointure, in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his temper what command of his estate I please; and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit to you; money is very little to me, because all beyond necessaries I do not value, that is to be purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had 10,000*l.* per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of show, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme proposed by that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible, I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side, I endeavour to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to

run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. This mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you; though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude. where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable, without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Any body, capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think, (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me,) though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad

where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you; whoever I marry, when I am married, I renounce all things of the kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours; I will part with any thing for you, but you. I will not have you a month, to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave every thing for you; I think I can: if I change my mind, you shall know before Sunday; after that I will not change my mind. If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall certainly be displeased with myself for it, and wish a thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased; but, however, I hope I shall always remember, how much more miserable, than any thing else would make me, should I be, to live with you, and to please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with your wife. One of the Spectators is very just, that says, a man ought always to be upon his guard against spleen and a too severe philosophy; a woman, against levity and coquetry. If we go to Naples, I will make no acquaintance there of any kind, and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I AM going to write you a plain long letter. What I have already told you is nothing but the truth. I have no reason to believe that I am going to be otherwise confined than by my duty; but I, that know my own mind, know that is enough to make me miserable. I see all the misfortune of marrying where it is impossible to love; I am going to confess a weakness may perhaps add to your contempt of me. I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations; but, as every day added to my fears, those, at last, grew strong enough to

make me venture the disobliging them. A harsh word always damps my spirits to a degree of silencing all I have to say. I knew the folly of my own temper, and took the method of writing to the disposer of me. I said every thing in this letter I thought proper to move him, and proffered, in atonement for not marrying whom he would, never to marry at all. He did not think fit to answer this letter, but sent for me to him. He told me he was very much surprised that I did not depend on his judgment for my future happiness; that he knew nothing I had to complain of, etc.; that he did not doubt I had some other fancy in my head, which encouraged me to this disobedience; but he assured me, if I refused a settlement he had provided for me, he gave me his word, whatever proposals were made him, he would never so much as enter into a treaty with any other; that, if I founded any hopes upon his death, I should find myself mistaken, he never intended to leave me any thing but an annuity of 400*l.* per annum; that, though another would proceed in this manner after I had given so just a pretence for it, yet he had the goodness to leave my destiny yet in my own choice, and at the same time commanded me to communicate my design to my relations, and ask their advice. As hard as this may sound, it did not shock my resolution; I was

spoke this in a manner hindered my answering. I retired to my chamber, where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome, that I should be miserable beyond all things could be imagined, but I was in his hands, and he might dispose of me as he thought fit. He was perfectly satisfied with this answer, and proceeded as if I had given a willing consent.—I forgot to tell you, he named you, and said, if I thought that way, I was very much mistaken; that if he had no other engagements, yet he would never have agreed to your proposals, having no inclination to see his grandchildren beggars.

I do not speak this to alter your opinion, but to show the improbability of his agreeing to it. I confess I am entirely of your mind. I reckon it among the absurdities of custom that a man must be obliged to settle his estate on an eldest son, beyond his power to recall, whatever he proves to be, and make himself unable to make happy a younger child that may deserve to be so. If I had an estate myself, I should not make such ridiculous settlements, and I cannot blame you for being in the right.

I have told you all my affairs with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer; and I have not persuaded you to a *treaty*, which I am sure my family will never agree to. I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.

Whatever your business is, may it end to your satisfaction. I think of the public as you do. As little as *that* is a woman's care, it may be permitted into the number of a woman's fears. But, wretched as I am, I have no more to fear for myself. I have still a concern for my friends, I am in pain for your danger. I am far from taking ill what you say, I never valued myself as the daughter of——; and ever despised those that esteemed me on that account. With pleasure I could barter all that, and change to be any country gentleman's daughter that would have reason enough to make happiness in privacy. I beg your pardon. Your may see by the situation of my affairs 'tis without design.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Thursday night.

If I am always to be as well pleased as I am with this letter, I enter upon a state of perfect happiness in complying with you. I am sorry I cannot do it entirely as to Friday or Saturday. I will tell you the true reason of it. I have a relation that has

ever showed an uncommon partiality for me. I have generally trusted him with all my thoughts, and I have always found him sincerely my friend. On the occasion of this marriage he received my complaints with the greatest degree of tenderness. He proffered me to disoblige my father (by representing to him the hardship he was doing) if I thought it would be of any service to me; and, when he heard me in some passion of grief assure him it could do me no good, he went yet farther, and tenderly asked me, if there was any other man, though of a smaller fortune, I could be happy with; and, how much soever it should be against the will of my other relations, assured me he would assist me in making me happy after my own way. This is an obligation I can never forget, and I think I should have cause to reproach myself if I did this without letting him know it, and I believe he will approve of it. You guess whom I mean. —The generosity and the goodness of this letter wholly determines my softest inclinations on your side. You are in the wrong to suspect me of artifice; plainly showing me the kindness of your heart, (if you have any there for me,) is the surest way to touch mine. I am at this minute more inclined to speak tenderly to you than ever I was in my life,—so much inclined I will say nothing. I could wish you would leave England, but

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Saturday morning.

I WRIT you a letter last night in some passion. I begin to fear again; I own myself a coward.—You made no reply to one part of my letter concerning my fortune. I am afraid you flatter yourself that my father may be at length reconciled and brought to reasonable terms. I am convinced, by what I have often heard him say, speaking of other cases like this, that he never will. The fortune that he has engaged to give with me, was settled, on my brother's marriage, on my sister and on myself; but in such a manner, that it was left in his power to give it all to either of us, or divide it as he thought fit. He has given it all to me. Nothing remains for my sister, but the free bounty of my father from what he can save; which, notwithstanding the greatness of his estate, may be very little. Possibly, after I have disobliged him so much, he may be glad to have her so easily provided for, with money already raised; especially if he has a design to marry himself, as I hear. I do not speak this that you should not endeavour to come to terms with him, if you please; but I am fully persuaded it will be to no purpose. He will have a very good answer to make:—that I suffered the match to proceed; that I made him make a very silly figure in it; that I have let him spend 400*l.* in wedding-clothes; all which I saw without saying any thing, When I first pretended to oppose this match, he told me he was sure I had some other design in my head; I denied it with truth. But you see how little appearance there is of this truth. He proceeded with telling me he would never enter into a treaty with another man, etc., and that I should be sent immediately into the North to stay there; and, when he died, he would only leave me an annuity of 400l. I had not courage to stand this view, and I submitted to what he pleased. He will now object against me,—why, since I intended to marry in this manner, I did not persist in my first resolution; that it would have been as easy for me to run away from Thorsby as from hence; and to what purpose did I put him, and the gentleman I was to marry, to expenses, etc.? He will have a thousand plausible reasons for being irreconcileable, and 'tis only probable the world will be on his side. Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you, she proffered to lend us

her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spaw. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step:—so unjustifiable to the world,—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like: but after all think very seriously. Your

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Walling Wells, Oct. 22.

I DON'T know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence as if you were still my lover, and I am impatient to hear you have got safe to Durham, and that you have fixed a time for your return.

I have not been very long in this family; and I fancy myself in that described in the Spectator. The good people here look upon their children with a fondness that more than recompenses their care of them. I don't perceive much distinction in regard to their merits; and when they speak sense or nonsense, it affects the parents with almost the same pleasure. My friendship for the mother, and kindness for Miss Biddy, make me endure the squalling of Miss Nanny and Miss Mary with abundance of patience; and my foretelling the future conquests of the eldest daughter, makes me very well with family.—I don't know whether you will presently find out, that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to you; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life; and I flatter myself with the hopes of one day enjoying with you the same satisfactions; and that, after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I shall certainly do for you, when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us, than the music of an opera.

Amusements such as these are the sure effect of my sincere love, since 'tis the nature of the passion to entertain the mind with pleasures in prospect, and I check myself when I grieve for your absence, by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. A good fortune not to be valued!—I am afraid of telling you that I return thanks for it to Heaven, because you will charge me with hypocrisy: but you are mistaken; I assist every day at public prayers in this family, and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours.

M. W. MONTAGU.

'Tis candle-light or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

YOUR short letter came to me this morning; but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health. I wait with impatience for that of your return. The Bishop of Salisbury writes me word that my Lord Pierrepont (1) declares very much for us. As the Bishop is no infallible prelate, I should not depend much on that intelligence; but my sister Frances tells me the same thing. Since it is so, I believe you 'll think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town, and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, 'tis too valuable to be neglected. However, the very appearance of it must be of use to us. I think I ought to write him a letter of acknowledgment for what I hear he has already done. The Bishop tells me he has seen Lord Halifax, who says, besides his great esteem for you, he has particular respect for me, and will take pains to reconcile my father, etc. I think this is nearly the words of my letter, which contains all the news I know, except that of your place; which is, that an unfortunate burgess of the town of Huntingdon was justly disgraced yesterday

hides his face. Till to-day I have had no occasion of opening my mouth to speak, since I wished you a good journey. I see nothing, but I think of every thing, and indulge my imagination, which is chiefly employed on you. M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Dec. 9, 1711.

I AM not at all surprised at my Aunt Cheyne's conduct: people are seldom very much grieved (and never ought to be) at misfortunes they expect. When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and am pretty indifferent about it. —I think you are very much in the right for designing to visit Lord Pierrepont. As much as you say I love the town, if you think it necessary for your interest to stay some time here, I would not advise you to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty; but I believe if you pass the Christmas here, great matters will be expected from your hospitality; however, you are a better judge of that than I am.—I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy; not for my own sake; I think that of little importance; but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence; yet passing whole days alone as I do I do not always find it possible; and my constitution will sometimes get the better of my reason. Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly: my reason represents to me in vain the inutility of serious reflections. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy. 'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can: there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day.—I don't believe Solomon was more convinced of the vanity of temporal affairs than I am: I lose all taste of this world, and I suffer myself to be bewitched by the charms of the spleen, though I know and foresee all the irremediable mischiefs arising from it.—I am insensibly fallen into the writing you a melancholy letter, after all my resolutions to the contrary; but I do not enjoin you to read it: make no scruple of flinging it into the

fire, at the first dull line. Forgive the ill effects of my solitude, and think me, as I am, Ever yours, M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I DON'T believe you expect to hear from me so soon; I remember you did not so much as desire it, but I will not be so nice to quarrel with you on that point; perhaps you would laugh at that delicacy, which is, however, an attendant upon tender friendship.

I opened a closet where I expected to find so many books; to my great disappointment there were only some few pieces of the law, and folios of mathematics; my Lord Hinchingbrook and Mr. Twinam having disposed of the rest. But as there is no affliction, no more than no happiness, without allay, I discovered an old trunk of papers, which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich; and am in hopes that those from his lady will tend much to my edification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life. To the glory of your father, I find that *his* looked upon him as destined to be the honour of the family.

I hate complaining; 'tis no sign I am easy that I do not trouble you with my head-achs, and my spleen; to be reasonable one should never complain but when one hopes redress. A physician should be the only confidant of bodily pains; and for pains of the mind, they should never be spoke of but to them that can and will relieve 'em. Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour, and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner? I believe you have kindness enough for me to be very sorry, and so you would tell me; and things remain in their primitive state; I choose to spare you that pain; I would always give you pleasure. I know you are ready to tell me that I do not ever keep to these good maxims. I confess I often speak impertinently, but I always repent of it. My last stupid letter was not come to you, before I would have had it back again had it been in my power; such as it was, I beg your pardon for it. I did not expect that my Lord Pierrepont would speak at all in our favour, much less show zeal upon that occasion, that never showed any in his life. I have writ every post, and you accuse me without reason. I can't imagine how they should miscarry; perhaps you have by this time received two together. Adieu! je suis à vous de tout mon cœur.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I WAS not well when I wrote to you last. Possibly the disorder in my health might increase the uneasiness of my mind. I am sure the uneasiness of my mind increases the disorder of my health; for I passed the night without sleeping, and found myself the next morning in a fever. I have not since left my chamber. I have been very ill, and kept my bed four days, which was the reason of my silence, but I am afraid you have attributed it to being out of humour; but was so far from being in a condition of writing, I could hardly speak; my face being prodigiously swelled, that I was forced to have it lanced, to prevent its breaking, which they said would have been of worse consequence. I would not order Grace to write to you, for fear you should think me worse than I was; though I don't believe the fright would have been considerable enough to have done you much harm. I am now much better, and intend to take the air in the coach to day; for keeping to my chair so much as I do, will hardly recover my strength.

I wish you would write again to Mr. Phipps, for I don't hear of any money, and am in the utmost necessity for it.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I AM at present in so much uneasiness, my letter is not likely to be intelligible, if it at all resembles the confusion of my head. I sometimes imagine you not well, and sometimes that you think it of small importance to write, or that greater matters have taken up your thoughts. This last imagination is too cruel for me. I will rather fancy your letter has miscarried, though I find little probability to think so. I know not what to think, and am near being distracted, amongst my variety of dismal apprehensions. I am very ill company to the good people of the house, who all bid me make you their compliments. Mr. White begins your health twice every day. You don't deserve all this if you can be so entirely forgetful of all this part of the world. I am peevish with you by fits, and divide my time between anger and sorrow, which are equally troublesome to me. 'Tis the most cruel thing in the world, to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be so careless?—is it because you don't love writing? You should remember I want to know you are safe at Durham. I shall imagine you have had some fall from your horse, or ill

good wishes, never failing to drink your health twice a day. I am importuned to make haste; but I have much more to say, which may however be comprehended in these words,

I am yours.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Extract. 1713.

. If I determine to go to York, besides the inconvenience and disagreeableness of a country town, it may be perhaps out of your way. I know not what to do; but I know I shall be unhappy till I see you again, and I would by no means stay where I am. Your absence increases my melancholy so much, I fright myself with imaginary horrors; and shall always be fancying dangers for you while you are out of my sight. I am afraid of Lord H——, I am afraid of every thing; there wants but little of my being afraid of the smallpox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which however proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that if;—which I bless God is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother I dread every evil.

Saturday.

I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother's melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits. My eyes are too sore to admit of a long letter.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I SHOULD have writ to you last post, but I slept till it was too late to send my letter. I found our poor boy not so well as I expected. He is very lively, but so weak that my heart aches about him very often. I hope you are well: I should be glad to hear so, and what success you have in your business. I suppose my sister is married by this time. I hope you intend to stay some days at Lord Pierrepont's; I am sure he'll be very much pleased with it. The house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do till I have some. I have not one bit of paper in the house, but this little sheet, or you would have been troubled with a longer scribble. I have not yet had any visitors. Mrs. Elcock has writ me word that she has not found any cook. My first enquiries shall be after a country-house, never forgetting any of my promises to

you. I am concerned I have not heard from you; you might have writ while I was on the road, and your letter would have met me here. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced in my reason, 'tis both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on any thing in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope and I beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both. They tell me there is nothing extraordinary in want of teeth at his age, but his weakness makes me very apprehensive; he is almost never out of my sight. Mrs. Behn says that the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children, but I am very fearful, and unwilling to try any hazardous remedies. He is very cheerful and full of play. Adieu, my love; my paper is out.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

[Dated by Mr. Wortley, 24th November.]

I HAVE taken up and laid down my pen several times, very much unresolved in what style I ought to write to you: for once I suffer my inclination to get the better of my reason. I have not oft' opportunities of indulging myself, and I will do it in this one letter. I know very well that nobody was ever teazed into a liking; and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one, than to overcome an aversion, but I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence, as I should do, if you was in the country and I in London; because I would not have you believe, that I am impatient to be in town, when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. You never enquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for me and him than you express; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.

You should consider solitude, and spleen, the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and there needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasinesses almost inseparable from absence. I am very sen-

sible, how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice; but a little kindness will cost you nothing. I do not bid you lose any think by hasting to see me, but I would have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder. Instead of that, you seem perfectly pleased with our separation, and indifferent how long it continues. When I reflect on your behaviour, I am ashamed of my own, and think I am playing the part of my Lady Winchester. At least be as generous as my lord; and as he made her an early confession of his aversion, own to me your inconstancy, and upon my word I will give you no more trouble about it. I have concealed as long as I can, the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters have given me, under an affected indifference; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me; I am weary of it; and must beg you to write to me no more, if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you, than one which, in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me a pain even beyond it. For my part, as 'tis my first, this is my last complaint, and your next of the kind shall go back enclosed to you in blank paper.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Extract. No date.

. I thank God this cold well agrees very much with the child; and he seems stronger and better every day. But I should be very glad, if you saw Dr. Garth, if you would ask his opinion concerning the use of cold baths for young children. I hope you love the child as well as I do; but if you love me at all, you'll desire the preservation of his health, for I should certainly break my heart for him.

I writ in my last all I thought necessary about my Lord Pierrepont.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT forbear taking it something unkindly that you do not write to me, when you may be assured I am in a great fright, and know not certainly what to expect upon this sudden change. The Archbishop of York has been come to Bishop-

thorp but three days. I went with my cousin to-day to see the King proclaimed, which was done; the archbishop walking next the lord-mayor, and all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people than I believed to be in York, vast acclamations, and the appearance of general satisfaction. The Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets and burned. Ringing of bells, bonfires, and illuminations; the mob crying Liberty and property! and Long live King George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all the Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession. The poor young ladies at Castle Howard (1) are as much alarmed as I am, being left all alone without any hopes of seeing their father again (though things should prove well) this eight or nine months. They have sent to desire me very earnestly to come to them, and bring my boy: 'tis the same thing as pensioning in a nunnery, for no mortal man ever enters the doors in the absence of their father, who is gone post. During this uncertainty, I think it will be a safe retreat; for Middlethorp stands exposed to plunderers, if there be any at all. I dare say, after the zeal the archbishop has showed, they'll visit his house, and consequently this, in the first place.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

You made me cry two hours last night. I cannot imagine why you use me so ill; for what reason you continue silent, when you know at any time your silence cannot fail of giving me a great deal of pain; and now to a higher degree because of the perplexity that I am in, without knowing where you are, what you are doing, or what to do with myself and my dear little boy. However, (persuaded there can be no objection to it,) I intend to go to-morrow to Castle-Howard, and remain there with the young ladies, 'till I know when I shall see you, or what you would command. The archbishop and every body else are gone to London. We are alarmed with a story of a fleet being seen from the coasts of Scotland. An express went from thence through York to the Earl of Mar. I beg you would write to me. 'Till you do I shall not have an easy minute. I am sure I do not deserve from you, that you should make me uneasy. I find I am scolding, 'tis better for me not to trouble you with it; but I cannot help taking your silence very unkindly.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

27th Oct.

I am told that you are very secure at Newark: if you are so in the West, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, except it be to treble the expence. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Lord Pierrepont that compliment, though I hope that it will not weigh much with him in favour of another. I wish you would remember the common useful maxim, whatever is to be done at all, ought to be done as soon as possible. I consider only your own interest when I speak, and I cannot help speaking warmly on that subject. I hope you will think of what I hinted in my last letters; and if you think of it at all, you cannot think of it too soon.

Adieu. I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.

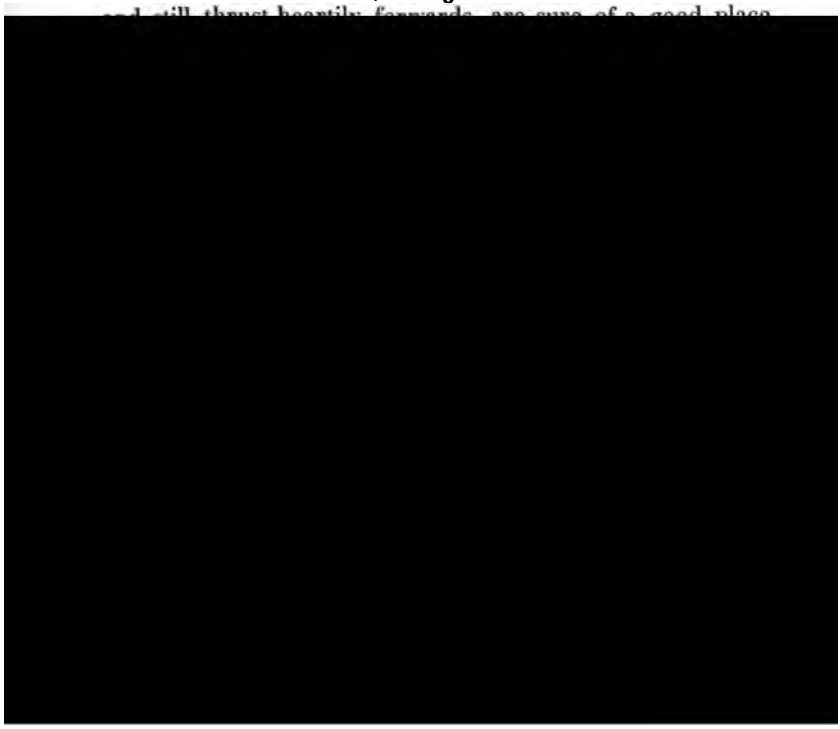
M. W. Montagu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

Though I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your inte-

rest. I am surprized you say nothing of where you stand. I had a letter from Mrs. Hewet last post, who said she heard you stood at Newark, and would be chose without opposition; but I fear her intelligence is not at all to be depended on. I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at Court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and trusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins,



no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought. I don't doubt but Lord Halifax will very soon have the staff, and it is my belief you will not be at all the richer: but I think it looks well, and may facilitate your election; and that is all the advantage I hope from it. When all your intimate acquaintance are preferred, I think you would have an ill air in having nothing: upon that account only, I am sorry so many considerable places are disposed of. I suppose, now, you will certainly be chosen somewhere or other; and I cannot see why you should not pretend to be Speaker. I believe all the Whigs would be for you, and I fancy you have a considerable interest amongst the Tories, and for that reason would be very likely to carry it. 'Tis impossible for me to judge of this so well as you can do; but the reputation of being thoroughly of no party, is, I think, of use in this affair, and I believe people generally esteem you impartial; and being chose by your country is more honourable than holding *any* place from *any* king.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from a mistake, since, at least, it is an agreeable one. I confess I shall ever be of opinion, if you are in the Treasury, it will be an addition to your figure, and facilitate your election, though it is no otherwise advantageous; and that if you have nothing when all your acquaintance are preferred, the world generally will not be persuaded that you neglect your fortune, but that you are neglected. M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I HOPE the child is better than he was, but I wish you would let Dr. Garth know he has a bigness in his joints, but not much; his ankles seem chiefly to have a weakness. I should be very glad of his advice upon it, and, whether he approves rubbing them with spirits, which I am told is good for him.

I hope you are convinced I was not mistaken in my judgment of Lord Pelham; he is very silly, but very good-natured. I don't see how it can be improper for you to get it represented to him that he is obliged in honour to get you chose at Aldburgh, and may more easily get Mr. Jessop chose at another

place. I can't believe but you may manage it in such a manner, Mr. Jessop himself would not be against it, nor would he have so much reason to take it ill, if he should not be chose, as you have after so much money fruitlessly spent. I dare say you may order it so that it may be so, if you talk to Lord Townshend, etc. I mention this; because I cannot think you can stand at York, or any where else, without a great expense. Lord Morpeth is just now of age, but I know not whether he'll think it worth while to return from travel upon that occasion. Lord Carlisle is in town, you may if you think fit make him a visit, and enquire concerning it. After all, I look upon Aldburgh to be the surest thing. Lord Pelham (1) is easily persuaded to any thing, and I am sure he may be told by Lord Townshend that he has used you ill; and I know that he'll be desirous to do all things in his power to make it up. In my opinion, if you resolve upon an extraordinary expense to be in parliament, you should resolve to have it turn to some account. Your father is very surprising if he persists in standing at at Huntingdon; but there is nothing surprising in such a world as this.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT be very sorry for your declining at Newark, being very uncertain of your success; but I am surprized you do not mention where you mean to stand. Dispatch, in things of this nature, if it is not a security, at least delay is a sure way to lose, as you have done, being easily chosen at York, for not resolving in time, and at Aldburgh, for not applying soon enough to Lord Pelham. There are people who had rather choose Fairfax than Jenkins, and others that prefer Jenkins to Fairfax; but both parties, separately, have wished to me, that you would have stood, with assurances of having preferred you to either of them. At Newark, Lord Lexington has a very considerable interest. If you have any thoughts of standing, you must endeavour to know how he stands affected; though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier Sutton, or some other Tory. Sir Matthew Jenison has the best interest of any Whig; but he stood last year himself, and will perhaps do so again. Newdigate will certainly be chosen there for one. Upon the whole, 'tis the most expensive and uncertain place you can

(1) Lord Pelham was soon after created Duke of Newcastle, and was George the second's minister.

stand at. 'Tis surprizing to me, that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition. They say Mr. Strickland is sure at Carlisle, where he never stood before. I believe most places are engaged by this time. I am very sorry, for your sake, that you spent so much money in vain last year, and will not come in this, when you might make a more considerable figure than you could have done then. I wish Lord Pelham would compliment Mr. Jessop with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Aldburgh.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU. ESQ.

1714.

YOUR letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better, for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken. Supposing the commission lasts but a short time, I believe those that have acted in it will have the offer of some other considerable thing. I am perhaps the only woman in the world that would dissuade her husband (if he were inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote, disagreeing with his principles, and the true interest of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honourable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common tract; and whoever is not employed by the public, may talk what they please, of having refused or slighted great offers; but they are always looked upon, either as neglected, or discontented because their pretensions have failed; and, whatever efforts they make against the court, are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavours to get something they have set their heart on. As now Sir T. H.——(1) is represented, and I believe truly, as aiming at being secretary, no man can make a better figure than when he enjoys a considerable place. Being for the Place-bill, and if he finds the ministry in the wrong, withdrawing from them, when 'tis visible that he might still keep his places, if he had not chose to keep his integrity. I have sent you my thoughts of places in general, I solemnly protest, without any thought of any particular advantage to myself;

(1) Sir Thomas Hanmer.

and if I were your friend, and not your wife, I should speak in the same manner, which I really do, without any consideration, but that of your figure and reputation, which is a thousand times dearer to me than splendour, money, etc.——I suppose this long letter might have been spared; for your resolution, I don't doubt, is already taken. M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

You seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chosen undoubtedly at York, if you had declared in time; but there is not any gentleman or tradesman disengaged at this time; they are treating every night. Lord Carlisle and the Thompsons have given their interest to Mr. Jenkins. I agree with you, of the necessity of your standing this parliament, which, perhaps, may be more considerable than any that are to follow it; but as you proceed, 'tis my opinion, you will spend your money, and not be chosen. I believe, there is hardly a borough disengaged, I expect every letter should tell me you are sure of some place; and as far as I can perceive, you are sure of none. As it has been

post, that Lady M. M——(1), and Lady H——(2) are to be bed-chamber ladies to the Princess, and Lady T——(3) groom of the stole. She must be a strange Princess, if she can pick a favourite out of them; and as she will be one day a Queen, and they say has an influence over her husband, I wonder they don't think fit to place women about her with a little common sense.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

April.

I AM extremely concerned at your illness. I have expected you all this day, and supposed you would be here by this time, if you had set out Saturday afternoon as you say you intended. I hope you have left Wharncliffe; but however will continue to write, 'till you let me know you have done so. Dr. Clarke has been spoke to, and excused himself from recommending a chaplain, as not being acquainted with many orthodox divines. I don't doubt you know the death of Lord Sommers, which will for some time interrupt my commerce with Lady Jekyl. I have heard he is dead without a will; and I have heard he has made young Mr. Cox his heir; I cannot tell which account is the truest. I beg you with the greatest earnestness, that you would take the first care of your health, there can be nothing worth the least loss of it. I shall be, sincerely, very uneasy 'till I hear from you again; but I am not without hopes of seeing you to-morrow. Your son presents his duty to you, and improves every day in his conversation, which begins to be very entertaining to me. I directed a letter for you last post to Mr. B——. I cannot conclude without once (*more*) recommending to you, if you have any sort of value for me, to take care of yourself. If there be any thing you would have me do, pray be particular in your directions. You say nothing positive about the liveries. Lord B.'s lace is silk, with very little silver in it, but for twenty liveries comes to 110*l.*—Adieu! pray take care of your health.

TO LADY——

Jan. 23, 1715-16.

I FIND after all by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always

(1) Lady Mary Montagu. (2) Lady Hinchinbrook.
(3) Lady Townshend.

High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolick saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the apostle that Mrs. D——looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished. Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air. Warm devotion is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth, that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the means supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy—Such a red, spungy, warty nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—she but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's land-

on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times, and places, just like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from Nature to stop your mouths, weigh, I must own to you, but very little with me.—This same Nature is indeed a specious word, nay, there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow, until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither taylors, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor sempsters, nor milliners: and yet I am very glad that we don't run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him, to quench his thirst, for stout October, port, or claret. Indeed, if Mrs. —— was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case), she might be a good nurse for her child; but, as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up 'till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss, I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mothers' milk!

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter



you wrote me last.—What you say of the two rebel lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter.—If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Blackbeard—He is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine, within myself, that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were papists, I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction. Farewell, my dear Lady, etc., etc.

THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.

[The Editor has been induced to print this Translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, by Lady Mary Pierrepont, as a great literary curiosity, no less than on account of its intrinsic merit. When she presented it to Bishop Burnet, for his emendations, she was scarcely twenty years old, and at so early an age had merited a place among the learned English ladies of quality. Her pretensions are not invalidated, even should it be thought that her Translation is of the Latin version rather than of the Greek original.—Bishop Burnet's corrections are printed in italics.]

Chap. I.—Certain things are in our power, there are others that are not. Opinion, appetite, desire, aversion, are in our power, and in one word, whatsoever we act ourselves. Our bodies, wealth, fame, and command, are not in our power, and finally all things which we do not act.

Chap. II.—Those things which obey us, are really free in their own nature, neither can any one deprive us of them, nor prohibit us the use of them; but those things over which we have no power, are subject to servitude and to other impediments.

Chap. III.—Therefore remember, if you think those things to be free which, in their own nature, are subject to power, and look upon the goods of others to be your own, you will be deprived of them, you will lament, be disordered, and accuse both gods and men of injustice. But if you only esteem those things to be your own which are really so, and those to belong to others, which are subject to the power of others, nobody will ever deprive you of them, nobody will hinder you in the use of them; you will exclaim against nobody, you will blame nobody, you will do nothing by force, nobody will hurt you, and you will have no enemy. Neither will you ever look upon any thing as a misfortune.

Chap. IV.—When therefore you desire any thing very earnestly, remember so to undertake it, that you may be *to a good degree* agitated *and that you do utterly abandon things of one kind, and omit other things.* For if you *both pursue these, and at the same time do* very much wish power or riches, or the raising of your family, perhaps, in the too eager pursuit, you will not

attain them *through the eagerness of desire*, and most certainly you will *entirely* lose *those things* by which only true happiness and liberty is obtained. (1)

CHAP. V.—If any misfortune seems to have happened to you endeavour to be able presently to make this reflection—this seems to be unhappy, it may not be so, to the degree it seems: upon farther enquiry, make use of those rules that you have, especially this first and greatest, think whether is this thing subject to your power or that of another? If to another, the answer follows—it does not touch you at all.

CHAP. VI.—Desire always promises to us the end of our desire, and aversion flatters us; we shall never fall into what we hate; he that hearkens to these flatteries, is unhappy when he is frustrated of his wishes, or miserable, if what he is averse to happens to him. But if you are only averse to those things in your power to hinder, nothing will ever happen cross to you; but if you place your aversion on sickness, death, or poverty, it is in the power of fortune to make you wretched.

CHAP. VII.—Remove therefore from yourself all aversion to things that are not placed in your own power, and transfer it to those things which in their nature are subject to your government. But especially subdue your wishes, for if you desire things out of your power, of course, you will not be disappointed, for those things that obey our wills, although they may be justly sought, you have not yet learned after what manner they may reasonably be sought. But even pursue them with such a temper of mind that you may obtain, or quit them easily, and without disturbance or trouble.

CHAP. VIII.—All things which are pursued serve either to use, or pleasure. Remember to consider of what nature they are, beginning from the very last of thy wishes. If you love a vase, love it as a vase, and if it is broke, do not disturb yourself; if a little son or a wife, love it as a human thing, for then if it dies you will not be troubled.

CHAP. IX.—Whatever you are going to undertake, think within yourself of what kind that thing is. If you go to wash, figure to yourself what they do in the bath. Some are dashed

(1) In order to show, that Lady Mary Pierrepont did not translate ignorantly this dubious passage, it may be worthy observation, that the correction made by the Bishop is the translation of a different reading, adopted by the learned commentator Simplicius:—consult Wolfii Annotat. in Enchiridion Epicteti, in cap. 4.

with the water, some are driven from their places, some are reproached, and others are robbed. So you will not safely enter upon the business, if you say to yourself I shall presently wash, and I shall keep my mind in its ordinary temper. Observe the same rule in every undertaking, for so whatever hinderance you may meet with in your washing, it will presently come into your thoughts. This is not exactly what I would have it, but I will go on in my business in the manner as agreeable to the nature of the thing and my own design. But if I suffer impatiently what is done, I hinder myself in the execution of what I intend.

CHAP. X.—It is not real things that disturb the minds of men, but the opinions that they have of things. For instance, death is no evil in itself, or so it would have seemed to Socrates; but it is the opinion we conceive of death, renders it an evil. When, therefore, we are disappointed or disturbed, let us accuse nobody but ourselves; that is, our own opinions. A fool condemns others for his own misfortunes; he that is half-witted accuses only himself, but the wise man neither complains of himself nor others.

CHAP. XI.—Be not pleased with any outward good that you enjoy. If a horse should say boasting, I am handsome, it would be sufferable; but for you to boast you have a handsome horse, know you boast of your horse's good qualities. What merit, therefore, does that give to you? Your merit is only in the use of those goods fortune has given you; only then boast yourself when you use what you have in the best and properest manner, for then you boast yourself of an excellency that is properly and really your own.

CHAP. XII.—As when a ship is at anchor, it is excusable in a passenger to amuse himself with gathering shells and herbs by the sea-side; yet he ought always to have his mind fixed upon the ship, and be careful to be ready when the master of the ship calls to him to proceed in his voyage, that he may presently leave you all, and not be hurried unwillingly back to his vessel as a sheep bound and dragged to the slaughter: So it is in life, if instead of a shell or an herb, a little wife or a son be given you for amusement, they must not stop you; and if the master calls, run back to the ship, leaving all them things, neither look behind you. If you are an old man, beware ever to be long from the ship, lest when you are called you should not be ready.

CHAP. XIII.—Do not desire that every thing should happen



after your fancy, but if you are wise, make all things that happen agreeable to your fancy. Sickness is a disturbance to the body, but not the same to the mind, except you will have it so yourself. Lameness is a trouble to the feet, but none to the soul. The same maxim is just in all circumstances, if you consider whatever happens, nothing can happen that truly touches the mind.

CHAP. XIV.—Whatsoever happens, presently consult with your own thoughts how far it lies in your own power to make it *useful* to you. If your desires are excited by any beautiful *man or woman*, the tempering of those desires are immediately in your power. If bodily labour is imposed on you, a quiet sufferance may lessen the pain; if you are innocently reproached, patience comes in to your rescue. If you accustom yourself to this turn of thought, you are beyond the power of *all false conceptions*.

CHAP. XV.—Never say you have lost any thing, but restored it to the giver. Is your son dead? he is restored. Is your farm taken from you? is not that also restored? But he is a villain that has defrauded you of it. What is that to thee, whom it is the Great Bestower has employed to take it back from thee? As long as he permits thee the use of them, look upon them, *not as thy own, but* as the traveller does the conveniences he makes use of in an inn.

CHAP. XVI.—If you study your own happiness, leave off all these kind of thoughts: If I neglect my estate, I shall have nothing to live on. If I do not chastise my servant, I shall be ill-served. It is better to perish with hunger, free from care and trouble, than to live in universal plenty with a troubled mind; and it is better your servant be bad, than you unhappy, in too solicitous a watchfulness over him.

CHAP. XVII.—Begin to govern your passions in the smallest things. Is your oil spilt? Is your *wine stolen* from you? Submit with patience—*say to yourself, at this rate do I purchase* tranquillity and constancy of mind. Why, there is nothing acquired without labour. When you call your servant, imagine that he may be out of the way, or employed in something you will all have him *do*. But do not make him so great as to have it in his power to give you disturbance.

CHAP. XVIII.—If you would be really wise, neglect outward and superfluous things, though you may be looked upon as mad, or a fool for so doing. Be not over-forward to appear

learned, and if you should be thought so by others, distrust yourself, and the praises that are given you. Know it is no easy thing in your situation in the world, to preserve your mind in the temper it ought to be, and yet to pursue external goods or pleasures, it is impossible to be done, but that you must in some degree neglect either the one or the other.

CHAP. XIX.—If you endeavour that your children, wife, and friends, should live and prosper for ever, *you become* ridiculous, for they are not in your power, and you will have those things to be under your command, which are subject to fortune; in the same manner if you wish your servant faultless, you are a fool, you wish against the nature of the thing, and what can never be. But if you will not be disappointed, desire only what is within your power. Endeavour therefore what is in your power to perform.

CHAP. XX.—He is the *master of a man* who has it in his power *to* preserve, *or take from him those things that he desires or is averse to.* Whosoever, therefore, desires to be perfectly free, *must* never wish for nor dislike any of those things under the command of *another, otherwise he* must be *a* slave.

CHAP. XXI.—Remember to behave yourself in life as you would at a public entertainment. If a dish is proffered to you, take your share modestly. If it passes by you, do not stop it. If it does not presently come to your turn, fall into no impatience; but wait *till it is* brought to you. In this manner wish not over-earnestly for whatever moves your desire; whether children, a wife, or power, or riches, for so thou shalt *at last* be worthy *to* feast *with* the gods. But *when* these pleasures *are* offered, if you do not only refuse but despise them, you will not be only worthy of partaking the joys of the gods, but sharing their power, for so did Diogenes, Heraclitus, and others, and they merited *to be called* divine *persons, as they were indeed.*

CHAP. XXII.—When you see any one weeping, and in grief, whether for parting with his son, or the loss of his goods, be not so far moved by this object as to esteem those things that have happened to him real evils, but consider with thyself, and it will presently come into thy mind, it is not the thing itself afflicts this man, but the opinion he has conceived of it, *for another person would not be so afflicted for it.* However, endeavour to alleviate his troubles by your discourse, and if the thing deserves it *groan* with him; but take care *that you be not inwardly grieved.*



CHAP. XXIII.—Remember so to act your part upon this stage, as to be approved by the master, whether it be a short or a long one, that he has given you to perform. If he will have you to represent a beggar, endeavour to act that well; and so, a lame man, a prince, or a plebian. It is your part to perform well what you represent; it is his to choose what that shall be.

CHAP. XXIV.—If you hear an inauspicious crow croak, be not moved at the omen; but say within yourself, the evil this threatens cannot hurt my mind, it must either fall upon my own body, my estate, my reputation, my children, or my wife, this may however portend good to me if I please, for whatsoever shall happen to any of these, it is in my power to draw an advantage from it.

CHAP. XXV.—You will be invincible if you engage in no strife, where you are not sure that *it is in your power* to conquer.

CHAP. XXVI.—If you see any man affected with his great titles, or an ample estate, or any other prosperity, call not him happy, *upon the opinion that* happiness *consists* in outward things. If thou place thy felicity in these things, subject only to yourself, there will be no room in thy breast for either emulation or envy. You will *not desire to* be a senator, a consul, or an emperor, *but* a FREE MAN. To this freedom there is but one way, the contempt of all things *that are not in our own power*.

CHAP. XXVII.—Remember that *it is* not he who slanders or *beats* you, *who* is guilty of the contumely, but the opinion you conceive of it *as a thing truly reproachful*. When any one raises your anger, know it is only the opinion you have of the affront that provokes you; therefore, in the first place, take care *that outward appearances do not impose upon you, and force your assent to them;* if you can get time and delay, you will *more* easily *have the power over yourself*.

CHAP. XXVIII.—Place daily before your eyes, death, exile, and all things that are accounted evils, but of all chiefly death. So you will never have *mean thoughts*, or an eager desire for any thing.

CHAP. XXIX.—When you begin to undertake the study of wisdom, imagine that you shall be ridiculed, that many will laugh at you, that they will say, Whence proceeds this new fancy to be a philosopher? Whence this piece of supercilious pride? But *let not your behaviour* be *haughty*, but continue



in that practice which seems *the best*, as if God had placed you in *the station you are in;* and be assured if you continue to preserve that character, even those that ridiculed you at first will be your admirers; but if their censures make you *sink under them*, you will be a double jest to them.

CHAP. XXX.—If *it happens that you must* show yourself in the world, or to approve yourself to another, *do not think* that you are *to depart* from your *own* character. Let it be glory enough for you, *that* you are a philosopher; appear so to yourself, and be not solicitous to be thought so by any other.

CHAP. XXXI.—Never let these considerations give you disquiet, that you live without any title, and that you have no great post in the world: if to want honour be an evil, there is no greater evil than vice; and it is better to suffer an evil from fortune than your own faults. *Does it belong to your station to gain* an empire? *Or to be called to* a feast? *Not at all.* Where then is the shame of being without these things? Why should you be said to be *in no esteem, whereas you ought to distinguish yourself only by those things that are in your own power, and these you may arrive at in the highest degree.* But you can be no way serviceable to your friends. Which way do you take this? You have no money to give them; you cannot make them citizens of Rome. These are things out of your power, and *are* gifts of fortune. But how can one help another to what he wants himself? Obtain these goods, therefore, (say *some*) that you may bestow them *on us.* If I am able to obtain these advantages, with *the* preservation of my *modesty*, my faith, and the greatness of my soul, and you can show me the way to it, I will endeavour to obtain them; but if you require me to lose my own proper goods, that I may obtain for you things *that are* not simply good in themselves, see of *how* unjust and rash an action you *are guilty!* Which would you rather wish for, money, or a *modest* and honest friend? Aid me in this—do not ask me to do these things by which I shall *lose these good characters;* but think, Can you make me of no use to my country? They answer me, of what use I beseech you? You can build neither *porticos nor* baths, for the use of your country. But what of that? The blacksmith makes no shoes, nor the taylor arms; it is enough for every one to do the duty of his station. A man that gives his country a truly *modest and* honest citizen, is not useless. But what place have I (perhaps you will say) in the city? Whatever post you are able to maintain without injuring your truth or *modesty;* but *if you lay aside these on the design of serving your* country, of



what real use can you be to it when you are become a shameless and perfidious person?

CHAP. XXXII.—Is any one preferred to you at an entertainment, in salutations, *or in councils*, and *these are* good things *that* happen to him, you ought to congratulate him; *but if they are on the contrary* evil, there is no occasion of being sorry *that they* did not happen to you. Always remember, *that when you do not things by which, that which is not in your own power is to be acquired, you ought not to look for them; you that do not make your court to a man, nor flatter him, ought not to expect to be used at the same rate with one who makes his court constantly, and is ever flattering him.* For every merchandize there is a price to be given. Have you a mind to buy *herbs*, lay down your halfpenny; *for* without laying down your money, you will not have *them*: do not think *you are worse used than he who had them given; he paid the price for them which you did not; he has the herbs, and you have not paid for them.* You are not invited to an entertainment, it is because you have not bought the invitation, *which he who makes it, sells to those who flatter him; and are obsequious to him.* Give therefore the price *it is set at, if it is your interest to* obtain the thing. If you will not pay *the price*, and yet receive the benefit, you are covetous, and *are as a man without sense.* Instead of a good supper, then I have nothing. Yes; you have the pleasure of knowing you have not commended the man you disliked, nor endured *his* insolent *behaviour.*

CHAP. XXXIII.—We learn the nature of things by what is most common, and happens equally to all the world. If a neighbour's boy breaks an earthen cup, *or any such thing*, you will presently think this is an usual accident; you ought to think the same whenever that accident happens to yourself, *as you did when it happened to your neighbour.* Look upon greater misfortunes *with the same measure.* If the son, or the wife of another dies, every body is ready to cry out, it is the common fate of mortals; but if their own dies, they presently exclaim, Alas for me! Wretch that I am! People ought to remember, *on such occasions, how they were affected when they heard of the like accidents, that happened to* their neighbours.

CHAP. XXXIV.—As land-marks are not placed to lead travellers out of their way, so neither has nature put evils into the world to lead them to temptations: and it is every man's own fault that he makes them so. You would disdain to have it in the power of every one you meet, to beat or abuse your body;



do not you blush then, to suffer all men to disturb the quiet of your mind, and make you grieved or angry, whenever they please to speak ill of you? Consider both the *beginnings* and *the* consequences of every thing *before* you undertake *it*, otherwise you will begin many things cheerfully, without having weighed what is to follow, that in the end, you *will* be ashamed *of*.

CHAP. XXXV.—Would you overcome at the Olympic games? With all my heart, the conquest is great and honourable. Consider what you must endure before them, and what is to come after, and with *these* thoughts undertake them. You must enter *into* a regular way of life; you must eat what is disagreeable, and abstain from delicacies; you must inure yourself to hard exercise, and excessive heats and colds; you must drink no cooling drinks, *nor* wine, *as at other times*; and finally, observe the orders of your fencingmaster, as if he was a doctor; at length, you *must* enter the combat, sometimes your hands will be crushed, perhaps, your feet sprained, you may swallow *great quantities of* dust down your throat, and *be beaten and overcome after all this*. Consider all this, and if it yet pleases you, list yourself among the champions. If you act in another manner, you act as boys. Now they play the part of champions, sometimes *of* musicians, and sometimes *of* gladiators; they sing to the pipe, and presently after represent tragedies. With the same childish inconstancy, now you will be a fighter, afterwards an orator, by and by a gladiator, and at length a philosopher, like a monkey that imitates every thing he sees done. You will first love one thing and then another, and nothing as you ought to do, *for you do not* enter upon a thing *after* you have *considered it well, but have been guilty* of rashly following the levity of your own *appetites*. Some, upon seeing a philosopher, *or hearing one say how well did Socrates express this, who can reason so well as he did? they presently* will also become philosophers.

CHAP. XXXVI.—Whatever you undertake, consider first the nature of the thing, *and then* your own nature; and *whether* you are able to perform *it*. Would you be *conqueror in all the five games*, a quinquertian, (1) or a wrestler? Look upon the strength of your limbs, and the make of your body. Nature has fitted people for different employments. Do you

(1) *A quinquertian*, the term for a conqueror in all the five games or exercises of the Pentathla (πεντάθλια), running, wrestling, leaping, boxing, and throwing the discus, or quoit.

think you shall be able so to eat and drink, *to abstain*, and endure as the other champions do? You must labour, break your rest, and abstain from the company of your family; *so you must resolve to be despised*; to be less than your companions in whatever business you undertake, *whether in honour and authority, in a suit of law, or in any other affair*. Consider these things, and always weigh with yourself, whether what you are going about, will *balance* liberty, constancy, and tranquility of mind: *if otherwise, see that you be not as children are at play, sometimes a philosopher, sometimes a tax gatherer, an orator, and at last, one of the Emperor's officers. These things do not agree together; you must maintain one part, and be either a good or a bad man*: either apply yourself to *improve your reason and mind, or to pursue external advantages*. It is your part to choose, whether you had rather be internally, or externally *engaged*, that is, *maintain* the character of a philospher, *or of a private person*.

CHAP. XXXVII.—The measures we ought to keep throughout our lives are according to the duties required of us in the station we are placed. You have a father, it is enjoined you, to take care of him, to yield to him in all things, if he chide or beat you, it must be endured. But, he is an ill father

If you suppose the gods authors of all that happens in the world, good or evil, if you are disappointed in your wishes, or fall into misfortunes, it is impossible but you must accuse them, as authors of those things. For it is woven in the nature of all creatures, to hate and complain of whatever seems to them to be the cause of their unhappiness; and on the other hand to serve and love whatever is useful to their prosperity. It is unreasonable to be pleased with what hurts us, and nobody ever can be satisfied to be a loser; from hence it is, the son reproaches his father, when he does not bestow on him what he thinks good; and this kindled the war between Eteocles and Polynices, that they both esteemed empire to be a good; from this reason, the husbandman, the sailor, the merchant, or those that lose a wife or children, even curse the gods, as authors of their losses. But when they are happy, they are then pious. Let your piety be more stedfast; endeavour to remove from yourself, all desires and aversions that are not becoming, and use the same endeavours to preserve an even piety. Offer libations, sacrifices, and first-fruits, after the custom of your country. Chastly and not luxuriously, neither idly, nor covetously, nor yet liberally beyond the bounds of your estate.

CHAP. XXXIX.—When you go to a prophet, or oracle, remember that you are ignorant of the event of the business, and for that reason you go to learn it. Enquire of him with that temper which belongs to a philosopher; for if it is of the number of those things which is not in our power, it ought not to affect you as a real good or evil. Carry therefore not with you a violent desire or fear, otherwise you will approach him trembling; it is the wisest and best, never to be very much interested concerning any event. Let it not touch your mind which way soever it happens; it is your duty to make a good use of every accident, and suffer it not to be an injury to yourself or any other. When you consult the gods, do it with a steady mind, and if there be any counsel given you, remember whom you have consulted, and whose authority you slight, except you obey it. So receive the oracle, after the example of Socrates, as concerning things, to put off all consideration to the event, since neither reason, nor art, can help them to understand the meaning of the gods. When therefore your country, or your friend, stand in need of your defence, do not consult the priest whether you shall defend them. If he tell you the victims predict the undertaking shall be unhappy, that unhappiness must either



signify death, loss of your limbs, or exile. Yet the same reason remains for your undertaking. Danger ought to be shared with your country or friends. Go to that Great Prophet, who would not suffer him in the temple who refused to succour his friend in hazard of his life.

CHAP. XL.—Prescribe to yourself a form of laws, and observe them, both in your own mind, and in your intercourse with the world.

CHAP. XLI.—Generally, silence is the best; but if you must speak, speak in few words, there are times when we ought to talk, but then, not to talk every thing. Avoid speaking of the gladiators, the Circensian games, the prize-fighters, and all common and idle subjects, and chiefly take care how you praise men, or make comparisons between them.

CHAP. XLII.—In your own family, or to your friends, endeavour to make them wiser or better by your discourses; but among strangers, be silent.

CHAP. XLIII.—Do not laugh much, nor from many causes, nor extravagantly.

CHAP. XLIV.—Swear not at all, if you can wholly avoid it, if not, however, avoid it as much as you are able.

CHAP. XLV.—Avoid popular and great entertainments. But if you are called to one, let your meditations not be altered or relaxed, but rather excited, least you fall into a common practice of frequenting those assemblies. Know, that if your companion be dissolute, that corruption will also reach you at length, though your mind was altogether pure and honest before.

CHAP. XLVI.—Provide every thing necessary for the body, as far as it is necessary for the mind, as meat, drink, clothes, house and servants. Put away all things that belong to ostentation, or delicacy.

CHAP. XLVII.—Preserve yourself from all pollutions, without a pride in so doing, or a censoriousness of others; suffer them to follow their inclinations, without blame or boasting of your abstinence.

CHAP. XLVIII.—If any body tells you, such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute them in that particular; but answer, had he known all my vices, he had not spoken only of that one.



CHAP. XLIX.—It is not necessary, commonly to frequent the theatre, but if any occasion calls you there, let it only appear to yourself, if your thoughts are otherwise employed, and seem satisfied with the diversions there. Among the prize-fighters, wish him conqueror, who overcomes, so you shall cause no disturbance. Do not you distinguish yourself by shouting or hissing: after it is over, make no disputes concerning what is done, which are of no use to render you wiser or better; if you act in another manner, your mind will seem affected by outward shows.

CHAP. L.—Be not easily persuaded to go to public orations, but if you do go, preserve your gravity, and an equal temper of mind, and at the same time, take care that you are not troublesome to any other.

CHAP. LI.—When you have any dealings with men, especially the nobility, propose to yourself the same manner of behaviour which Socrates or Zeno would in the like case. Let outward show no way affect you, and then you will not want clearness of reason, to act rightly the business you have undertaken.

CHAP. LII.—When you go to visit any great man, imagine with yourself, that, perhaps, he will be gone abroad, perhaps he will not be to be seen, it may be the doors may be shut against, or he neglect you, when he sees you. So that if any of these things happen, you will endure them patiently, and not go away exclaiming, or railing; for that is like a plebian, to cry out against external things.

CHAP. LIII.—In familiar conversation with your intimate friends, have a care of entertaining them with long recitations of your own past dangers, or rogueries of your youth. For it should be no pleasure to you, to remember your ill actions, nor can it be agreeable to others, to listen to what has happened to you.

CHAP. LIV.—Beware of making the company merry; this silly inclination them ost easily makes us fall into the manners of the common people, and will have the force of making the respect lessen, which is due to you, from your acquaintance.

CHAP. LV.—It is dangerous to fall into impure conversation, when any thing of the kind is said before you; if the place and person permits, reprove him that spoke; if that is not convenient, by your silence and your blushes show, at least, that you are displeased.

CHAP. LVI.—If the image of any pleasure strikes upon your mind, moderate your desires, and suffer them not to hurry you away, but, examine the thing, and allow yourself time for consideration. Remember every time when you enjoyed your wishes, and how you have afterwards found reason of grief, by those very pleasures, and you will chide your hasty desires and compare this wish with those that have gone before it. If you deny yourself, by abstinence, you will one day rejoice at the conquest, and praise yourself, within yourself. When therefore at any time pleasure shows itself to you, have a care of being vanquished by its blandishments, sweetnesses, and its enchantments, but oppose to it, the joy you will receive from the conciousness of a victory over your passions.

CHAP. LVII.—When you have resolved upon any undertaking, do not be ashamed to be seen doing it, although the world should judge otherwise of it than you do. If the thing is in itself evil, avoid an ill action because it is ill. But if a good one, why should you be afraid of being accused without reason?

CHAP. LVIII.—As to say it is day, or it is night, at different times, is sense; but to say at one time, it is both day and night,

gold one, after that it must be the Tyrian die, and at length embroidery. There is no end of his extravagancy who once passes the bounds of reason.

CHAP. LXII.—Women, after fourteen, are presently called mistresses; afterwards, when they see themselves without any place or employment, except they are married, they begin to dress and place all their hope in outward ornaments. A man ought therefore to do his endeavours to show them, they have but one way to be honoured, to behave themselves modestly, soberly, and chastly.

CHAP. LXIII.—It is the sign of a low genius to be very much concerned, or long in doing, the necessary actions of ordinary life, either to sustain or delight their bodies; all these things are to be done slightly, and only because they must; the chief care and business is to be transferred to the soul.

CHAP. LXIV.—When any one does you an ill office, or speaks ill of you, remember that he thinks himself in the right, in so doing, or saying, and it is not to be expected he should act according to your opinion, but his own. If he judges wrong, the injury is his, who is deceived. If appearances are at any time deceitful, or truth obscured, so as to be taken for a falsehood, the truth is not hurt by it, but he is injured who is mistaken: being instructed in this, you will bear slander with an even mind, and when you hear any reflection made on you, you will answer—so it appeared to the reflector.

CHAP. LXV.—Every thing has two handles, the one tolerable, the other intolerable; if your brother does you an injury, think not of the injury for that is intolerable, but think he is your brother, and educated along with you, and that is taking in the best way.

CHAP. LXVI.—These conclusions are not just, I am thy superior in wealth, therefore thy superior in merit, I am more eloquent, therefore more deserving; but it is right to say, I am richer, and therefore my money is more than yours; I speak better, and therefore my language is purer. But neither your wealth, or eloquence, can render you better or more estimable.

CHAP. LXVII.—If any one go early to the bath, say not, he does ill to go early, say only, he did go there early. If any one drinks much wine, make no reflections when you say, he drinks much. The thing may not be evil, which you may rashly judge so. So you may disuse yourself from passing any judg-

ment, till you are thoroughly acquainted with the motives of every action.

CHAP. LXVIII.—Never profess yourself a philosopher, nor dispute concerning maxims and precepts with the ignorant and simple, as at an entertainment, never preach how people ought to eat, but eat you, as becomes you; and remember Socrates in this manner avoided all ostentation, for they came to him to show them to philosophers, and he carried them to them, so easily did he endure their contempt of his learning.

CHAP. LXIX.—If there happens amongst fools any dispute concerning learning, for the most part be silent. It is dangerous to speak what comes first into your mind. If any one calls you ignorant, be not moved at the reproach; and when you have learned this, then know you begin to be learned. A sheep does not show she has had a good pasture, by throwing up the grass she has eaten, but when she has well digested it, and has wool and milk in plenty, do you in the same manner not boast your reading to fools, but show you have read and profited by the actions that follow a true improvement.

CHAP. LXX.—If you have learned to be moderate in your appetites and cares for what concerns your body, do not be pleased with yourself upon that account; if you drink only



CHAP. LXXIII.—If you hear a man boast he understands and can explain the books of Chrysippus, say within yourself if Chrysippus had not wrote obscurely, this man would have had nothing to boast of; but what do I study to know? Nature, and to follow her precepts. I seek, therefore, who is her interpreter, when I hear it is Chrysippus, I will consult him. But I do not understand his writings, I will therefore seek me a master; there is no great excellence in that, but when I have found an interpreter, it remains to obey his precepts, and that only is excellent. If I only admire the style, and the interpretation, I do not otherwise than leave the place of a philosopher for a grammarian, excepting that instead of Homer I translate Chrysippus. I ought rather to blush, when any one asks me if I have read Chrysippus, that I am not able to show them; yet my actions are agreeable to all his precepts.

CHAP. LXXIV.—Observe these rules, as if not to be violated without a punishment; neither care what judgment men pass on you, for what they shall say is not in your power to help.

CHAP. LXXV.—How long, I desire to know, will you defer the choice of those things you think most deserving, and cease violating the dictates of your own reason? You have heard the precepts you ought to embrace, and you have embraced them. What master do you yet expect, and for whose coming do you defer the amendment of your manners? You are no longer a youth, but are come to the mature age of a man. If you now grow neglectful and idle, you will put delay upon delay, add purpose to purpose, and put it off eternally from one day to another. Will you not consider you have learned nothing, and at this rate will both live and die a vulgar man. This minute, therefore, begin the life of a wise man, and one worthy of that name; and whatever seems best to your unprejudiced reason, make that an inviolable rule to you, whether it be laborious, sweet, glorious, or infamous. Remember, the choice is to be now made, the combat is now beginning, neither is it permitted you to defer it; one hour of neglect will make all your virtue perish, or one firm resolution retain it for ever. So Socrates became what he was; in all things he carried himself agreeably to reason, and never hearkened to any other counsellor: and though as yet you are no Socrates, yet, if you are willing to become one, you must live in that manner.

CHAP. LXXVI.—The most necessary part of philosophy is the use of its maxims; as, for instance, not to lie: the second is the demonstration, Why should we not lie? The third, is

the confirmation, as Why it is a demonstration? What is a demonstration? What a consequence? What a contradiction? What is truth? What is falsehood? The third depends upon the second, and the second upon the first, but it is most necessary to dwell upon the first. But our practice is different from this, we rest upon the third part, and there we employ our studies, neglecting the first altogether. While we can very readily demonstrate why we ought not to lie, we make no scruple of speaking falsehood.

CHAP. LXXVII.—In the beginning of every undertaking this ought to be our prayer: "Lead me, oh Jupiter, and thou Fate, wheresoever ye have destined me. I will cheerfully follow; if I refused, it would be the part of an impious man, and notwithstanding I should follow."

CHAP. LXXVIII.—He is a wise man, who submits himself to necessity, and is conscious of the Divine Providence.

CHAP. LXXIX.—And this, O Crito, is the wisest prayer, If so it seems best to the gods, so be it. Anglus and Melitus have the power to kill me, but they have not the power to hurt me.

LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE, BY A LADY,

WRITTEN IN 1724.

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him. To tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these Letters exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some enquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these Letters appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent, but some will carp at it; and the rather, because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics I shall not say * * * * * * * * * * * *

I confess, I am malicious enough to desire that the world, should see to how much better purpose the LADIES travel than their LORDS; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male* Travels all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-

out subject with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For, besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may justly be accounted the standard of the English tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of the several nations with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice, (1) with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falsely said to attend the *Tea-table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better-natured, than to give way to any unkind or dis-

[redacted]

You see, Madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shows the poverty of my genius, it likewise shows the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR. (1)

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain.

For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and

(1) Lady Frances Pierrepont, second daughter of Evelyn first duke of Kingston, married John Ereskine Earl of Mar, who was secretary of state for Scotland, in 1705, joined the Pretender in 1715, was attainted in 1716, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. George I. confirmed to Lady Mar the jointure on Lord Mar's forfeited estate to which she was entitled by her marriage settlement, with remainder to her daughters Lady Frances Ereskine. She resided many years at Paris.

magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teazed with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants, and little shopwomen, here, are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see, hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a *disinterested* offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you,

I am your affectionate sister.



both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, etc.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their descriptions. I dare say you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon, for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none, that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness; being, Dear Madam, etc., etc.

TO MRS. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed in the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Nottingham castle; and I cannot help fancying, I see from it the Trent-field, Adboulton, etc. places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere; where people go to drink coffee, tea, etc. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an

English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you, etc., etc.

TO THE LADY RICH. (1)

Cologn, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.



built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which was showed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen anything of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints, all of massy silver, and the *enchassures* of the relicks; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed in the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished she herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relicks here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far, as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood. —Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL. (1)

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion, than tell my dear Lady Bristol, that I have not forgotten her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologn, Frankfort, Wurtsburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The

(1) Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, Bart. of Playford, co. Suffolk, second wife of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. She died 1741.

streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. . In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets, out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think after the Archbishop of Cambray having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions, (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by vain expense into debts, that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relicks, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman-catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite

destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear madam, yours, etc.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours, but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that I am persuaded I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold; since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame———, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *picques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaint of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to



stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good), to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill-figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relicks, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they show round their relicks and images are most of them false; though they tell you, that many of the *Crosses* and *Madonas*, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt, indeed, but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relicks they showed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that showed it, Whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, They only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalised at a large silver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

Madam——is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever your, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of *my child*, (1) by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and, within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court, when Vienna was besieged.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; and thus the great stairs (which are

(1) Edward Wortley Montagu, her only son, was born 1713.

all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture, such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures, and vast jars of japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables, very well answered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines. is what appears the most surprising, The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins; and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at Count Schœnbrunn (1) the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxburg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxburg might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schœnbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, etc., and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good-humour of the count.

(1) The palace of Schœnbrun is distant about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, and was afterwards used as a hunting seat by the emperor and his court.



I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Twickenham, Aug. 18, 1716.

MADAM, I can say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it) or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus his project had taken of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further and making those windows casements: that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment

to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you that there

Let me begin then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. May that person for whom you have left all the world be so just as to prefer you to all the world. I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity,

Madam, your most faithful obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.



TO MR. POPE. (1)

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present; and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I sent on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita; and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines, and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them

(1) In the eighth volume of Pope's Works, are first published thirteen of his letters to Lady M. W. M. communicated to Dr. Warton by the present Primate of Ireland. These MSS. are in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. As many are without date, the arrangement of them must be directed by circumstances; and as most of them were written to Lady Mary during her first absence from England, we shall advert to them, as making a part of this correspondence.—The letter of Pope's, to which this is an answer, was first printed from the original MS. in the Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, 1803.

to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and, the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitrion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it; and besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant, was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but, instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitrion's taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words, as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier (1). I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think ge-

(1) Jeremy Collier, an English divine, eminent for his piety and wit. In 1698 he wrote "A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on this subject," 8vo. This tract excited the resentment of the wits, and engaged him in a controversy with Congreve and Vanbrugh.

nerally as impertinent as courtesies at leaving the room, when the visit had been too long already.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous, and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use

that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently; for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to Quinze. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court, but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called *Ladies of the Key*, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married

women but the *grande maîtresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress

this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize shooting in the Eneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I shall never conclude at all.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Sept. 20, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely pleased, but not at all surprized, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, even gray hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my Lady Suffolk with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of Oxford from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprized at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter; but 'tis a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom, if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word *reputation* has quite

another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats, are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not however the less to do on that account: for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties and these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The sub-marriages generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate.



me, that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification.

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of——, and the young Count of——leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna? I made answer, that my stay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, madam, (said he,) whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a *little affair of the heart*.—My heart, answered I gravely enough, does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, madam, (said he sighing,) by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I 'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction.—You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and goodbreeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the day of judgment; for which great day of *éclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, etc., etc.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I have disobliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather

lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions; and 'tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.

ceremonies, which are a wonderful burthen to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own customs, the *pas* before them all. They indeed so revenge, upon the poor envoys, this great respect shown to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of, Yours, etc., etc.

TO THE LADY X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madame Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess —— *such a one*. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes, and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of

ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw t' other day the gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they show in them. On other days, the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their showing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid

compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me, (said she, sighing,) but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself up in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman-catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are, some or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often, are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory to common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of, Dear madam, etc. etc.

TO MR. POPE.(1)

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not, that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, showing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure

(1) Pope's letter, to which this is in reply, is printed in Warton's edition, vol. viii. p. 368.

you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Litchtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They showed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was

wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of, Your, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her: but I am sure, if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built, and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The

person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "*This is a Woman*," for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "*This is a Bear*."

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose. I am, etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hour's post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed, by moonshine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places, the road

collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir Robert Sutton, our King's envoy, came to see me here, and Madame de L—— whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her. whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed, after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudières* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all effect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a pacquet.——She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his Majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most; but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain, the King had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his Majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a

large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed: and has, at last, provoked the King to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible, either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over-scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. Wortley's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, etc. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there; so that the ladies are obliged to send, even for their shoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the

ney; and I declare to you, that if you don't sent me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince (1) has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose, as he told me afterwards, that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The King has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between tra-

(1) Afterwards George II.

velling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Dear madam, your, etc., etc.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Hanover, Dec. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady Rich, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some

about in their traineaus. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our King, and uncle to the reigning Empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court, for the loss of the Archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter.

Adieu, dear Lady Rich; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon Your, etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Blankenburg, Dec. 17, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning Empress, and carry a message from her Imperial Majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good-breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the Duke and Duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn: but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their

highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The Duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The Duke tallys at basset every night; and the Duchess tells me, she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late Elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange-trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night, at the King's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons, of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to



TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confidence are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself; that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat (1) at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told, that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years: I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months' labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerably low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion, was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of

(1) About nine shillings.



provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot fancy, that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you, that don't know the people, that the Prince of——has forsaken the Countess of——? or that the Prince such a one has an intrigue with the Countess such a one? Would you have me write novels like the Countess of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth, That I am, etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of *passive obedience* carry me through every thing.

I have had my audience of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present, when I waited on the reigning Empress; and after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow, in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such, as are no defence against the weather; and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and



Essek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me, to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister: this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses, *I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing;* but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady——, that I believe she won't like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

FROM MR. POPE.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desireable to you. I am glad, madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it; it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes: I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may

seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course) and your exact time, I verily think I shall be once more happy in a sight of you, next spring. I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well: I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

A. POPE.

TO MR. POPE.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but, I think, I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted



with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.——Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

At length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation everywhere, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing, when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you, to give a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed, even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaus, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. Wortley sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor, and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. Wortley, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The Bishop of Temeswar came to visit us, with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasty, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pasha Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the Emperor's command. The Counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the Emperor, and the more cruel civil war occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the protestant religion by the Emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the Governor-general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from

it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me, it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear, at a little distance, like old-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I. King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hand[redacted]g John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being [redacted]t, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the Queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to, in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg, in the year 1542; Count Swartzenburg, in 1598; General Rosworm, in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the Emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded, in 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns, show something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age,—and, *undisturbed by guns, in quiet sleep.* ——We came the five-and-twentieth to Mohatch, and were shown the field near it, where Lewis, the young King of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary.——I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but I'll assure you, I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of *gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary, live easily enough; they have no money,

but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis;* but Mr. Wortley would not oppress the poor country people, by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what he had. They were so surprised at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily image this lasts them many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarcely passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we stayed a day, to dispatch a courier with letters to the Pasha of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt and the city laid in ashes by Count Lesly, 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took possession of it for the Emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The twenty-eighth, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel———, who would not suffer us to go anywhere but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Bungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables,

made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur.—They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. Wortley's courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pasha's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy.—He has dispatched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and, I am afraid you'll think, a tedious account of this part of my

lady to Sybil, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write, I 'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured, in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service;

where I dare affirm, madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I don't take care, I shall myself write all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if, as I earnestly wish, you would do the same, I can't guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance, as you are so kind as to say, enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on our account and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarcely forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the King, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad. A. POPE.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pasha here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back, which Mr. Wortley had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us, without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are ra-

ther plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind, whatever fine claims we pretend to reason, than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war;* but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janisaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pasha had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.



We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janisaries, commanded by a pasha seraskiér (*i. e.* general), though this last expression is not very just; for, to say truth, the seraskiér is commanded by the janisaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea af the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pasha about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people: but when we came hither, we found that the governor had been ill-informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late pasha fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason, but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pasha before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The pasha easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars, without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law, and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pasha has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison,

and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery.—We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the pasha detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, possibly, be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janisaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Bey, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pasha, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. (1) At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good roman hand.

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to

(1) The Persian tales appeared first in Europe as a translation, by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called "The Arabian Nights," in a similiar manner, by Monsieur Galland. The Tales of the Genii, said in the title page to have been translated by Sir Charles Morell, were, in fact, entirely composed by James Ridley, esq.



be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, any where, but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.—God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter; but I have written it, for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

TO HER R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. (1)

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors, and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your royal highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us, the Emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. Wortley was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, through a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious: but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janissaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day, to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days' travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarcely perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most

(1) Afterwards Queen Caroline, wife of George II.

pitiful manner, without getting anything but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your royal highness how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket with all my heart, but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days' journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks: here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Andrianople, is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible I have already tired out your royal highness's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it.

I am, madam, with the greatest respect, etc.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey;



but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them; and, designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, filled with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is

not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me; "Guzél, pék guzél," which is nothing but *Charming, very charming.*—The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace, which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian,—and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, *That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed.* I perceived, that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly, that Mr. Jervas (1) could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, etc.—They generally take this diversion once a-week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being however all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and show them my stays; which satisfied them very well; for, I saw,

(1) Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was the friend of Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of females. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his hand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented, as "selling a thousand years of bloom."

they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my ov power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my usband.—I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. Wortley resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I ow entertained you with an account of such a sight as v ver saw in your life, and what no book of travels coul orm you of, as it is no less than death for a man to be fou ne of these places. (1)

TO THE / ——.

anople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

You see that I am very e in keeping the promise you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you, the desire I have to oblige you to the utmost of my power, has made me very diligent in my enquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited, but by merchants, who mind

(1) Dr. Russel, an author of great credit, in his History of Aleppo, questions the truth of the account here given by Lady Mary Wortley, affirming that the native ladies of that city, with whom, as their physician, he had permission to converse through a lattice, denied to him the prevalence, and almost the existence of the custom she describes, and even seemed as much scandalized at hearing of it, as if they had been born and bred in England. The writer of this note confesses to having entertained doubts upon this point, arising from the statement of Dr. Russel; but these doubts were removed by the testimony of a lady, who travelled some years ago in Turkey, and was several months an inmate of the English ambassador's house in Pera, whose veracity no one who knew her, could doubt, and whose word would have been taken, before the oaths of a whole harem. That Lady, having been prevented, by circumstances, from visiting the baths of Constantinople, had an opportunity of doing so at Athens, and there she found Lady Mary's account strictly correct in the main points, although the sight did not inspire her with the same degree of admiration. To use a trite metaphor, she found Lady Mary's outline faithful, but her colouring too vivid. It may therefore be fairly presumed that the Aleppo ladies, perceiving the Doctor's opinion of the custom, thought fit to disclaim it, or that it really did not prevail in that particular city, and their knowl her.

little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of thieves, who rob fifty in a company, so that we had need of all our guards to secure us; and the villages are so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed the janisaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, without asking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkies big with egg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Melibeus for the hope of his flock. When the pashas travel, it is yet worse. These oppressors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peasants; after they have crammed themselves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the use of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is literally and exactly true, however extravagant it may seem; and such is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity, any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, these two sciences being cast into one, and a lawyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish language. They are the only men really considerable in the empire: all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The Grand-Signior, though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. It is true, they lose this privilege by accepting a place at court, or the title of pasha; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning, and almost all the wealth, of the empire. They are the real authors, though the soldiers are the actors, of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mustapha;

and their power is so well known, that it is the Emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you, that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi Achmet-Bey gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were Christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of tr[illegible]antiation appeared very strong to him.——Upon [illegible]our creeds together, I am convinced that if our frie[illegible]ad free liberty of preaching here, it would be v[illegible]ersuade the generality to Christianity, whose not[illegible] little different from his. Mr. Whiston would make a [illegible]od apostle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will [illegible], if you communicate this account to him; but [illegible]ust first have the gift of tongues, before he can p[illegible]f any use.

Mahometism is divided, [illegible]any sects as Christianity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind, to make mysteries and novelties.—— The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, etc., put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand different notions, according to the different interest of their preachers. —There are very few amongst them (Achmet-Bey denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wit by declaring they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycaut is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin* (1) (i. e. *the secret with us*) atheists, they being deists, whose impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet bey did not own to me that he was of this opinion; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty? he made answer, that all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of

(1) See D'Ohsson, Tableau Général de l'Empire Otheman, 5 vol. 8vo. 1791, in which the religious code of the Mohammedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed.

all disorders among them; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation: nevertheless, he said, that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, that it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner; and I don't doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt: yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than their not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics and schismatics; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis a sect of Christians that call themselves Paulines. They show an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite saint, after the same manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the Arnaöuts seems to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name of, Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the janisaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and armed at their own expense, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sunday, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true pro-

phet; but whi[ch] that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I beli[e]ve there is no other race of mankind, who have so modest an [o]pinion of their own capacity.

These are t[he] remarks I have made, on the diversity of religions I hav[e] been. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken [in] speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the [im]postures of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred [wo]rds, in which we both agree.

You will [per]haps expect I should [now] say something to you of the antiquities of th[is] country; but [there] are few remains of ancient Greece. We [pass]ed near the [re]mains of an arch, which is commonly ca[lled] Trajan's Gate. fr[om] the inscription that he made it to shut [up] the passage [be]tween mountains, between Sophia and Philip[pop]olis. But I [be]lieve it the remains of some triumphal arch ([for] I could not see any inscription); for if that passage had [been] shut up, there are many others that would serve for [the] march of an army; and, notwithstanding the story o[f] the Emperor Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade, that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun; and they leave them, and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion.

I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from Yours, etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to enquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *caftâns* and *manteaux*. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at present the residence of the court. The Grand Signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came hither; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendour. She is widow of the late Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, since she never has lived with him; however, the greatest part of his wealth is hers. He had the permission of visiting her in the seraglio; and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections.—When she saw this second husband, who is at least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the Sultan (which they call *mosâyp*), but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army: the Grand-Signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janisary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to, but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be rased to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture.. No *huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics;*

> "A consequential ill that freedom draws;
> A bad effect,—but from a noble cause."

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in

the world; while the Sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday along with the French ambassadress to see the Grand-Signior (1) in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janisaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the *spahis* and *bostangees* (these are foot and horse guards), and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janisaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next him the *kyzlar-aga* (your ladyship knows this is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies), in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face), lined with sables. Last came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green lined with the fur of a black Muscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot, on a staff; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The Sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop

(1) Achmet III. who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the janisaries.

under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had full leisure to consider him. The French ambassadress agreed with me as to his good mien: I see that lady very often; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life so formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, etc. that she would rather die than make me a visit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels yclep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit me with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same; however, our mutual interest makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever perhaps would see again, two young Christian ambassadresses at the same time. Your ladyship may easily imagine, we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any strange sight, our janisaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law.

These people however (I mean the janisaries) have some good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you on all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philippopolis, where we were met by our domestic guards. I happened to bespeak pigeons for supper, upon which one of my janisaries went immediately to the cadi (the chief civil officer of the town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent about, but could get none. My janisary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse himself not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me, to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased he would bring me his head.—This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them so powerful, that the greatest man



at court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a janisary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; 'tis that consideration has given me the assurance of entertaining you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam, Yours, etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April, 1, O. S. 1717.

I WISH to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here that I think worth your notice. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull: it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new; but for me that am in arrears at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be very fresh and sweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming.—I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button; but the shape and colour of the bosom are very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of

diamonds or other precious stones; those who will not be at that expence, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with ermine or sables; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head dress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to show their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roses, of different coloured rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; the jonquils, of topazes, etc., so well set and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's, I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eye-brows, and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that, at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose colour; but, I own, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just at it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very



easy to see, they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins*; one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed, by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their finger-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter 'tis of cloth, and in summer of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet, even those who don't make use of them, do not scruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays respect to them; and the Grand-Signior himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harem* (or women's apartment), which remains unsearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as

privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *tefterdar* (*i. e.* treasurer) that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife won't see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being.

Dear sister, etc.

FROM MR. POPE.

MADAM,—If to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, 'tis what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you? I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous eschantillon of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence but by merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office: they have miscarried; you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural



enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to show it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eye-sight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; 'tis a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me; but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy. I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers; for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals, in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other! If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclaircissements upon many passages in Homer, since you

have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the father of poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre; and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished, you may at least, at ease in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia in such a dim and remote prospect as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you, therefore, with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.

For the news in London, I'll sum it up in short: we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you'll have from Lady Rich, or Miss Griffin. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory. The K. and P. continue two names, there is nothing like a coalition, but at the masquerade; however the Princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me, than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can, in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well; tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that plasees you; for

whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do. I am always yours, A. Pope.

TO MR. POPE.

Adrianople, April, 1, O. S. 1717.

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

> "Caput a cervice revulsum,
> Gurgite cum medio, portans Oeagrius Hebrus
> Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
> Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,
> Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

> As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates?

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral. The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they

spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of the life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter, I speak it with sorrow, unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that

pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his councellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether



or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling *The Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES *addressed to the* SULTANA, *eldest daughter of Sultan* ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

VER. 1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag. (1)

STANZA II.

1. The wish'd possession is delay'd from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful at those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced thro' my heart.

2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Ah! Sultana! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels!
I desire,—and, my desire remains unsatisfied.—
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

2. Adieu——I go down to the grave.
If you call me——I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur;—sigh, and it will flame.

(1) Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the "*Βουωπις*" of Homer.

3. [illegible] of my life! fair light of my eyes!
Sultana! my princess!
I [illegible] my face against the earth;—I am drown'd in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no po[illegible]ies from their hands. In my opinion, allowing for [illegible]le faults of a prose translation into a language so [illegible]nt, there is a good deal of beauty in them. The e[illegible] *g-ey'd*, though the sound is not very agreeab[illegible]ases me extremely; and I think it a very lively [illegible]ire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Mc[illegible] has very justly observed, that we are never to [illegible]vation of an expression in an ancient author b[illegible]rries with us; since it may be extremely fine wit[illegible]t the same time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned; 'tis certainly far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin, by saying,—"*Now Philomela sings.*" Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

"Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:
I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

"In vain I 'm promised such a heav'nly prize;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
Those eyes! like, etc.

STANZA III.

"Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?
Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

"The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:
Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave—my bosom burns with heavenly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, *He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul*, I understand a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want also those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by, Yours, etc.

TO MRS. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S.

In my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you see gine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude me. The great number of Greeks, French, Englisl ans, that are under our protection, make their cou rom morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are man very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Chri ve easily under this government but by the pro ambassador—and the richer they are, the grea ger.

Those dreadful s. e heard of the *plague* have very little foundation in it. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with

a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lye upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enoug of destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good to mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, etc., etc.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be



seen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at London if I return thither without any rarities to show them.

What shall I tell you of?——You never saw camels in your life; and, perhaps, the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was so to me; and, though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures; their heads being ill-formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short, thick, black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead, red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the first disco-

very of America. Here are some little birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and, for that reason, multiply prodigiously: turtles, on the account of their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber-window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here will be as new to you as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read in most of our accounts of Turkey that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and, I assure you, 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the Grand-Signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house at the death of its master is at the Grand-Signior's disposal; and, therefore, no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not sure his family will be the better for. (1) All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives, and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *harem*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the Grand-Signior); it has also a gallery running

(1) If it be not put into "vacûf;" that is, annexed to some mosque or fountain.

round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch, raised half a foot, covered with rich silk according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white satin;—nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality; and their *haremes* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is

raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green walls. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, etc. . Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of freestone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, Yours, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 18, O. S. 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand-Vizier's lady, (1) and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent

(1) This was the Sultana Hafiten, the favourite and widow of the Sultan Mustapha II., who died in 1703.



than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretess. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, [illegible] her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a [illegible] vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very modest; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she

commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solisited me to visit the *kiyaya's* (1) lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand-Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's *harem* (2), that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand-Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down: On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyaya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can

(1) Kyhaïá, lieutenant. The deputy to the Grand-Vizier.

(2) Harem, literally "The Forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropriate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.

I reco face that would have been taken notice of near hers. stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, ing her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! ——But her eyes!——large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest

writers have spoken with greath warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft! —— the motions so languishing! ——accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of*. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the *bladder and string*, or the *marrow-bones and cleavers*. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my

woman and interpretess. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of,

Yours, etc.

TO THE ABBOT OF ——.

Adrianople, May 17, O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see.

I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was anciently called Orestesit or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many sultans. Mahomet the Fourth, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning Emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople; which humour so far exasperated the janisaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass, I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people; but they are most of them such as follow the court, or camp; and when they are removed, I am told 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it.

I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with janisaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat.

It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange (1) in London. But the pavement is kept much neater; and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee, or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweet-meats are in our play-houses.

I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among themselves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every pasha has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men.

You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be disobliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. There are many of them vastly rich, but take care to make little public show of it; though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence.—This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the exchange, founded by Ali Pasha, whose name it bears. Near it is the *tchartshi*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessively dear, nothing being made here. . It is covered on the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *bessiten* near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse-furniture are sold: glittering every-where with

(1) Exeter 'Change.

gold, ı …roidery, and jewels, it makes a very agreeable show.

From …ace I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which …ove in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is alr… …ne to his tents, and all his court; the appearance o… …l is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashas of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde-park; but it is very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the Grand-Signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand-Signior was at the seraglio window, to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi*, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, etc., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly

magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, etc. so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows, left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and, when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain-pasha (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, etc. with all possible civility.

I went two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I. (1) which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the door-keeper to show me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and, before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars, which has five

(1) The same Sultan, between the years 1552 and 1556, constructed another mosque at Constantinople, which bears his name. The architecture exactly resembles this, and forms a perfect square of seventy-five feet, with a flat cupola rising from the side walls.

gates, the b dy of the mosque being one prodigious dome. I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement is also marble, ered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great ad- on to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and in- bered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the s, which are most of them red and white marble, disfi- d by the little tawdry images and pictures, that give Ro- n-catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed be inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast amp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by, a fountain to wash, which, you know, is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the Grand-Signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and standing before it, two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different stair-cases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Behind the mosque, is an exchange, full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not compa- rable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are

very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. Wortley's entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and have been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father, when he gives audience: he is a handsome boy; but, probably, will not immediately succeed the Sultan, there being two sons of Sultan Mustapha, his eldest brother, remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe, they are very impatient to see the end of it. I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc.

P. S. I will write to you again from Constantinople.

TO THE ABBOT ——.

Constantinople, May 29, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and, as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers, and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The Grand-Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to lie in houses all the way.

I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Tchiorlu, where there was a *conac*, or little seraglio, built for the use of the Grand-Signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains; but I was most surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distiches of Turkish verse, wrote with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English:

> We come into this world; we lodge, and we depart;
> He never goes, that 's lodged within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We

lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a good sea-port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman-catholic churches. They showed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the Virgin drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of painting; but, however, the finest Madona of Italy famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous in their pictures, which, for more finery, are alw upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a gooc ; but they have no notion, either of shade or proportion. have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe nt me a candle almost as big as myself for a prese was at my lodging.

We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge; and the night following, at Kujuk Checkmedji, or Little Bridge; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen; and shows, that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *hogia* or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to show me his own apartment, and was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it therefore the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Constantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the embassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our house shows us the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the dis

hills of Asia; perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, "Constantinople is twice as big as Paris." Mr. Wortley is unwilling to own it is bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe it is so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased; besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true: that when a man has divorced his wife in the most solemn manner, he can take her again, upon no other terms, than permitting another man to pass a night with her; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman is to increase and multiply; and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And, indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true, they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of hap-



piness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of an useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God than a vow of perpetual virginity; which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determie.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face when I enquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for them, without knowing those that are valuable from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill, generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them showing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates on a sardonyx; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of Saint Augustine.

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one, designed for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy was committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since: I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination.

I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again. I am, Sir, Yours, etc., etc.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S. 1717.

I HOPE before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

> "That spirits departed are wondrous kind
> To friends and relations left behind:
> Which nobody can deny."

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions.

> —— Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And 'tis very necessary, to make a perfect Elysium that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find.



To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, etc., a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, etc., etc.

FROM MR. POPE.

MADAM,—I could quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shown more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning, and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moon-shiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were

accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you, and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you were gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the East, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the enquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you 'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I 'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory: I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar, and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I 'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart and as sound devotion as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I 'll assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put



on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got ashore was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand; he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than that I have paid to your ecloguës: they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all prophane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself, and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, 't is not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean, by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own servant and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you use to do in your glass, in order to choose me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will show 'em); in short, let her be such a one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have received a box of books, together with letters, from Mr. Congreve and



myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchantship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour; the Duke of Buckingham with praise; I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in 'em, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than Your friend and admirer, A POPE.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house-maids. 'T is true that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, etc. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which I own is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance

and co nce. 'T is a particular pleasure to me here, to read
the v to the Levant, which are generally so far removed
from and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted
with They never fail giving you an account of the wo-
men, , 't is certain, they never saw, and talking very
wisely genius of the men, into whose company they are
neve ..ed; and very often describe mosques, which they
dare even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will
not converse with a str are not assured is consider-
able in his own countr of the men of distinction;
for, as to the ordinary ou may imagine what ideas
their conversation can he general genius of the
people.

As to the balm of Mec certainly send you some;
but it is not so easily got ppose it, and I cannot, in
conscience, advise you e of it. I know not how it
comes to have such un ause. All the ladies of my
acquaintance at Londo a have begged me to send
pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I'll assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherways; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo;* nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass, Indeed, if one were to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, madam; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to show in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved than by becoming handsome; though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot

find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against, as she said, her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of *charms* herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and staring me in the face, said, with a very learned air, that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a shipload of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandize?

Adieu, my dear Lady Rich, I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

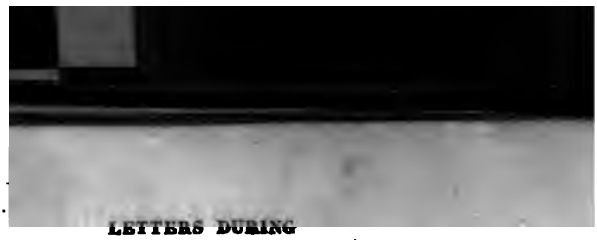
I am, dear madam, yours, etc., etc.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4, O. S. 1715-16.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words), that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded, that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting



accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than it is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to show the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *knights of Malta*,) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, it is their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time;* and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? They answered, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French ambassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves,

which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months: —a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now; and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I

think it is hard fortune if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination, to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter (1) five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying-in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks' end; and, about four days ago, crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know (or perhaps you don't know), was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal.—Quite the contrary. ——These women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poniard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one vi-

(1) Mary, afterwards married to John, Earl of Bute.

sit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one-and-twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guand, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to enquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an Emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalma*, which differs from a *caftan* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose, that I mean as large as those of my Lord ——, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her *kalpac* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough

to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels, in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European Queen has half the quantity; and the Empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basons, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoups*. (1)

The Sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me, that the story of the Sultan's *throwing a handkerchief* is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *kyslar aga*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of

(1) Saucers.

was always afterward the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she* that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget, that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time hath softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she showed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the Grand-Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their



head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water when she washed, etc. It is a great part of the work of the elder slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian Tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg:—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough, to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you, that I have been in a harem, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Andrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world —"You Christian ladies," said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel, "have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Andrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now

convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend." She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafitén is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner, that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good-breeding of a court, with an air that inspires, at once, respect and tenderness; and now, that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common in little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), showed that surprise at her beauty and manners, which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "*This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian.*" Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment, than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk; but the Greek lady told it to her; and she smiled, saying, "*It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.*" I assured her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "*I can't believe you,*" replied she agreeably; "*if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it.*" Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet; on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting, embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the

window of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright storyteller. It may be, our proverb, that *knowledge is no burthen*, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people. I am, etc., etc.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Pera, March 16, O S. 1717.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin Guzelerin gingi
Pearl,	*Fairest of the young.*
Caremfil,	Caremfilsen cararen yók
Clove,	Conge gulsum timarin yók
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yók.
	You are as slender as the clove!
	You are an unblown rose!
	I have long loved you, and you have not known it!
Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	*Have pity on my passion!*
Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahat
Paper,	*I faint every hour!*
Ermus,	Ver bixe bir umut
Pear,	*Give me some hope.*
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	*I am sick with love.*
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
Coal,	*May I die, and all my years be yours!*

Gul,	Ben aglarum sen gul
A rose,	*May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!*
Hasir,	Oliim sana yazir
A straw,	*Suffer me to be your slave.*
Jo ho,	Ustune bulunmaz paha
Cloth,	*Your price is not to be found,*
Tartsin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hartsin
Cinnamon,	*But my fortune is yours.*
Giro,	Esking-ilen oldum ghira
A match,	*I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!*
Sirma,	Uzunu benden a yirma
Gold thread,	*Don't turn away your face from me.*
Satch,	Bazmazum tatch
Hair,	*Crown of my head!*
Uzum,	Benim iki Guzum
Grape,	*My two eyes!*
Til,	Ulugorum tez ghel
Gold wire,	*I die—come quickly.*

And, by way of postscript:

Beber,	Bize bir dogm haber
Pepper,	*Send me an answer.*

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shown in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me, to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and t'is as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time: I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should

do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: In Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen, French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian; my housemaids Russians; half a dozen other servants, Greeks; my steward, an Italian; my janisaries, Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am, Yours, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

At length I have heard from my dear Lady Bristol for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Franti (1)

(1) A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions.

Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levents* or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to show their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French ambassadress will return to France, I believe, without ever having been there.

You'll wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is beceme so powerful with me, as curiosity. And indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress-trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet, adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth

for the div[illegible]d the sixth for the apartment destined for audien[illegible] ladies' side there are at least as many more, with [illegible]courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, thei[illegible]ns, etc.

The [illegible]emarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very [illegible]lt to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimacam* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and enquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than on any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They show here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the Grand-Signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flam-



beaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Validé-Sultan is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*, (1) or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS
JUSSUS, ET EXTINCTIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS
OMNIA THEODOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI. (2)

Your lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never

(1) More commonly called "Atméidan."

(2) Two more lines were probably concealed at the time. This inscription concludes

TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS
JUDICE SUB PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS,

which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.

saw them; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several large and, in my opinion, more beautiful mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *besistén*, or jewellers' quarter, shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you 'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you 'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion they are bought and sold as publicly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *historical pillar* is no more (1). It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hânns and monasteries; the

(1) The Arcadian column, built in 404 after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire.

first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play 't ill their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour without any of them showing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered they are all used to it from their infancy; most of them being devoted to his way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, *There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet*; after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 't is with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am

easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigée* and *asmack*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 't is at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? etc. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill, (1) who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but

(1) Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our ambassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon afterward published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write Zara and Merope, tragedies; which had considerable success on the English stage.

by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and' hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she-friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three largest rooms of the bagnio. 'T is not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and, you may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very

fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, r side and another in her breast. She was not quite was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very .. in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being wn. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead e night from the Constantinople side and laid there. Very nquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was ied without noise. Murder is never pursued by icers as with us. 'T is the business of the next re- ons to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their overnment should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they re extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nun-

nery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pasha (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them.

I own this c[illegible]om pleases me much better than our absurd one of following [illegible]ar name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

[illegible]ow I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be [illegible]eable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am [illegible]e you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with [illegible] geographical account of the situation of their country, [illegible]ich you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient [illegible]itness, which you may read in the Roman history. They [illegible] now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in [illegible]rade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priest enjoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'T is true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparalleled all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride

is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered, yes, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 't is as seriously true, as that I am, Dear sister, yours, etc., etc.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the vizier's, the *beglerbeys'*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, etc., things that 't is very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows——I say no more—— every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government;

and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques; I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage writer): he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went across the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'T is still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word.(1) I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; or I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are, near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than anywhere else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pasha not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand-Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride; daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part

(1) Cádykúy, or the Town of Judges, from the great Christian Council held there.



of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the bagnios. There are two, built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity); but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps

I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, sir, etc., etc.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

> Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
> The immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
> For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardinelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

> The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
> How Hero loved, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept

upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He showed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour; he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'T is so narrow, 't is not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then 't is so subject to storms, 't is no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of Mount Ida,

> Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
> And the world's master lay subdued by love.

Not many leagues' sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were showed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am

very s[illegible]ot to have the original in my possession, which might n[illegible]been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of m[illegible]y. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 't was impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it (1).

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastene[illegible]l their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of [illegible] neat shoes and stockings, and on their heac[illegible]nuslin, which falls in large folds on their sh[illegible]my countrymen, Mr. Sandys (2) (whose book I [illegible]u have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaki[illegible]ins, supposes them to have been the foundation of [illegible] by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; b[illegible]od reason for that imagination, and am apt to l[illegible]uch more ancient.

We saw very plainl[illegible]omontory the river Simois rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream h[illegible]choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 't is [illegible]t heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins (3) used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo

(1) The first-mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the Ionian Antiquities, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his Tour in Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the Βουστροφηδόν, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishull, Shuckforth, and Chandler, Inscript. Antiq., Knight on the Greek Alphabets etc.

(2) George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.

(3) For this curious story, Monsieur Bayle may be consulted Dictionary, article "Scamander." It appears in the Letters of Os vol. i. p. 125, 126, edit. Genev. 1607; also in Philostrates and Vig...

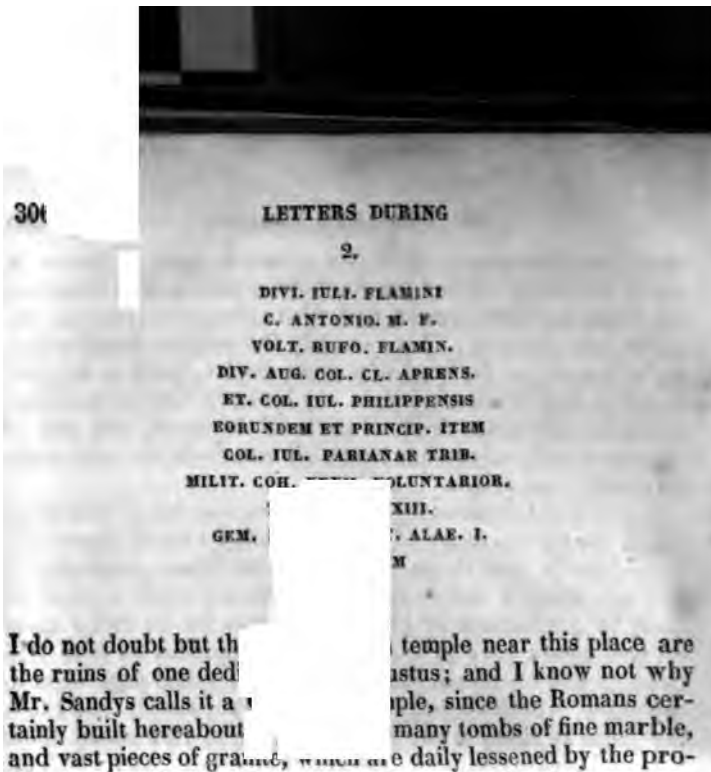
says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'T is certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigéum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where 't is vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly showed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*, (1) *i. e.* Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had here), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

(1) Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to. 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to. 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. iii. p. 10) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, p. 140, 141, had confounded Ilium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian Antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.



I do not doubt but th temple near this place are the ruins of one ded stus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a ple, since the Romans certainly built hereabout many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of gra... e daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mytilene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuseni, etc., princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'T was with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and show their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pasha here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;



And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand-Signior as the State of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nicana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here were a hundred cities—

——Centum urbes habitant magnas——

The chief of them—the scene of monstrous passions.—Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of——I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature

alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

——Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus.——

We passed Trinacria [illegible]uring any of the syrens that Homer describes; and, [illegible]own on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe t[illegible]rst called Melita, from the abundance of honey. I[illegible]le rock covered with very little earth. The Grand[illegible]s here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his st[illegible]ea now is very small. The fortifications are reckon[illegible] in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite [illegible] labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe [illegible] were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every-where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *ramazan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder; a considerable addition

to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble acqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'T is true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis King of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our Prince Edward, son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pasha, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the Grand-Signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstances; and the Grand-Signior connives at the loss of these domininions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.—I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called *The stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that

use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see, sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am, Your humble servant, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbé——, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I

am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, with still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do no doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps;* and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cecisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are her called *Conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she play, have the privilege of whispers, etc. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'T is their business to prepare for her a present against

any d… …blic appearance, not forgetting that of her own name … …hort, they are to spend all their time and money in her … …who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they w… …); but the husband is not to have the impudence to sup… …any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, th… …avour to give her a cecisbeo of their own choosing … …the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as t… …happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one … …own fancy. …mes, one beauty used to have t… …t or ten of thes… …nirers; but those days of plenty and humility … …n grow more scarce and saucy; and every l… …ontent herself with one at time.

You may see in this … …*ious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an … …he common people being here as errant slaves a… …; but the old nobles pay little respect to the D… …t two years in his office, and whose wife, at t… …, assumes no rank above another noble lady. It is true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expense they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent collonade; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Correggio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, show nature, and show it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased

(1) That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.

with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits: but I confess, all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 't is not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity. I am, etc., etc.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what is showed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie and La Valentin, both very agree-

able retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier ——, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of ——, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out tomorrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me. I am, etc., etc.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such

an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here: but the misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold, before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 't is surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick; and the event has showed that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures; among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 't is possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles. I am, etc., etc.

TO MR. POPE.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 't is not from insensibility of the joy of

seeing my fri ıds; but when I consider that I must at the same time see ear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must re and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-t re I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the c that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with i ificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness o t life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursu e one line further. I will rather fill the remainder r with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that on each side of the town-house.

MÆRORUM, NOSTR : : : : : EQUIDEM. PRIMAM. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITAT M. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OCCURSURAM. MIHI. PROV . NE. QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EXHORRESCATIS. SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS. QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA. SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. URBIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOT. FORMAS. STATUSQUE. RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM. NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM. TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI. ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO. SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS. QUIDEM. SED. TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO. MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TEMERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MARATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUINIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA. SED. INOPI. UT. QUÆ. TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUCCUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPELLERETUR. A. GERENDIS. HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MIGRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIC. QUOQUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET. HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INCRETUS. SERVIUS. TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAPTIVA. NATUS. OCRESIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELI. QUONDAM. VIVENNÆ. SODALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNISQUE. EJUS. CASUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA. FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS. COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT. MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO. COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMA. CUM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DEINDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPERUNT. QUA. IPSIUS. QUA. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PERTÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CONSULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINISTRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ. HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI.



IMPERIUM. VALENTIUS. REPERTUM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS. QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN. CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICILIORI. UTERENTUR. AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRIBUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD. DECEMVIROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SOLUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO. AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM : : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE. IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSULARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET. OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICATOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE. HONORES. NON. IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTIORUM. QUOQUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS. COEPERINT. M[illegible]RES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO. PROCESSERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSOLENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JACTATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. ULTRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PORIUS. REVERTAR. CIVITATEM.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : SANE : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : NOVO : : : DIVUS : AUG : : : NO : LUS. ET. PATRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM. FLOREM. UBIQUE. COLONIARUM. AC. MUNICIPIORUM. BONORUM. SCILICET. VIRORUM. ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC. CURIA. ESSE. VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALICUS. SENATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM. VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURÆ. MEÆ. APPROBARE. COEPERO. QUID. DE. EA. RE. SENTIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. NE. PROVINCIALES. QUIDEM. SI MODO. ORNARE. CURIAM. POTERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTISSIMAQUE. RIENNENSIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM. TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CONFERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS. EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTINUM. FAMILIARISSIME. DILIGO. ET. HODIEQUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBERI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIORUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PROMOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT. DIRUM. NOMEN. LATRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI. ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGUUM. QUOD. ANTE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM. COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ. BENEFICIUM. CONSECUTA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRATRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUIDEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS. UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE. DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO. TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTREMOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOROGICI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM.

VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS. NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. F. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM. OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. BEBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIAM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM. CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICE. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also showed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late King's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their King had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance*, *ill taste*, and *vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

> "Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
> Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat."

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am

determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of. I am, etc., etc.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée*d with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 't is full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French ambassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France show nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fountainbleau, when you are showed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the King's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fishponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, show the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

T of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure been carried thither, and think it much better dis- pos ars of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in ro larly and well lighted, they made up a very agree- abl . But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossierté* of quin, no more than with their music at the opera, wh bominably grating, after being used to that of Ita house is a booth, compared to that of the Hay- mar the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn- fiel n it must o their praise, their trage- dia. uch beyond s. I should hardly allow Mrs d a better p be confidante to La ——. I have seen the tragedy so well represented, that I think our best actors ca said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly i re moving to see a man ap- pear unhappy, than to that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirl nance.—*A propos* of coun- tenances, I must tell g of the French ladies; I have seen all the beat...., and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, etc., etc.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

TO MR. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

You see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister; (1) I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me

(1) The Countess of Mar.

as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, etc., all which you may read very amply particularised in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, etc. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the arch-angel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Tuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke-Regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I

mea aw, (1) who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires;* but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you. I am, etc., etc.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me—— "*Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!——Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!——Lord have mercy on my soul!——Pray, madam, take*

(1) Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea.

care of this head-dress." This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; that the Beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, etc., etc.

MR. POPE TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

September 1.

MADAM,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 't was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia.

You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people,

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your oriental learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the east, that I look upon you as so many years younger than you much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infan ess). I expect to see your soul as much thinne r body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy e, a great many European habits. Without on odesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see v ark naked, for I am confident 't is the prettiest l soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talku ay possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just past part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. (1) It overlooks, a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal,

(1) At Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 't was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

I.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to hey would have done, was to die as they did. The onour people of this low degree could have was to red on a little monument; unless you will give th -that of being honoured with a tear from the fin world. I know you have tenderness; you must ha he very emanation of good sense and virtue; the ike the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are r bjects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no so ut an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such a one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche.

Dear Madam, I am for ever your, etc.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

TO MR. POPE.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good-nature, in supposing, that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not inter-

rupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain:
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess, these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

TO THE ABBOT OF ——. (1)

Vienna, Jan. 2, O. S. 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprize you, have particular pleasure in my Spanish acquaintances, Count Oropesa and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two Counts, its ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic-counsellor and a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court in point of knowledge and abilities is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The Count is just such a Roman-catholic as you; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon, and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the spirit, and ends generally with the flesh, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and

(1) The four following letters are taken from the edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters published in 1789.

honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily, they are much superior to the lyric productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of alchymists at Vienna; the philosopher's stone is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an alchymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, though he has pretended to discourage it in public.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to show me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, though not very ample, is well chosen; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are neverthless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of spahis and janissaries; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The Prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, showed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits, that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would say that I make an indiscreet use of the permission to lye, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is just come in—he is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; tho' as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even

though I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as I am an heretic, and you no confessor, I shall make no declarations on this head.—The design of the Count's visit is a ball;—more pleasure.—I shall be surfeited. Adieu, etc.

TO MR. POPE.

September 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you l[illegible]de was in the hands of the Turks; but at this prese[illegible]t, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the [illegible]ists. A janissary, who, in nine days, and yet withou[illegible]gs but what a panic terror seems to have furnished, [illegible]t Constantinople from the army of the Turks befor[illegible] brought Mr. W. the news of a complete victory ob[illegible]e Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the Prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the—(*here several words of the manuscript are effaced*).—Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months' pay to the janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the bashaws and their retinue, while the janissaries and spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society

under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress a hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing and dress amuse them highly;—but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthma-

tic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classic ground; nor will you refuse our pr tary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you n be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of s ther enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative nts; and you, though your religious profession is ar o court promotion, and dis-qualifies you from ployments, have found the philosopher's stone, s. ing the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible glish form, without losing aught of its original be. ave drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. Addison and Tickell tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial;—while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstructive; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem, Yours, etc.

TO MR. POPE.

1718.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least,

strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of the Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-show amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is à-la-mode—there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprize, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shows nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, tho' this, I believe, would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain show*? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a rusty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high

entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous collossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and tho' it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received the homage of emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when ed from their conquests, to behold now nothing but aus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out his place, so that you are to expect no more letters de of the water; besides, I am hurried to death, a swims with that vast variety of objects which I am iew with such rapidity, the shortness of my time n me to examine them at my leisure. There is here e prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night, And am, etc.

TO THE COUNT ——.

(Translated from the French.)

I AM charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so



much as letting the people read it; being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As to your next enquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves, as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise; for women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable, even that of multiplying the human race, and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catherines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in a most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be conerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politics, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. It is true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged

them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very well deserve this name: they have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of the law but as of a politic institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I [illegible]e told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we [illegible]ith a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, [illegible]a very agreeable humour. We were in his house a[illegible]nth, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking w[illegible] any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subj[illegible]vered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world [illegible] for the pleasure of man; and that God would no[illegible]he vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice: but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us; nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers: and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religion to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiment of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives, that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, etc.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt, but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long-haired blacks, the small-eyed Tartars and Chinese,

the beardless Brasilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended with the comparison, Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mongrels, so mankind have their mongrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most; is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are nature's opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jaring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they show that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition ; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for showing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for showing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop petticoats. I have abundance of their singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

MADAM,—My lord says, in reading your most ingenious descriptions, he observed that your ladyship had the art of making common circumstances agreeable; as the lady's care of her lace in the storm, etc.(1) You have also made learned things instructive, as the copy of the Greek inscription; the which my lord desires that your ladyship will be pleased to send him again by the bearer, that he may better understand it than by the one he has; care will be taken to return it safe again. Though this is my lord's letter, yet I must beg leave to add to it, that I am, with the most unfeigned esteem, your ladyship's Most obedient humble servant, M. PEMBROKE.(2)

Friday evening.

(1) See p. 322.

(2) Mary Howe, daughter of Lord Viscount Howe, married to Thomas eighth Earl of Pembroke, 1725; the Lord Pembroke, who collected the statues and medals at Wilton, and whose knowledge of classical antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to Lady Mary Wortley. He had been a principal member of the Whig administrations under King William and Queen Anne, and the last person who held the office of Lord High Admiral; but now being old, and a great humorist, distinguished himself chiefly by odd whims and peculiarities; one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One must explain this by instances. He chose that his eldest son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who was more than of age, and had a will of his own, often chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away ever so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present; every day gravely bidding the butler tell Lord Herbert, dinner was ready; and the butler every day as gravely bringing word, that "his lordship dined abroad."

Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict dominion over a wife, whom other people thought safely arrived at years of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but must never on any account stay out a minute later than ten o'clock, his supper hour. One night however, she stayed till past twelve. He declined supping, telling the servants it could not be ten o'clock, as their lady was not come home. When at last she came in a terrible fright, and began making a thousand apologies, "My dear," said he very coolly, "you are under a mistake, it is but just ten,—your watch, I see, goes too fast, and so does mine: we must have the man to-morrow to set them to rights; meanwhile let us go to supper.

His example on another occasion might be worth following. Of all the Mede-and-Persian laws established in his house, the most peremptory was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged, no pardon granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old footman who had

TO LADY M. W MONTAGU.

MADAM,— My Lord Pembroke agrees with your ladyship, that it is a great surprize to him to know that you are the person that copied the inscription, but at the same time desires I will assure you that it is the most agreeable one he ever met with; and, if you will give him leave, with the utmost pleasure will wait on you this evening, betwixt six and seven o'clock; and though I know nothing of inscriptions, yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of going with him to the most agreeable conversation in the world; there being no one sensible to your ladyship's most obedient humble servant, M. PEMBROKE.

lived with him many years, would sometimes indulge in a pot of ale extraordinary, trusting to the wilful blindness which he saw assumed when convenient. One fatal day even this could not avail. As my lord crossed the hall, John appeared in full view; not rather tipsy, or a little disguised, but dead drunk and unable to stand. Lord P. went up to him, —"My poor fellow, what ails you? you seem dreadfully ill,—let me feel your pulse.—God bless us, he is in a raging fever,—get him to bed directly, and send for the apothecary." The apothecary came; not to be consulted, for his lordship was physician-general in his own family; but to obey orders,—to bleed the patient copiously, clap a huge blister on his back, and give him a powerful dose of physic. After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan, as the severest illness could have left him,—"Hah, honest John," cried his master, "I am truly glad to see thee alive; you have had a wonderful escape though, and ought to be thankful—very thankful indeed. Why, man, if I had not passed by and spied the condition you were in, you would have been dead before now. But John! John!" (lifting up his finger) "NO MORE OF THESE FEVERS."

LETTERS

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR,

AT PARIS.

[No date.]

I AM heartily sorry, de ithout any affectation, for any uneasiness that you s e cause be what it will, and I wish it was in my] you some more essential mark of it than mere pit ıot so fortunate; and 'till a fit occasion of disposi superfluous diamonds, I shall remain in this sinf wn; and all that remains for me to do, to show my t least to divert you, is to send you faithful accounts or what passes among your acquaintance in this part of the world. My Lord Clare attracts the eyes of all the ladies, and gains all the hearts of those who have no other way of disposing of them but through their eyes. I have dined with him twice, and had he been dumb, I believe I should have been in the number of his admirers; but he lessened his beauty every time he spoke, 't ill he left himself as few charms as Mr. Vane; though I confess his outside very like Mrs. Duncombe, but that the lovely lines are softer there, with wit and spirit, and improved by learning.

The Duke of Wharton has brought his Duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his.(1) He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner. For my own part I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears of the future.

(1) This passage does not help us to fix the date of this letter, unless we suppose it to have been written very early after his first marriage, in the year 1716. His second wife, as it appears by the account in Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary, did not come to England 'till after his death. His first wife died 1726.

Twickenham, 1720.

I HAVE had no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I writ to you a month ago; however, I shall continue letting you know (*de temps en temps*) what passes in this corner of the world 'till you tell me 't is disagreeable. I shall say little of the death of our great minister, because the papers say so much.(1) I suppose that the same faithful historians give you regular accounts of the growth and spreading of the inoculation for the small-pox, which is become almost a general practice, attended with great success. I pass my time in a small snug set of dear intimates, and go very little into the *grand monde*, which has always had my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet:

"Ah, friend, 't is true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away." (2)

My paper is done, and I beg you to send my lutestring of what colour you please.

(1) James Craggs, esq. secretary of state, died February 15, 1720 aged 35.

(2) In Pope's Works the last eight lines only are published as a fragment. After his quarrel with Lady M. W. M. he disingenuously suppressed the compliment conveyed in the preceding.

[No date.]

I WISH to see you, dear sister, more than ever I did in my life; a thousand things pass before my eyes that would afford me infinite pleasure in your conversation, and that are lost for want of such a friend to talk them over. Lechmere is to be Lord Hungerford; but the most considerable incident that has happened a good while, was the ardent affection that Mrs. Harvey and her dear spouse took to me. (1) They visited me twice or thrice a day, and were perpetually cooing in my rooms. I was complaisant a great while; but (as you know) my talent has never lain much that way, I grew at last so weary of those birds of Paradise, I fled to Twick'nam, as much to avoid their persecutions as for my own health, which is still in a declining way. I fancy the Bath would be a good remedy, but my affairs lie so oddly I cannot easily resolve upon it. If you please, dear sister, to buy twenty yards of the lutestring I have bespoke (black), and send it by the first opportunity; I suppose you know we are in mourning for Lady Pierrepont. Lady Loudown and Lady Stair are in my neighbourhood. The first of those ladies is on the brink of Scotland for life. She does not care; to say truth, I see no very lively reasons why she should.

I am affectionately yours.

Twickenham, 1721.

DEAR SISTER, — My eyes are very bad to-day, from having been such a beast to sit up late last night; however, I will write to enquire after your health, though at the expence of my own. I forgot whether I told you Lord Dorchester (2) and our sister Caroline have been inoculated, and are perfectly well after it. I saw her grace the Duchess of Kingston yesterday, who told me that she heard from you last post and that you have been ill, but are recovered. My father is going to the Bath, Sir William Wyndham is dying of a fistula, Lady Darlington (3) Lady Mohun(4) are packing up for the next world, and the rest

(1) John, afterwards, Lord Hervey, and Mary Lepell. Mr. Hervey married Miss Lepell in October 1720.

(2) Afterward the late Duke of Kingston.

(3) Countess Platen, one of the German favourites of George I., created by him Countess of Darlington; Lady Howe, her daughter by the King, decorously called her niece, was lady of the bedchamber to Augusta, Princess of Wales; and the Prince used constantly to call her *aunt*. The three successive Lords Howe, whose names will remain in history, were the sons of this Lady Howe.

(4) Widow of the Lord Mohun who was killed in the famous duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

of our acquaintance playing the fool in this *à l'ordinaire*. Among the rest a very odd whim has entered the little head of Mrs. Murray; (1) do you know that she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart, and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again. I answered (which was true) that I utterly defied her to have any one single proof of my making it, without being able to get any thing from her, but repetitions that she knew it. I cannot suppose that any thing you have said should occasion this rupture, and the reputation of a quarrel is always so ridiculous on both sides, that you would oblige me in mentioning it to her, for 'tis now at that pretty pass, she won't curtesy to me wherever she meets me, which is superlatively silly (if she really knew it), after a suspension of resentment for two years together. To turn the discourse on something more amusing, we had a masquerade last night, where I did not fail to trifle away a few hours agreeably enough, and fell into company with a quite new man, that has a great deal of wit, joined to a diabolical person: 't is my Lord I——e, (2) whom 't is impossible to love, and impossible not to be entertained with; that species are the most innocent part of the creation, *et ne laisse pas de faire plaisir*. I wish all mankind were of that class.——Dear sister, I would give the world to converse with you; *mais, hélas!* the sea is between us.

Twickenham, 1721. (3)

I HAVE already writ you so many letters, dear sister, that if I thought you had silently received them all, I don't know whether I should trouble you with any more; but I flatter myself, that they have most of them miscarried: I had rather have my labours lost, than accuse you of unkindness. I send this by Lady Lansdown, (4) who I hope will have no curiosity to

(1) Griselda Baillie, married in 1710 to Mr. Murray of Stanhope.

(2) Irwin.

(3) The date affixed to this letter is probably incorrect; as, among the Suffolk letters there is one from Lady Lansdowne to Mrs. Howard, dated Paris, Oct. 9, 1720, and the very next letter in this collection, dated likewise 1721, speaks of Lady Lansdowne as in London. None of Lady Mary Wortley's letters to Lady Mar have any date affixed by herself.

(4) Mary, daughter of the first Earl of Jersey; widow of Mr. Thynne (her son by whom, became Lord Weymouth); and married secondly to

open my letter, since she will find in it, that I never saw any thing so miserably altered in my life: I really did not know her:—

> So must the fairest face appear,
> When youth and years are flown;
> So sinks the pride of the parterre,
> When something over-blown.

My daughter makes such a noise in the room, 'tis impossible to go on in this heroic style. I hope yours is in great bloom of beauty. I fancy to myself we have the pleasure of seeing them co-toasts of the nex don't at all doubt but they will outshine all the little f this, for there never was such a parcel of ugly girls t present. In recompense, they are very kin ry merciful, and content in this dearth of cha st stuff in the world. This you 'd believe, had ell you the tender loves of Lady Romney (1) and ael; (2) they are so fond, it does one's heart good n. There are some other pieces of scandal not une ng, particularly the Earl of S———r (3) and Lady M. H———d, (4) who, being your acquaintance, I thought would be some comfort to you. The town improves daily, all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given 'em.

The race of Roxbourghs, Thanets, and Suffolks, (5) are utterly extinct; and every thing appears with that edifying plain dealing, that I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "there is no sin in Israel."

I have already thanked you for my night-gown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for. M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1721.

I CANNOT help being very sorry, for your sake, to hear that you persist in your design of retiring; though, as to my own part, I have no view of conversing with you where you now are,

George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (the poet), one of Queen Anne's twelve peers. Their unmarried daughter, called Mrs. Betty Granville, was still living in 1789, and (it is believed) was the last Granville of the male line.

(1) Lady Romney was Elizabeth, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir Cloudesly Shovel.

(2) Lord Carmichael, the eldest son of Lord Hyndford.

(3) Stair. (4) Howard.

(5) Roxburghs, Thanets, and Suffolks—elderly ladies distinguished for prudery and stateliness. The Roxana of Lady M. Wortley's Town-Eclogue was meant for the Duchess of Roxburgh.

and ninety leagues are but a small addition to the distance between us. London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough (1) has entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited: we continue to see one another like two people who are resolved to hate with civility. Sophia is going to Aix-la-Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. I dare swear she 'll endeavour to get acquainted with you. We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to Heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Lady Lansdown is in that sort of figure here, nobody cares to appear with her. Madame Villette has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is grown the aversion; she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious Lord Bathurst, (2) with whom I have been well and ill ten times within two months: we now hardly speak to one another.—I wish you would lay out part of my money in a made-up mantua and petticoat of Rat de St. Martin. It will be no trouble to you to send a thing of that nature by the first travelling lady. I give you many thanks for the good offices you promise me with regard to Mrs. Murray, and I shall think myself sincerely obliged to you, as I already am on many accounts. 'Tis very disagreeable in her to go about behaving and talking as she does, and very silly into the bargain.

I am ever affectionately yours, M. W. M.

1722.

DEAR SISTER,—I am surprized at your silence, which has been very long, and I am sure it is very tedious to me. I have writ three times; one of my letters I know you received long since, for Charles Churchill told me so at the Opera. At this instant I am at Twickenham; Mr. Wortley has purchased the small habitation where you saw me. We propose to make some small alterations. That and the education of my daughter

(1) Henrietta, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, inherited his title; she was married to Lord Godolphin.

(2) Allen, Lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety-one; having enjoyed health, genius, and prosperity, in a very singular degree.

are my [illegible] nusements. I hope yours is well, *et ne fait que croitre* [illegible] *llir*. I beg you would let me hear soon from you; and par [illegible] icularly if the approaching coronation at Paris raises th [illegible] e of diamonds. I have some to sell, and cannot dispose [illegible] .n here. I am afraid you have quite forgot my plain lutestring, which I am in great want of; and I can hardly think you miss of opportunities to send it. At this dead season 'tis impossible to entertain you with news; and yet more impossible (with my dulness) to entertain you without it. The kindest thing I can do is t[illegible] letter to a speedy conclusion. I wish I had so [illegible] way of showing you how sincerely I am yours. I a[illegible] ver will slip any occasion of convincing you of it.

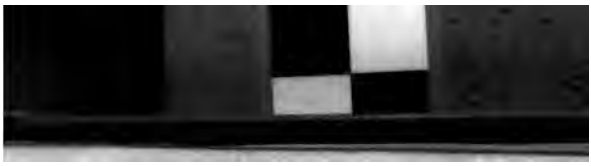
To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER,— [illegible] and thanks for the trouble you have given you [illegible] will continue to take some care of my affairs, beca [illegible] ear they are finished, and I cannot yet get rid of my fears. You have not told me that you have received what I sent you by Lady Lansdown, as also three guineas that she took for you; one of which I beg you to lay out in the same narrow minunet which you sent Mrs. Murray; and send it me by the next opportunity, for the use of my daughter, who is very much your humble servant and grows a little woman. I suppose you know our sister Gower has lain-in in the country of a son. The Duchess of Kingston is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, which wants very little of being such as I would have it. Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, (1) which I am sorry for;—to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced—but where are people matched! —I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

Twickenham, 1723.

I DO verily believe, my dear sister, that this is the twelfth if not the thirteenth letter I have written since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. It is an uncomfortable thing to have precious time spent, and one's wit neglected in this manner. Sometimes I think you are fallen into that utter indifference for all

(1) This marriage took place July 3, 1723. Lady Jane Wharton was sister to Philip Duke of Wharton.



things on this side the water, that you have no more curiosity for the affairs of London than for those of Pekin; and if that be the case, 't is downright impertinence to trouble you with news. But I cannot cast off the affectionate concern I have for you, and consequently must put you in mind of me whenever I have any opportunity. The bearer of this epistle is our cousin, (1) — and a consummate puppy, as you will perceive at first sight; his shoulder-knot last birth-day made many a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made Miss Howard the happiest of her highness's honourable virgins; (2) besides the glory of thrusting the Earl of Deloraine from the post he held in her affections. But his relations are so ill bred as to be quite insensible of the honour arising from this conquest, and fearing that so much gallantry may conclude in captivity for life, pack him off to you, where 't is to be hoped there is no such killing fair as Miss Howard. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H——ss (3) is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M——, (4) and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in her accepting of Lord Peterbo-

(1) This cousin probably was Lord Fielding.

(2) Miss Howard was daughter of Colonel Philip Howard, and was married, in 1726, to Henry Scott Earl of Deloraine, third son of James Duke of Monmouth.

(3) Holdernesse.

(4) Mildmay.—Benjamin Mildmay, Esq., brother of Chales Mildmay Lord Fitzwalter, (and afterwards Lord Fitzwalter,) was married to Lady Frederica Schomberg, eldest daughter of Meynhart Duke of Schomberg, and widow of Robert Darcy Earl of Holdernesse, 18 June, 1724.—*Historical Register.*

rough (1) for a champion, who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, (2) as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on account, besides half the house of peers being put arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides th own in triumph in the shining berlin of her hero, n the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a-month, which allows her.

In general, gallantry n so elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very ows (the Duke of Wharton being president and ch... ...ctor) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry, who call themselves *Schemers*; and meet regularly three times a-week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness. I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do honour to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the schemers within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women can wish. 'T is true they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning. M. W. M.

The enclosed, as you will very well perceive, was writ to be sent by Mr. Vane, but he was posted off a day sooner than I expected, and it was left upon my hands; since which time the schemers got hold of it amongst them, and I had much ado to get it from them. I have also had a delightful letter from you, to let me know you are coming over; and I am advised not to write; but you having not named the time (which is expected with the utmost impatience by me and many more,) I am determined to send my epistle; but trouble you with no further

(1) He married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson in 1735, and died at Lisbon in the same year, aged seventy-seven.

(2) The celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Stanhope 1713—Lord Chesterfield 1726.

account, though you will find here a thousand new, and consequently amusing, scenes.

> Among our acquaintance things strangely are carry'd—
> Lord Tenham is shot, (1) Mrs. Strickland is marry'd,

and —— with child and her husband is dying.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. CALTHORPE. (2)

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves, and knocking down windmills, more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. But I own at present I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady Holdernesse that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. You know, I suppose, that by this discreet match she renounces the care of her children, and I am laughed at by all my acquaintance for my faith in her honour and understanding. My only refuge is the sincere hope that she is out of her senses; and taking herself for the Queen of Sheba, and Mr. Mildmay for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous. But the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable; and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but not having it in their power. The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion ought to make the few reasonable men valued,—but where are the reasonable ladies?—Dear madam, come to town that I may have the honour of saying there is one in St. James's Place.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 17—.

I was very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder

(1) Henry Roper Lord Teynham shot himself at his house in the Haymarket, 16th May 1723.

(2) This letter was inserted by Mr. Dallaway among those addressed to Mrs. Wortley; but Mrs. Wortley was dead before Lady Mary's marriage,—and the original letter is directed as above. Who Mrs. Calthorpe was, is not known to this Editor; but the letter is inserted in this place because it refers to the marriage of Lady Holdernesse to Mr. Mildmay; which took place in 1724.

with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of Champaigne at night in good company; and s regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wh an be prescribed, and may save one a world o nd more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. enham last night, and, after so long a stay in t y to find myself in my garden; our neighbo hing improved by the removal of some o arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst v ddleton and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, ances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmor we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad, (1) which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours.

M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1723.

DEAR SISTER, – I sent you a long letter by the Duchess of Montague; though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and there is some sort of pleasure in showing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you please to send my night-gown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for Madame Cantillon, it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbour of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is really very pretty and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her; so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children, and is big with child herself; the

(1) Published in Swift's Works.

operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know Lady Mary Sanderson; she is making over her discreet person and 1500*l.* a-year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble Earl of Pembroke, aged 73. (1) M. W. M.

[No date.]

I HAVE writ to you at least five-and-forty letters, dear sister, without receiving any answer, and resolved not to confide in post-house fidelity any more; being firmly persuaded that they never came to your hands, or you would not refuse one line to let me know how you do, which is and ever will be of great importance to me. The freshest news in town is the fatal accident happened three nights ago to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury. In a jealous pique she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately, but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since staid by his bed-side 'till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and perhaps will honour you with her residence at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. I send you along with this letter the Count of Caylus, who if you do not know already you will thank me for introducing to you; he is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring that I asked for, I beg you would lay out my money in a night-gown ready made, there can be no difficulty in sending that by the first person that comes over; I shall like it the better for your having worn it one day, and then it may be answered for that it is not new. If this is also impossible, pray return me my money, deducting for the minunet which I have received.

Twickenham, 1722.

DEAR SISTER,—I have writ you so many letters which you say you have not received, that I suppose you won't receive this;

(1) This marriage never took place.

however, I will acquit myself to my own conscience as a good Christian ought to do. I am sure I can never be really wanting in any expression of affection to you, to whom I can never forget what I owe in many respects. Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs. Murray is still at Castle-Howard: I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. You[illegible] Mrs. Johnston is returned into our neighbourhoo[illegible]o me to carry her to Richmond-court to-morrow[illegible]ed to be excused: she is still in sad pickle. I think[illegible]adame Harvey are at Lord Bristol's. *A propos* o[illegible]: the Countess is come out a new creature; she l[illegible] dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is gro[illegible]ooming, coquet, and gallant; and, to show she is f[illegible]f the errors of her past life, and resolved to make [illegible]nisspent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally [illegible] talked of for the gentle Colonel Cotton and the superfine Mr. Braddocks. Now I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor Lady G—— (1) is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle. She had a mind to take the air this spring in a new yacht (which Lord Hillsborough (2) built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain): she went in company with his Lordship, Fabrice, Mr. Cook, Lady Litchfield, (3) and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the buoy of the Nore; when to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady G——, in all the concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blameable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to Lord G——; (4) concluding that Mr. Cook presents his humble ser-

(1) Gage,—Benedicta Maria, daughter and sole heir of Benedict Hall, of High Meadow in the county of Gloucester, Esq.

(2) Lord Hillsborough, father of the Lord Hillsborough who was Secretary of State under George the Third, and ancestor to the Marquis of Downshire, had the fame both in England and Ireland of being the wildest and most scandalous libertine of the age.

(3) Frances, daughter of Sir John Hales, of Wood-church, Kent.

(4) Thomas, first Lord Gage.

vice to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) "*Lady Margaret was in town :*" (1) but his lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter straight to the King's Majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet; though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for—the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his Majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him, but if he was, neither King, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation, and here is all the scandal that is uppermost in my head. I should be glad to contribute any way to your entertainment, and am very sorry to stand in so much need of it. I am ever yours. M. W. M.

I wish you would think of my lutestring, for I am in terrible want of linings.

Cavendish-square, 1723.

DEAR SISTER, — I have written to you twice since I received yours in answer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none of what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ever will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons that you may easily guess. I wish you would give me a safer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opportunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I have a mind to write to my dear sister. If you have not heard of the Duchess of Montague's intended journey, you will be surprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it by one of her servants: she does not design to see any body nor any thing at Paris, and talks of going from Montpellier to Italy, I have a tender esteem for her, and am heartily concerned to lose her conversation, yet I cannot condemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Louther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of that I never

(1) Lady Margaret Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, was married to Thomas Coke of Norfolk, Esq. July 2, 1718.

saw it.(1) *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dearly beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female child. Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (Lady J. Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a Yorkshire Mr. Monkton of 3000*l.* per annum: it is a match of the young Duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquet beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. P——(2) condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. P——(3) has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great

(1) Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that "there was one as begged to speak to her,"—"What is his name?"—"Don't know."—"What sort of person? a gentleman?"—"Can't say rightly."—"Go and ask him his business."—The fellow returned grinning. "Why, madam, he says as how—he says he is—"—"Well, what does he say, fool?"—"He says he is one as dies for your ladyship."—"Dies for me!" exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman,—"was there ever such a piece of insolence? Turn him out of my house this minute. And hark ye, shut the door in his face." The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover driven to explain himself proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns.

(2) Poultney.

(3) Daniel Poulteney Esq. married to Mrs, Titchbourne, sister to the Countess of Sunderland, 14th December 1717.

grievance and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise lawgivers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year for the plague with great success.

Dear sister, adieu. I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my night-gown may do the same:—I only choose that as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colours, designing it for linings; but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *à-la-mode*.

1723.

DEAR SISTER,—I am now so far recovered from the dangerous illness which I had when I received your letter, that I hope I may think of being once more a woman of this world. But I know not how to convey this letter to you. I intend to send it Mrs. Murray. I have a great many reasons to believe the present direction you have given me a very bad one; especially since you say that you have never received one of the number of letters that I really have sent you. I suppose the public prints (if nobody else) have informed you of the sudden death of poor Lady Dowager Gower, (1) which has made a large addition to Lord Gower's fortune, and utterly ruined Mrs. Proby's, (2) who is now in very deplorable circumstances. I see Mrs. Murray so seldom I can give little account of her, but I suppose her house is the same place it used to be. Operas flourish more than ever, and I have been in a tract of going every time. The people I live most with are none of your acquaintance; the Duchess of Montague excepted, whom I continue to see often. Her daughter Belle is at this instant in the paradisal state of receiving visits every day from a passionate lover, who is her first love; whom she thinks the finest gentleman in Europe, and is, besides that, Duke of Manchester. (3) Her mamma and I often laugh and sigh, reflecting on her felicity, the consummation of which will be in a fortnight. In the mean time they are permitted to be alone together every day. These are lawful matters that one may talk of; letters are so surely

(1) Lady Gower, relict of John Leveson Gower, the first Peer, Baron Gower of Sittenham, died 8th March 1723.

(2) Mrs. Proby was the wife of John Proby of Elton Hall, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq., and sister of John Leveson Gower, Lord Gower—the first Earl. Her son, John Proby, was the first Lord Carysfort.

(3) William Montague, Duke of Manchester, married to the Lady Isabella Montague, eldest daughter of John Duke of Montague, April 16, 1723.

opened, I dare say nothing to you either of our intrigues or duels, both which would afford great matter of mirth and speculation. Adieu, dear sister. Pray don't forget the night-gown, and let it be what you please.

Twickenham, 1723.

I am very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will revive your spirits; I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness. I was last night at the play *en famille*, in the most literal sense; my sister Gower dragged me thither in company of all our children, with Lady F. Pierrepont at their head. My third niece Leveson, Jenny by name. (1) will come out an errant beauty; she is really like the Duchess of Queensborough.

As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, (2) and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a house-wife as to line her wedding-clothes with black. Assemblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street in town free from them and some spirited ladies go to seven in a night. You need not question but love and play flourish under these encouragements: I now and then peep upon these things with the same coolness I would do on a moving picture; I laugh at some of the motions, wonder at others, etc., and then retire to the elected few, that have ears and hear, but mouths have they and speak not. One of these chosen to my great sorrow, will soon be at Paris; I mean Lady Stafford, who talks of removing next April: she promises to return, but I had rather she did not go.

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1723.

I AM heartily sorry to have the pleasure of hearing from you lessened by your complaints of uneasiness, which I wish with all my soul I was capable of relieving, either by my letters or any other way. My life passes in a kind of indolence which is now and then awakened by agreeable moments; but pleasures are transitory, and the ground-work of every thing in England stupidity, which is certainly owing to the coldness of this vile climate. I envy you the serene air of Paris, as well as many

(1) The Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, who died unmarried in May 1737.
(2) Hon. Margaret Pelham, married to Sir John Shelley, Bart. of Michel Grove, in Sussex, and died in 1758.

other conveniences there: what between the things one cannot do, and the things one must not do, the time but dully lingers on, though I make as good a shift as many of my neighbours. To my great grief, some of my best friends have been extremely ill; and, in general, death and sickness have never been more frequent than now. You may imagine poor gallantry droops; and, except in the elysian shades of Richmond, there is no such thing as love or pleasure. It is said there is a fair lady retired for having taken too much of it: for my part they are not at all cooked to my taste; and I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least vivacity, will not go down with me who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had: I intend, however, to shine and be fine on the birth-night, and review the figures there. My poor friend the young Duchess of Marlborough, (1) I am afraid, has exposed herself to a most violent ridicule; she is as much embarrassed with the loss of her big belly, and as much ashamed of it, as ever a dairy maid was with the getting one.

I desire you would say something very pretty to your daughter in my name; notwithstanding the great gulph that is at present between us, I hope to wait on her to an opera one time or other. I suppose you know our uncle Fielding (2) is dead. I regret him prodigiously. M. W. M.

Oct. 31, 1723.

I WRITE to you at this time piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you: at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you 'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this

(1) Henrietta, eldest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough, married to Francis Earl of Godolphin, and upon the death of her father in 1722, succeeded to his honours; she was the particular friend of Congreve, who bequeathed her 10,000*l*.

(2) William Fielding, Esq. second son of W. Earl of Denbigh, Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Deputy Comptroller of the Household, died in September 1723.

epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute, there is a bill cooping-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk, (1) to have not taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young (2) seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Doddington (3) very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely "*revenue du bagatelle,*" and honour, virtue, reputation, etc. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To speak plainly I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss ——, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to

(1) Houghton; Mr. (afterward Sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime-minister. (2) Sir William Young.

(3) George Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published,

ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings, in Great Britain. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1724.

DEAR SISTER,—I cannot positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town improves in gaiety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more; nobody pretends to winch or kick under their burthens. but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition. so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry; I thank you for your silence on that subject; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the small-pox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tenderness contracted in my infancy; and I think of any past play-fellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favourites. After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 't is but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in ill humour. I have so good an opinion of your taste, to believe Harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the Earl of S——'s (1) furious passion for Lady Walpole (2) (aged fourteen and some months). Mrs. M——(3) undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great ingredient you 'll say); but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law. His lordship is gone to Scotland; and if there was any body wicked

(1) Stairs.

(2) Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, Esq. of Haynton, co. Devon, married to Robert Lord Walpole, March 26, 1724. (3) Murray

enough to write upon it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub-street. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I THINK this is the first time of my life that a letter of yours has lain by me two posts unanswered. You 'll wonder to hear that short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; but I pass many hours on horseback, and I 'll assure you, ride stag hunting, which I know you 'll stare to hear o[illegible]ed to vast courage and skill that way, and am as [illegible]h it as with the acquisition of a new sense: his [illegible]s hunts in Richmond Park, and I make one of the [illegible]n his train. I desire you after this accou[illegible]vord old woman to me any more: I approa[illegible] than I did ten years ago, and am in hopes [illegible]ear in health and vivacity. Lord Bolingbroke [illegible]England, and is to do the honours at an asse[illegible]rkley's the ensuing winter. But the most surp[illegible]Lord B——t's (1) assiduous court to their Royal Highnesses, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. H——d (2) and his lordship have a friendship that borders upon "the tender;" and though in histories, learned ignorance attributes all to cunning or to chance,

> Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
> Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.

I am in hopes your King of France behaves better than our Duke of B———d; (3) who, by the care of a pious mother, certainly preserved his virginity to his marriage-bed, where he was so much disappointed in his fair bride, who (though his own inclinations) (4) could not bestow on him those expressless raptures he had figured to himself, that he already pukes at the very name of her, and determines to let his estate go to his brother, rather than go through the filthy drudgery of getting an heir to it.

N.B. This is true history, and I think the most extraordinary has happened in this last age. This comes of living till sixteen without a competent knowledge either of practical or speculative anatomy, and literally thinking fine ladies composed of lilies and roses. *A propos* of the best red and white to be had for money; Lady Hervey is more delightful than ever, and such

(1) Bathurst's. (2) Howard.
(3) Bedford. (4) His own inclinations, *his own choice.*

a politician, that if people were not blind to merit, she would govern the nation. Mrs. Murray has got a new lover in the most accomplished Mr. Doddington—so far for the progress of love. That of wit has taken a very odd course, and is making the tour of Ireland, from whence we have packets of ballads, songs, petitions, panegyrics, etc.: so powerful is the influence of Lord Carteret's wit, and my lady's beauty, the Irish rhime that never rhimed before.

Adieu, dear sister, I take a sincere part in all that relates to you, and am ever yours. I beg, as the last favour, that you would make some small enquiry, and let me know the minute Lord Finch (1) is at Paris. M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1725.

I AM now at the same distance from London that you are from Paris, and could fall into solitary amusements with a good deal of taste; but I resist it, as a temptation of Satan, and rather turn my endeavours to make the world as agreeable to me as I can, which is the true philosophy; that of despising it is of no use but to hasten wrinkles. I ride a good deal, and have got a horse superior to any two-legged animal, he being without a fault. I work like an angel. I receive visits upon idle days, and I shade my life as I do my tent-stitch, that is, make as easy transitions as I can from business to pleasure; the one would be too flaring and gaudy without some dark shades of t'other; and if I worked altogether in the grave colours, you know 't would be quite dismal. Miss Skerret is in the house with me, and Lady Stafford has taken a lodging at Richmond: as their ages are different, and both agreeable in their kind, I laugh with the one, or reason with the other, as I happen to be in a gay or serious humour; and I manage my friends with such a strong yet with a gentle hand, that they are both willing to do whatever I have a mind to.

My daughter presents her duty to you, and service to Lady Frances, (2) who is growing to womanhood apace: I long to see her and you, and am not destitute of wandering designs to that purpose. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, for all that displeases you, and for this time admit of your excuses for silence; but I give

(1) Afterward Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, Comptroller of the household to George II.

(2) Who afterward was the wife of her cousin, John Erskine, Esq.

yo , *c'est pour la dernière fois:* to say truth, they do ery reasonable; whatever keeps one at home naturally inclines one to write, especially when you can give a friend so much pleasure as your letters always do to me. Miss Skerret (1) staid all the remainder of the summer with me, and we are now come to town, where variety of things happen every day. Sophia and I have an immortal quarrel; which, though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; wherein both the bride and bridegroom are intolerably mauled, especially the last, who is complimented with the hopes of cuckoldom, and forty other things equally obliging. Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner, as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to plague the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse. I know not how to clear myself of this vile imputation, without a train of consequences I have no mind to fall into. In the mean time Sophia enjoys the pleasure of heartily plaguing both me and that person.

Perhaps I may pass the Christmas holidays at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. The new opera is execrable. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

DEAR SISTER,—I am extremely sorry for your indisposition, and did not wait for a letter to write to you, but my Lord C——e (2) has been going every day this three weeks, and I intended to charge him with a pacquet. Nobody ever had such ineffectual charms as his lordship; beauty and money are equally ill bestowed, when a fool has the keeping of them; they are incapable of happiness, and every blessing turns useless in their hands. You advise a change of taste, which I confess I have no notion of; I may, with time, change my pursuit, for the same reason that I may feed upon butcher's meat when I am not able to purchase greater delicacies, but I am sure I shall never forget the flavour of *gibier*. In the mean time I divert myself passably enough, and take care to improve as much as possible that stock of vanity and credulity that Heaven in its mercy has furnished me with; being sensible that to those two qualities, simple as they appear, all the pleasures of life are owing. My sister Gower is in town, on the point of lying-in.

(1) Maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and afterward the second wife of Sir Robert Walpole. (2) Clare.

I see every body, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies;* in the first rank of these are Lady Stafford and dear Molly Skerret, both of which have now the additional merit of being old acquaintances, and never having given me any reason to complain of either of 'em. I pass some days with the Duchess of Montague, (1) who might be a reigning beauty if she pleased. I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be contented without any thing better, this two or three hundred years: but alas!

> Dullness, and wrinkles, and disease must come,
> And age and death's irevocable doom.

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I BELIEVE you have by this time, dear sister, received my letter from the hand of that thing my Lord Clare; however, I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and I believe not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson (2) is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever; we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides court, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 't is certainly possible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and eat half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter (3)

(1) Lady Mary Churchill, fourth and youngest daughter of John, Duke of Marlborough; she died in May 1757.

(2) Edward Thompson, Esq., of Marsden in the county of York, was married, 6th Feb. 1725, to Mrs. Arabella Dunch, daughter of Edward Dunch, of Wittenham in the county of Berks, Esq.—*Historical Register,*

(3) Honourable Evelyn Leveson Gower, who married John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory.

by the e of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened poor love Mr. Cook has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. Noel (1) is come out Lady Milsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquets about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as posssible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, you would be so good to send the other things w[illegible]e opportunity. I have another favour to ask, t[illegible]ld make my compliments to our English ambassad[illegible]a see him. I have a constancy in my nature that [illegible]e always remember my old friends.

M. W. M.

_____:

Twickenham, 1725.

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear sister; but ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. You may remember that I mentioned in my last, some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord Bat—, (2) which I really never mentioned, for fifty reasons, to any one whatever; but as there is very rarely smoke without some fire, there is never fire without some smoke. These smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics laid over them, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer, that if she served under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon which the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing, when one sees him next, and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies (for it is not possible to avoid that word) are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and

(1) This marriage took place 30th November 1724. Lord Milsington was eldest son of David Collier Earl of Portmore, She was the daughter of John Noel, of Walcote in the county of Northampton, Esquire. She survived Lord Milsington, and died in 1729. (2) Bathurst.

sober Lady L—re (1) has lost such furious sums at the Bath, that it may be questioned, whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my lord's blood, can make him endure it, particularly 700*l.* at one sitting, which is aggravated with many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me as my Lord T——m's (2) shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.

I hear some near relations of ours are at Paris, with whom I think you are not acquainted. I mean Lord Denbigh and his Dutch lady, (3) who, I am very certain, is the produce of some French valet de chambre. She is entertaining enough,

> ———extremely gay,
> Loves music, company, and play—

I suppose you will see her. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM very glad, dear sister, to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris:—to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me, at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you, there is little difference between them and old women. I have been *embourbé* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. Pierrepoint having 400*l.* per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education; and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire. The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair, are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to go to the capital; so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has al-

(1) Letchmere.—Lady Letchmere was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Howard Earl of Carlisle, and wife of Nicholas Letchmere, Lord Letchmere of Evesham; she afterwards married Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Rokeby Park, and died at Bath, April 10, 1739. (2) Tenham's.

(3) Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong of Utrecht, in Holland, and sister of the Marchioness of Blandford.

ready made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t' other day and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extreme handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her at a ball where I was two days before his death. She has a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu. Je suis "conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous."

DEAR SISTER,—I have received by Lady Lansdown a very pretty night-gown you sent me, and give you many thanks for it; but I should have thought it much more valuable if it had been accompanied with a letter. I can hardly persuade myself you have received all mine, and yet can never spare time from the pleasures of Paris to answer one of them. I am sorry to inform you of the death of our nephew, my sister Gower's son, of the small-pox. I think she has a great deal of reason to regret it, in consideration of the offer I made her, two years together, of taking the child home to my house, where I would have inoculated him with the same care and safety I did my own. I know nobody that has hitherto repented the operation; though it has been very troublesome to some fools, who had rather be sick by the doctor's prescriptions, than in health in rebellion to the college.

I am at present at Twickenham, which has become so fashionable, and the neighbourhood so much enlarged, 't is more like Tunbridge or the Bath than a country retreat. Adieu, dear sister. I shall write longer letters when I am sure you receive them; but it really takes off very much from the pleasure of the correspondence, when I have no assurance of their coming to your hands. Pray let me know if this does, and believe me ever affectionately yours.

Twickenham, Jan. 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—Having a few momentary spirits, I take pen in hand, though 't is impossible to have tenderness for you, without having the spleen upon reading your letter, which will, *I hope*, be received as a lawful excuse for the dulness of the

following lines; and I plead (as I believe I have on different occasions), that I should please you better if I loved you less My Lord Carleton (1) has left this transitory world, and disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between Lady C——n (2) and the Duchess of Q——y. (3) Jewels to a great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair Duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying as he had lived, indulging his pleasures. Your friend Lady A. Bateman (every body being acquainted with her affair) is grown discreet; and nobody talks of it now but his family, who are violently piqued at his refusing a great fortune. Lady Gainsborough (4) has stolen poor Lord Shaftesbury, *aged fourteen*, and chained him for life to her daughter, upon pretence of having been in love with her several years. But Lady Hervey (5) makes the top figure in town, and is so good as *to show* twice a-week at the drawing-room, and twice more at the opera, for the entertainment of the public. As for myself, having nothing to say, I say nothing. I insensibly dwindle into a spectatress, and lead a kind of—as it were.—I wish you here every day; and see, in the mean time, Lady Stafford and the Duchess of Montagu and Miss Skerret, and really speak to almost nobody else, though I walk about every where. Adieu, dear sister; if my letters could be any consolation to you, I should think my time best spent in writing.

When you buy the trifles that I desired of you, I fancy Mr. Walpole will be so good as to give you opportunity of sending them without trouble, if you make it your request and tell him they are for me. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—I writ to you some time ago a long letter, which I perceive never came to your hands: very provoking;

(1) Henry Boyle, fifth son of Richard Earl of Orrery, was Secretary of state to Queen Anne. Created Baron Carlton in 1714, and died in 1725.

(2) Clarendon. (3) Queensberry.

(4) Lady Gainsborough was Lady Dorothy Manners, second daughter of John first Duke of Rutland. Her daughter, Lady Susanna, was the first wife of Anthony fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. This marriage took place in 1725.

(5) Mary, daughter of Brigadier-general Nicholas Le Pel, formerly Maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and mistress of the robes to her when Queen Caroline. Married Oct. 25, 1720.

tainly a *chef-d'œuvre* of a letter, and worth any of the Sa ys or Grignans, crammed with news. And I can't find in my heart to say much in this, because I believe there is some fault in the direction: as soon as I hear you have received this, you shall have a full and true account of the affairs of this island; my own are in the utmost prosperity;

"Add but eternity, you make it heaven."

I shall come to Paris this summer without fail, and endeavour to put you out of your [illegible]

M. W. M.

March 7, O. S. 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—This [illegible] be in a very different style from that which I hop[e] [illegible] d last post. I have now to tell you the surprizing [illegible] father, and a great deal of surprizing management [illegible] le about him, which I leave informing you 'till anoth[er] [illegible] ing now under some hurry of spirits myself. I am [illegible] y sorry that I cannot send word of a considerable [illegible] r yourself. I suppose the trustees will, as soon as possible, send you a copy of the will. If you would have an abstract of it, Mr. Wortley will take care to get it for you. I am affectionately yours.

London, April 15, 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—I would have writ to you some time ago, but Lord Erskine told me that you had been ill. So my Lord Mar has not acquainted you with my poor father's death. To be sure, the shock must be very great to you whenever you heard it; as indeed it was to us all here, being so sudden. It is to no purpose now to relate particulars, but only renewing our grief. I can't forbear telling you the Duchess has behaved very oddly in endeavouring to get the guardianship of the young ke and his sister, contrary to her husband's will; but the hen he was fourteen, confirmed the trustees his grand- left; so that ends all disputes; and Lady Fanny (1) is ve with my aunt Cheyne (2). There is a vast number of things that has happened, and some people's behaviour so extraordinary in this melancholy business that it would be great

(1) Lady Frances, daughter of William Earl of Kingston, and sister to Evelyn the second Duke—m. s. p.; married, in May 1734, to Philip Meadows, Esq., youngest son of Sir Philip Meadows; by whom she had Charles the first Earl Manners. Lady Frances Meadows died in 1795.

(2) Lady Gertrude, sister to the first Duke of Kingston, married to William Cheyne, or Cheyney, Viscount Newhaven in the county of *Edinburgh*, and Lord Cheyney.

ease of mind if I could tell it you; but I must not *venture* to speak too freely in a letter. Pray let me hear from you soon, for I long to know how you do. I am but in an uneasy way myself; for I have been confined this fourteen-night to one floor, after my usual manner. I can send you no news, for I see very few people, and have hardly been any where since I came to town. Adieu.

1726.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, this minute, and am very sorry both for your past illness and affliction; though, *au bout du compte*, I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness. So much by way of consolation. As to the management at the time—I do verily believe, if my good aunt and sister had been less fools, and my dear mother-in-law less mercenary, things might have had a turn more to your advantage and mine too; when we meet, I will tell you many circumstances which would be tedious in a letter. I could not get my sister Gower to join to act with me, and mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father expired; she has shown a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to any body not capable of it themselves. The addition to her jointure is, one way or other, 2000*l.* per annum; so her good grace remains a passable rich widow, and is already presented by the town with variety of young husbands; but I believe her constitution is not good enough to let her amorous inclinations get the better of her covetous.

Mrs. Murray is in open wars with me in such a manner as makes her very ridiculous without doing me much harm; my moderation having a very bright pretence of showing itself. Firstly, she was pleased to attack me in very Billingsgate language at a masquerade, where she was as visible as ever she was in her own clothes. I had the temper not only to keep silence myself, but enjoined it to the person with me; who would have been very glad to have shown his great skill, in sousing upon that occasion. She endeavoured to sweeten him by very exorbitant praises of his person; which might even have been mistaken for making love from a woman of less celebrated virtue; and concluded her oration with pious warnings to him, to avoid the company of one so unworthy his regard as myself, who to her certain knowledge loved another man. This last article, I own, piqued me more than all her preceding civilities. The gentleman she addressed herself to had a very slight acquaintance with me, and might possibly go away in the opinion that she had been confidante in some very

notorious affair of mine. However, I made her no answer at the time, but you may imagine I laid up these things in my heart; and the first assembly I had the honour to meet her at, with a meek tone of voice, asked her how I had deserved so much abuse at her hands, which I assured her I would never return. She denied it in the spirit of lying; and in the spirit of folly owned it at length. I contented myself with telling her she was very ill advised, and thus we parted. But two days ago, when Sir G. K.'s (1) pictu[illegible] sold, she went to my sister Gower, and very civilly asl[illegible]e intended to bid for your picture; assuring her that [illegible]id, she would not offer at purchasing it. You know [illegible]d quadrille incapacitate that poor soul from ever b[illegible]hing; but she told me this circumstance; and I ex[illegible]me civility from Mrs. Murray, having no way provo[illegible] the contrary. But she not only came to the auction, [illegible]all possible spite bid up the picture, though I told [illegible]., f you pleased to have it, I would gladly part with i[illegible]u, though to no other person. This had no effect upon her, nor ner malice any more on me than the loss of ten guineas extraordinary, which I paid upon her account. The picture is in my possession, and at your service if you please to have it. She went to the masquerade a few nights afterwards, and had the good sense to tell people there that she was very unhappy in not meeting me, being come there on purpose to abuse me. What profit or pleasure she has in these ways I cannot find out. This I know, that revenge has so few joys for me, I shall never lose so much time as to undertake it.

1726.

ALL I had to say to you, was that my father expressed a great deal of kindness to me at last, and even a desire of talking with me, which my Lady Duchess would not permit; nor my aunt and sister show any thing but a servile complaisance to her. This is the abstract of what you desire to know, and is now quite useless. The Duke of Kingston has hitherto had so ill an education, 't is hard to make any judgment of him; he has his spirit, but I fear will never have his father's sense. As young noblemen go, 't is possible he may take a good figure amongst them. Wars and rumours of wars make all the conversation at present. The tumbling of the stocks, one other, influences most people's affairs. For my part concern there or any where, but hearty prayers tha.

(1) Sir Godfrey Kneller: he died in 1723.

lates to myself may ever be exactly as it is now. The mutability of sublunary things is the only melancholy reflection I have to make on my own account. I am in perfect health, and hear it said that I look better than ever I did in my life, which is one of those lies one is always glad to hear. However, in this dear minute, in this golden now, I am tenderly touched at your misfortunes, and can never call myself quite happy 'till you are so.

My daughter makes her compliments to yours, but has not yet received the letter Lord Erskine said he had for her.

Adieu, dearest sister.

1726.

Dear Sister,—I take this occasion of writing to you, though I have received no answer to my last; but 'tis always most agreeable to me to write when I have the conveniency of a private hand to convey my letter; though I have no dispositions to *politiquer*, but I have such a complication of things both in my head and heart that I do not very well know what I do, and if I can't settle my brains, your next news of me will be that I am locked up by my relations; in the mean time I lock myself up, and keep my distraction as private as possible. The most facetious part of the history is, that my distemper is of such a nature that I know not whether to laugh or cry at it; I am glad and sorry, and smiling and sad;—but this is too long an account of so whimsical a being. I give myself sometimes admirable advice, but I am incapable of taking it. Mr. Baily, you know, is dismissed the Treasury, and consoled with a pension of equal value. Your acquaintance, D. Rodrigue, has had a small accident befallen him. Mr. Annesley found him in bed with his wife, prosecuted, and brought a bill of divorce into Parliament. Those things grow more fashionable every day, and in a little while won't be at all scandalous. The best expedient for the public, and to prevent the expence of private families, would be a general act of divorcing all the people of England. You know those that pleased might marry again; and it would save the reputations of several ladies, that are now in peril of being exposed every day. I saw Horace the other day, who is a good creature; he returns soon to France, and I will engage him to take care of any packet that you design for me.

1727.

I HAD writ you a long letter, dear sister, and only wanted sealing it, when I was interrupted by a summons to my sister Gower's,(1) whom I never left since. She lasted from Friday to Tuesday, and died about eight o'clock, in such a manner as has made an impression on me not easily shaken off. We are now but two in the world, and it ought to endear us to one another. I am sure whatever I can serve my poor nieces and nephews in, shall not be [illegible] my part. I won't trouble you with melancholy ci[illegible]; you may easily imagine the affliction of Lord G[illegible] Lady Cheyne. I hope you will not let melancholy h[illegible]wn health, which is truly dear to your affectionate s[illegible]

[illegible]ndish-square, London, 1726.

I AM very sorry for y[illegible]th, dear sister, but hope it is so entirely past, that y[illegible] this time forgot it. I never was better in my life, nor ever pass[illegible] my hours more agreeably; I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually, and have little societies quite to my taste, and that is saying every thing. I leave the great world to girls that know no better, and do not think one bit the worse of myself for having out-lived a certain giddiness, which is sometimes excusable but never pleasing. Depend upon it, 't is only the spleen that gives you those ideas; ou may have many delightful days to come, and there is no-ing more silly than to be too wise to be happy:

> *If to be sad is to be wise,*
> *I do most heartily despise*
> *Whatever Socrates has said,*
> *Or Tully writ, or Montaigne read.*

So much for philosophy.—What do you say to Pelham's(2) marriage? There's flame! There's constancy! If I could not employ my time better, I would write the history of their loves, in twelve tomes: Lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor King of Assyria, she should be sometimes carried off by troop of Masques, and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio; but her honour should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress Mrs. Murray, till her happy

(1) Lady Gower died June 27, 1727.

(2) Henry Pelham, only brother to his grace the Duke of Newcastle, was married 17 Oct. 1726, to Lady Catherine, eldest daughter of John second Duke of Rutland, by Catherine second daughter of William Lord Russell, and sister to Wriothesly Duke of Bedford.



nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 't is a thousand pities I have not time for these vivacities. Here is a book come out,(1) that all our people of taste run mad about; 'tis no less than the united work of a dignified clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age;(2) and very wonderful it is, God knows!—great eloquence have they employed to prove themselves beasts, and show such a veneration for horses, that since the Essex quaker, nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species; and to say truth, they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it.

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

This is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside,—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment; I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born; and in submission to the divine justice I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came being with child, etc., and you see what comes of being with child.

(1) The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.
(2) Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope.

Though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck a spirit, and live upon cor[illegible]s when one can have no other nourishment. These are my pr[illegible]ent endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel,(1) who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed consequen[illegible]sappointments; you are not only hurt by the t[illegible]t it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your ver[illegible]nelancholy. *Quelle vie!!!*

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

I CANNOT deny, but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney.(2) She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her gray hairs which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 't is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this whith considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J—n(3) had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M— se (4) crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady P—and (5) (who is fallen away since her dismission from court)

(1) Her daughter, afterward Countess of Bute.

(2) Lady Orkney, whom Swift calls the wisest woman he ever knew, must have been pretty old at the time of George the Second's coronation, since, in spite of her ugliness, also commemorated by Swift, she was King William's declared mistress after the death of Queen Mary. Mrs. Villiers originally, she married Lord Orkney, one of the sons of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. (3) St. John. (4) Montrose.

(5) Portland, a Temple by birth, widow of Lord Berkely of Stratton, and secondly of Earl of Portland. She was his second wife, and had by

represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionatey yours. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

My Lady Stafford (1) set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first erecting of presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either; Lady Phil. Prat by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers. (2)

Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; this town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green

him two sons, who settled in Holland, and from whom descends the Dutch branch of the Bentincks. George I. appointed her governess of his grandchildren, when he took them away from their parents, upon coming to an open breach with his son. The Prince and Princess one day going to visit them, and the latter desiring to see her daughter; Lady Portland, with many expressions of respect, lamented that she could not permit it, having his Majesty's strict orders to the contrary. Upon this, the Prince flew into such a rage that he would literally and truly actually have kicked her out of the room, if the Princess had not thrown herself between them. Of course he made haste to dismiss her as soon as he came to the crown.

(1) Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont, (author of the celebrated Memoirs), and "La Belle Hamilton," eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, Bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, Earl of Stafford, at St. Germain-en-laye, 1691.

(1) Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, Dean of Downe.

withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you will exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter; she has brought with her from Paris cart-lo... ...iband, surprising fashion, and of a complexion of t... ...n, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools i... ...and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court and keeps a Sunday assembly to show she has learne... ...at cards on that day. Lady Frances Fielding(1) is reall... ...ettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to mal... ...eart ache to see her surrounded with such fools tions are. The man in England that gives the gre... ...e, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, wit... ...grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, ne is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.(2) If I was poetical I would tell you—

1.

The god of love, enraged to see
 The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
 And slight a nobler game;

2.

For the neglect of offers past
 And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
 That burns her at threescore.

3.

A polish'd wile is smoothly spread
 Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And glowing with an artful red,
 She ogles at the play.

(1) Youngest daughter of Basil fourth Earl of Denbigh; married to Daniel seventh Earl of Winchelsea; died Sept. 17, 1734.

(2) Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; remarried to Philip Southcote, Esq. Died in 1746.

5.

Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

4.

Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

This is all true history, though it is doggrel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned Lady D—— (1) and family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—"Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!"

M. W. M.

[No date.]

I AM always pleased to hear from you, dear sister, particularly when you tell me you are well. I believe you will find upon the whole my sense is right; that air, exercise, and company are the best medicines, and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and spoil constitutions. I was glad to hear Mr. Remond's history from you, though the newspapers had given it me *en gros*, and my Lady Stafford in detail, some time before. I will tell you in return as well as I can what happens amongst our acquaintance here. To begin with family affairs; the Duchess of Kingston grunts on as usual, and I fear will put us in black bombazine soon, which is a real grief to me. My aunt Cheyne makes all the money she can of Lady Frances, and I fear will carry on those politics to the last point, though the girl is such a fool 'tis no great matter; I am going within this half-hour to call her to court. Our poor cousins, the Fieldings, are grown yet poorer by the loss of all the money they had, which in their infinite wisdom they put into the hands of a roguish broker, who has fairly walked off with it.

The most diverting story about town at present is in relation to Edgcombe; though your not knowing the people concerned so well as I do will, I fear, hinder you from being so much entertained by it. I can't tell whether you know a tall, mu-

(1) Lady Grace Fitzroy, third daughter of Charles Duke of Cleveland; married in 1725, to Henry first Earl of Darlington.

sical, silly, ugly thing, niece to Lady Essex Roberts, who is called Miss Leigh. She went a few days ago to visit Mrs. Betty Titchborne, Lady Sunderland's sister, who lives in the house with her, and was denied at the door; but, with the true manners of a great fool, told the porter that if his lady was at home she was very positive she would be very glad to see her. Upon which she was showed up stairs to Miss Titchborne, who was ready to drop down at the sight of her, and could not help asking her in a grave way how she got in, being denied to every mortal, int[illegible] to pass the evening in devout preparation. Miss Lei[illegible] he had sent away her chair and servants, with intent[illegible] 'till nine o'clock. There was then no remedy, and su[illegible] asked to sit down; but had not been there a quarter o[illegible] r when she heard a violent rap at the door, and so[illegible] vehemently run up stairs. Miss Titchborne seemed [illegible] rised, and said she believed it was Mr. Edgcombe, a[illegible] ite amazed how he took it into his head to visit her. [illegible] these excuses enter Edgcombe, who appeared frighted at the sight of a third person. Miss Titchborne told him almost at his entrance that the lady he saw there was perfect mistress of music, and as he passionately loved it, she thought she could not oblige him more than by desiring her to play. Miss Leigh very willingly sat to the harpsichord; upon which her audience decamped to the adjoining room, and left her to play over three or four lessons to herself. They returned, and made what excuses they could, but said very frankly they had not heard her performance, and begged her to begin again; which she complied with, and gave them the opportunity of a second retirement. Miss Leigh was by this time all fire and flame to see her heavenly harmony thus slighted; and when they returned, told them she did not understand playing to an empty room. Mr. Edgcombe begged ten thousand pardons, and said, if she would play Godi, it was a tune he died to hear, and it would be an obligation he should never forget. She made answer she would do him a much greater favour by her absence, which she supposed was all that was necessary at that time; and ran down stairs in a great fury to publish as fast as she could; and was so indefatigable in this pious design that in four-and-twenty hours all the people in town had heard the story. My Lady Sunderland (1) could not avoid hearing this story, and three days af-

(1) The Earl of Sunderland married, December 5,1717, Mrs. Titchborn. Dec. 10, 1724, Sir Robert Sutton of Broughton, in the county of Lincoln, was married to the Countess, relict of Charles Spencer Earl of Sunderland. —*Historical Register.*



ter, invited Miss Leigh to dinner, where, in the presence of her sister and all the servants, she told her she was very sorry she had been so rudely treated in her house; that it was very true Mr. Edgcombe had been a perpetual companion of her sister's these two years, and she thought it high time he should explain himself, and she expected her sister should act in this matter as discreetly as Lady K. Pelham had done in the like case; who had given Mr. Pelham four months to resolve in, and after that he was either to marry her or to lose her for ever. Sir Robert Sutton interrupted her by saying, that he never doubted the honour of Mr. Edgcombe, and was persuaded he could have no ill design in his family. The affair stands thus, and Mr. Edgcombe has four months to provide himself elsewhere; during which time he has free egress and regress; and 'tis seriously the opinion of many that a wedding will in good earnest be brought about by this admirable conduct.

I send you a novel instead of a letter, but, as it is in your power to shorten it when you please, by reading no farther than you like, I will make no excuses for the length of it.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

You see, dear sister, that I answer your letters as soon as I receive them, and if mine can give you any consolation or amusement, you need never want 'em. I desire you would not continue grieving yourself. Of all sorrows, those we pay to the dead are most vain; and, as I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherishing. I suppose you have heard how good Lady Lansdowne has passed her time here, she has lived publicly with Lord Dunmore, famed for their loves. You'll wonder perhaps to hear Lord Gower is a topping courtier, and that there is not one Tory left in England. There is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will, in a humble way, return to my domestics. I hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of the greatest blessings of life. My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which in my conscience I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are

mo lly disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are lly thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *luguore* yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I seek it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years hence at the soonest), as a spectator I shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful in all ages in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for fication, and shall conclude my consolatory epistle ule that I have found very conducing to health of b. ind. As soon as you wake in the morning, lift up you nd consider seriously what will best divert you that our imagination being then refreshed by sleep, will cer ut in your mind some party of pleasure, which if you ca with prudence will disperse those melancholy vapours w are the foundation of all distempers. I am your affectionate sister, M. W. M.

1727.

My cousin is going to Paris, and I will not let her go without a letter for you, my dear sister, though I never was in a worse humour for writing. I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son; who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where; and hitherto 'tis impossible to find him. You may judge of my uneasiness by what your own would be if dear Lady Fanny was lost. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much; I can hardly speak or write of it with tolerable temper, and I own it has changed mine to that degree I have a mind to cross the water, to try what effect a new heaven and a new earth will have upon my spirit. If I take this resolution, you shall hear in a few posts. There can be no situation in life in which the conversation of my dear sister will not administer some comfort to me.

1739.

It is very true, dear sister, that if I writ to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afford me much matter, give me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Letchmere (1) is

(1) The death of Lady Letchmere ascertains the date of this letter



too extraordinary not (*to*) attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence. All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace, and being reconciled to the temporal has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey by aiming too high has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland has married an attorney,—there's prudence for you!

LETTERS

TO LADY POMFRET.

I HOPE, dear madam, y[illegible]t least some amusement in your travels, and though I [illegible]not wish you to forget those friends in England, who wi[illegible]ever forget you, yet I should be pleased to hear you were so far entertained as to take off all anxiety from your mind. I know you are capable of many pleasures that the herd of mankind are insensible of; and wherever you go I do not doubt you will find some people, that will know how to taste the happiness of your conversation. We are as much blinded in England by politics and views of interest, as we are by mists and fogs, and 't is necessary to have a very uncommon constitution not to be tainted with the distemper of our climate, I confess myself very much infected with the epidemical dulness; yet as 't is natural to excuse one's own faults as much as possible, I am apt to flatter myself that my stupidity is rather accidental than real; at least I am sure that I want no vivacity when I think of my Lady Pomfret, and that it is with the warmest inclination as well as the highest esteem that I am ever affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

July 26, O. S. 1738.

Here is no alteration since you left us except in the weather, and I would not entertain you with the journal of the thermometer. I hope to hear soon from you.

1738.

I AM afraid so quick a return of thanks will frighten your ladyship from a continuance of this correspondence, but I cannot help gratifying myself in saying something, yet I dare not say half I think of your delightful letter; though nobody but myself could read it and call any thing complimental that could be said of it.

'T is as impossible to send an equivalent out of this stupid town as it would be to return a present of the fruits of Provence out of Lapland. We have no news, no trade, no sun, and even our fools are all gone to play at Tunbridge; and those that remain are only miserable invalids, who talk of no-

thing but infirmities and remedies; as ladies who are on the point of encreasing the world, who speak of only nurses and midwives. I do not believe either Cervantes or Rabelais would be able to raise one moment's mirth from such subjects; and I acquit myself of writing stupidly from this place; as I should do Mr. Chloe (1) if he was condemned to furnish an entertainment out of rotten turnips and artichokes run to seed.

I was in this part of my letter when young Vaillant arrived at my door, with a very pretty box in the name of Lady Pomfret: there needed nothing to keep up my regard for you; yet I am deeply touched at every mark of your attention. I believe he thought me very unreasonable, for I insisted on it that he had also a letter. Let me entreat to hear often from you. If I had the utmost indifference for you, I should think your letters the greatest pleasure of my life; and if you deputed Lady Vane to write for you, I could find a joy in reading her nonsense, if it informed me of your health. Judge then how important it is to me to hear from you, and with what sincere attachment I am ever yours.

I suppose your ladyship knows your friend Mr. West is in the happy state of honeymoon.

1738.

I BEGIN to think you are grown weary of so dull a correspondent. 'Tis a long time since I sent my last letter, which was full of acknowledgments for your obliging token and entertaining letter. I am impatient to hear how you like the place you are settled in, for settled I am told you are, though I was not informed exactly where, only that it is not far from Paris; which I am very glad of, being persuaded you will find it much more pleasant, and every way as inconvenient as any of those distant provinces you talked of. I suppose it is no news to you that Lady Betty Finch (2) is married to Mr. Murray. People are divided in their opinions, as they commonly are, on the prudence of her choice. I am among those who think, *tout bien compté*, she has happily disposed of her person. Lord Townshend (3)

(1) Chloë appears to have been a celebrated cook in those days perhaps Lady Pomfret's. See p. 414.

(2) Lady Betty Finch, daughter of Daniel Earl of Nottingham (the Dismal of Swift). It is very amusing to find that her marriage was thought an imprudent one, considering how naturally we connect the idea of every kind of eminence—talents, wisdom, wealth, and dignity,—with the name of Lord Mansfield; the Mr. Murray here spoken of. But if Love is rash and blind, Prudence can sometimes be short-sighted.

(3) Lord Townshend and his lady.—Charles, third Viscount Towns-

is spitting up his lungs at the Gravel-pits, and his charming lady diverting herself with daily rambles in town. She has made a new friendship which is very delightful; I mean with Madame Pulteney, and they hunt in couples from tea-drinking 'till midnight.

I won't trouble you with politics, though the vicissitudes and conjectures are various. Lady Sundon (1) drags on a miserable life; it is now said she has a cancerous humour in her throat; which, if true, is so dismal a prospect, as would force compassion from her greatest enemies. I moralize in my own dressing-room on the events I behold, and pity those who are more concerned in them than myself; but I think of dear Lady Pomfret in a very different manner than I do of princes and potentates, and am warmly interested in every thing that regards her. Let me beg then to hear soon from you; and, if you will honour me so far, let me have a particular account how you pass your time. You can have no pleasure in which I shall not share, nor no uneasiness in which I shall not suffer; but I hope there is no reason to apprehend any; and that you are now in the perfect enjoyment of uninterrupted tranquillity, and have already forgot all the fogs and spleen of England. However, remember your less happy friends that feel the pain of your absence; and always number amongst them,

Your faithful, etc., etc.

1738.

YESTERDAY was very fortunate to me; it brought two of your ladyship's letters. I will not speak my thoughts of them, but must insist once for all that you lay aside all those phrases of *tiring me, ashamed of your dulness*, etc., etc. I can't help when I read them either doubting your sincerity, or fearing you have a worse opinion of my judgment than I desire you should have. Spare me those disagreeable reflections; and be assured, if I hated you, I should read your letters with pleasure; and that I love you enough to be charmed with hearing from you, though you knew not how to spell.

hend, son of George the First's minister, married Audrey, or, as she chose to call herself, *Ethelreda* Harrison,—the Lady Townshend whose wit and gallantries made so much noise during a great part of the last century;—the supposed original of Lady Bellaston in Tom Jones, and Lady Tempest in Pompey the Little. She was mother of George the first Marquis Townshend, and of the famous Charles Townshend.

(1) Lady Sundon,—Mrs. Clayton, the favourite confidential bedchamber woman of Queen Caroline; her husband was latterly made an Irish Peer.

The delightful description of your retirement makes me wish to partake it with you; but I have been so much accustomed to wish in vain, that I dare not flatter myself with so pleasing an idea. We are wrapt up in fogs, and consequential stupidity; which encreases so visibly, we want but little of the state of petrifaction which was said to befall an African town. However there remains still some lively people amongst us that play the fool with great alacrity. Lady Sophia Keppel (1) has declared her worthy choice of the amiable Captain Thomas. Poor Lady Frances Montagu (2) is on the point of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world, and confining herself to rural shades with Sir Roger Burgoyne, whose mansion-house will, I believe, perfectly resemble Mr. Sullen's; but, as we are in dead peace, I am afraid there is no hope of a French count to enliven her solitude. It is reported a much greater, fairer lady (3) is going to be disposed of to a much worse retreat, at least I should think so. 'T is terrible to be the fifth in rank after having been the first; but such is the hard condition of our sex: women and priests never know where they shall eat their bread.

All the polite and the gallant are either gone or preparing for the Bath. You may suppose Lady Hervey would not fail appearing there; where I am told she has made a marvellous union with the Duchess of Manchester, and writes from thence that she is charmed with her grace's sweetness of temper. The Duchess of Richmond declares a design of passing the winter at Goodwood, where she has had a succession of olios of company. It is said very gravely that this loss to the town is occasioned by the suspension of operas. We have no less than fifty-three French strollers arrived to supply their place; and Monsieur de Cambis goes about with great solemnity, negociating to do them service. These are the most important events that are come to my knowledge; perhaps I should remember some more serious if I was so happy as to be with you. I am very glad to hear of the return of Lady Sophia's (4) health and beauty. My dear Lady Pomfret has on all occasions my warmest wishes; and the truest esteem and affection of

Your faithful, etc., etc.

(1) Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of Lord Albemarle.

(2) Lady Frances Montagu, daughter of Lord Halifax.

(3) The "much greater, fairer lady" seems to point at one of the King's daughters. Perhaps it might be reported that Princess Amelia (or Emily) was to marry into some petty German court.

(4) Lady Sophia Fermor, Lady Pomfret's daughter, afterwards Lady Carteret.—See p. 414.

1738.

THERE are some moments when I have so great an inclination to converse with dear Lady Pomfret, that I want but little of galloping to Paris to sit with you one afternoon; which would very well pay me for my journey. Though this correspondence has every charm in it to make a correspondence agreeable, yet I have still a thousand things to say and hear, which cannot be communicated at this distance. Our mobs (1) grow very horrible; here are a vast number of legs and arms that only want a head to make a very formidable body. But while we readers of history are, perhaps, refining too much, the happier part of our sex are more usefully employed in preparation for the birth-day, where I hear Lady Pembroke is to shine in a particular manner, and Lady Cowper to exhibit some new devices worthy of her genius. The Bath is the present scene of gallantry and magnificence, where many caresses are bestowed, not from admiration of the present, but from spite to the absent. The most remarkable circumstance I hear is a coolness in the Earl of Chesterfield, which occasions much speculation; it must be disagreeable to play an under-part in a second-rate theatre. To me that have always been an humble spectator, it appears odd, to see so few desirous to quit the stage, though time and infirmities have disabled them from making a tolerable figure there. Our drama is at present carried on by such whimsical management, I am half inclined to think we shall shortly have no plays at all. I begin to be of opinion that the new northern actress has very good sense; she hardly appears at all, and by that conduct almost wears out the disapprobation of the public. (2) I believe you are already tired with this long dissertation on so trifling a subject; I wish I could enliven my letter with some account of literature; but wit and pleasure are no more, and people play the fool with great impunity; being very sure there is not spirit enough left in the nation to set their follies in a ridiculous light. Pamphlets are the sole productions of our modern authors, and those profoundly stupid. To you that enjoy a purer air, and meet at least with vivacity whenever you meet company, this may appear extraordinary; but recollect, dear madam, in what condition you left us; and you will

(1) Upon referring to the Historical Register, it appears that there were in 1738 very serious riots in Wiltshire, occasioned by disputes between the clothiers and their masters. At Melksham great damage was done, and the military called in to disperse the rioters, who had possession of the town for three days.

(2) The stage, drama, and northern actress, are here evidently figurative, but it is not known to whom or what they refer.

easily believe to what state we are fallen. I know nothing lively but what I feel in my own heart, and that only in what relates to your ladyship; in other respects I partake of the contagion, as you will plainly see by these presents; but I am ever, with the utmost affection, Yours, etc., etc.

1738.

I WILL say nothing of your complaints of your own dulness; I should say something very rough if I did; 'tis impossible to reconcile them to the sincerity that I am willing to flatter myself I find in the other parts of your letter. 'Tis impossible you should not be conscious that such letters as yours want not the trimmings of news, which are only necessary to the plain Spital fields' style, beginning with *hoping you are in good health*, and concluding *pray believe me to be*, etc., etc. You give me all the pleasure of an agreeable author; and I really wish you had leisure to give me all the length too, and that all your letters were to come to me in twelve tomes. You will stare at this impudent wish; but you know imagination has no bounds; and 'tis harder for me to be content with a moderate quantity of your writing, than it was for any South Sea director to resolve to get no more. This is a strange way of giving thanks, however 'tis the clearest proof of my tasting my happiness in your correspondence, to beg so earnestly not only the continuance but the encrease of it.

I hear of a new lady-errant, who is set forth to seek adventures at Paris, attended by her enchanter. These are Mrs. Bromley and Anthony Henley, (1) who, I am told, declares very gallantly that he designs to oblige her to sell her large jointure, to furnish money for his *menus plaisirs*. This is the freshest news from the Island of Love. Amongst those bound for the golden coast (which are far more numerous), there arise every day new events. The Duchess of Northumberland's (2) will raises a great bustle among those branches of the royal blood. She has left a young niece, very pretty, lively enough, just fifteen, to the care of Captain Cole, who was director of Lady Bernard. The girl has 300*l.* per annum allowed for her maintenance, but is never to touch her fortune till she marries, which she is not to do without his consent; and if she dies

(1) Anthony Henley of the Grange, elder brother of the Chancellor Northington. He was said to have very good parts, but was a man of the most profligate and dissipated habits.

(2) This Duchess of Northumberland must have been the widow of George Fitzroy, Charles the Second's youngest son by the Duchess of Cleveland.

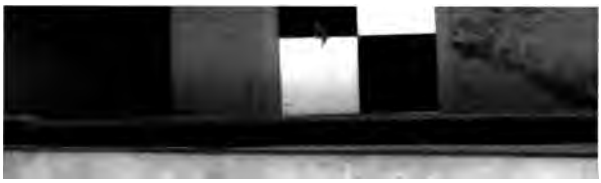
without issue, her twenty thousand pounds to be divided between children of the Duchess of St. Alban's and Lord Litch... The heirs-at-law contest the fantastical will, and the t tittle tattle of visits turns upon the subject.

L... ownshend has renewed his lease of life by his French jou ad is at present situated in his house in Grosvenor-str erfect health. My good lady is coming from the Bath to meet him with the joy you may imagine. Kitty Edwin has been the companion ... asures there. The alliance seems firmer than ever them after their Tunbridge battles, which served ntertainment of the public. The secret cause is vari sed at; but it is certain Lady Townshend came into ... om gently behind her friend, and tapping her on with her fan, said aloud, *I know where, how, a*... ese mysterious words drew the attention of all t and had such an effect upon poor Kitty, she was ca... lodgings in strong hysterics. However, by the interc... prudent mediators, peace was concluded; and if the conduct of these heroines was considered in a true light, perhaps it might serve for an example even to higher powers, by showing that the surest method to obtain a lasting and honourable peace, is to begin with vigorous war. But leaving these reflections, which are above my capacity, permit me to repeat my desire of hearing often from you. Your letters would be my greatest pleasure if I had flourished in the first years of Henry the Eighth's court; judge then how welcome they are to me in the present desolate state of this deserted town of London. Yours, etc.

1738.

I SHOULD take your ladyship's question (whether I should always desire your friendship) very unkindly, if I was in the least disposed to quarrel with you; it is very much doubting both my understanding and morals,—two very tender points. But I am more concerned for opinion of the last than the other, being persuaded 'tis easier for you to forgive an involuntary error of the head than a levity in the mind, of which (give me leave to say) I am utterly incapable; and you must give me very great proofs of my being troublesome before you will be able to get rid of me. I passed two very agreeable evenings last week with Lady Bell Finch; (1) we had the mutual pleasure of talking of you, and joined in very sincere wishes for your company.

(1) Lady Bell Finch—another daughter of the Earl of Nottingham.



The reasons of Lord Morpeth's (1) leaving Caen are variously told; I believe Lady Carlisle is persuaded he was not properly used there; I hear he is with his father at Venice: the whole seems odd; but it is not possible to know the true motives of people's conduct in their families; which may be very reasonable, when it does not appear so. Here are some few births, but neither marriages or burials worth mentioning. Lady Townshend has entertained the Bath with a variety of lively scenes; and Lady Harriet Herbert (2) furnished the tea-tables here with fresh tattle for this last fortnight. I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest, that she had desired him to marry her the next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury-lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frighted at this affair and asked my advice. I told her honestly, that since the lady was capable of such amours, I did not doubt if this was broke off she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving *her* from ruin, and her *family* from dishonour, but by poisoning her; and offered to be at the expence of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. But on her not approving that method, she sent to Lady Montacute, Mrs. Dunch, and all the relations within the reach of messengers. They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham; though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her married; others, that he is too much intimidated by Mr. Waldegrave's threats to dare to go through the ceremony; but the secret is now public, and in what manner it will conclude I know not. Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution; but are violently surprized at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the church in her necessities; which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family. Such examples are very detrimental to our whole sex; and are apt to influence the other into a belief that we are unfit to manage either liberty or money. These melancholy reflections

(1) Lord Morpeth was then a youth, residing abroad for his health and education; of course this relates to his being removed from one place to another; it appears by other letters that he shortly after died.

(2) Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the last Marquis of Powis. She *did* marry Beard in spite of her relations. He was a singer at Vauxhall, and an actor in musical pieces at the theatres; but what was much worse, a man of very indifferent character.

make me incapable of a lively conclusion to my letter; you must accept of a very sincere one in assurance that I am, dear madam, Inviolably yours, etc.

AMIDST the shining gallantries of the French court, I know not how you will receive a stupid letter from these regions of dulness, where even our ridiculous actions (which are very frequent, I confess,) have a ir of formality that hinders them from being ı e time that they are absurd. I think Lady Anne rriage may be reckoned into this number, who is spouse with great gravity a younger brother of Si. ankland's. There are great struggles and many or her place. Lady Anne Montagu, daughter to x, is one of them; and Lady Charlotte Rich, Lady ert, and the incomparable Lady Bateman are her s.

I saw Mrs. Bridgema. r day, who is much pleased with a letter she has had the honour to receive from your ladyship: she broke out, "*Really Lady Pomfret writes finely!*" I very readily joined in her opinion; she continued, "*Oh, so neat, no interlineations, and such proper distances!*" This manner of praising your style made me reflect on the necessity of attention to trifles, if one would please in general; a rule terribly neglected by me formerly; yet it is certain that some men are as much struck with the careless twist of a tippet, as others are by a pair of fine eyes.

Lady Vane (2) is returned hither in company with Lord Berkeley, and went with him in public to Cranford, where they remain as happy as love and youth can make them. I am told that though she does not pique herself upon fidelity to any one man (which is but a narrow way of thinking), she boasts that she has always been true to her nation, and, notwithstanding foreign attacks, has always reserved her charms for the use of her own countrymen. I forget you are at Paris, and 'tis not polite to trouble you with such long scrawls as might perhaps be supportable at Monts; but you must give me leave to add, that I am, with a true sense of your merit, for ever your's, in the largest extent of that expression.

(1) Lady Anne Lumley of the Scarborough family, lady of the bedchamber to the Princesses, which was the place contested.

(2) Lady Vane, whose Memoirs (as Lady Frail) were published in Smollet's Peregrine Pickle.



LADY POMFRET.

1738.

I AM so well acquainted with the lady you mention, that I am not surprized at any proof of her want of judgment; she is one of those who has passed upon the world vivacity in the place of understanding; for me, who think with Boileau

Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable,

I have always thought those geniuses much inferior to the plain sense of a cook-maid, who can make a good pudding and keep the kitchen in good order.

Here is no news to be sent you from this place, which has been for this fortnight and still continues overwhelmed with politics, and which are of so mysterious a nature, one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them; and I leave all those dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are endowed with the talent of divination; though I am at present the only one of my sex who seems to be of that opinion, the ladies having shown their zeal and appetite for knowledge in a most glorious manner. At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, (1) the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the

(1) Lady Huntingdon, the same who afterwards became the head. the Countess Matilda, of the Whitfieldian Methodists.

doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing vollies of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by the two Duchesses (very well apprized of the use of stratagem in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and then [illegible] is a certain proof of their absence [illegible] very impatient to enter,] gave [illegible] door; upon which they all rushed in, [illegible] petitors, and placed themselves in the [illegible] ry. They stayed there till after eleven, when [illegible]; and during the debate gave applause, and showed [illegible] dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have [illegible] allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and [illegible] tempts; which is supposed the true reason why [illegible] lervey spoke miserably. (1) I beg your pardon, dear [illegible] or this long relation; but 't is impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even,

Yours.

It is with great pleasure, dear madam, that I hear from you, after a silence that appeared very long to me. Nothing can be more agreeable or more obliging than your letter. I can give you no greater proof of the impression it made on me than letting you know that you have given me so great an inclination to see Italy once more, that I have serious thoughts of setting out the latter end of this summer. And what the remembrance of all the charms of music, sculpture, painting, architecture, and even the sun itself could not do, the knowledge that Lady Pomfret is there has effected; and I already figure to myself the charms of the brightest conversation in the brightest climate. We have nothing here but clouds and perpetual rains, nor no news but deaths and sickness. Lord

(1) The debate to which this story relates, must have been that of May 2, 1738, on the depredations of the Spaniards, which appears to have been closed by a speech of Lord Hervey.—See Parl. Hist. vol. x. p. 729.

Halifax (1) died this morning, and I am really touched for the melancholy situation of his numerous family. A loss more peculiarly my own is that of poor Lady Stafford, whose last remains of life I am daily watching with a fruitless sorrow. I believe a very few months, perhaps weeks, will part us for ever. You who have a heart capable of friendship may imagine to what a degree I am shocked at such a separation, which so much disorders my thoughts, as renders me unfit to entertain myself or any others. This reflection must shorten my letter. In you I hope to repair the loss of her, and when we meet I am persuaded there will not be many regrets sent to England by, dear madam, Your faithful and affectionate, etc.

May 2, O S. 1739.

Turin, Sept. 11, N. S. 1730.

I AM now, dear madam, in a country where I may soon hope for the pleasure of seeing you; but in taking your advice I see I have taken the wrong road to have that happiness soon; and I am out of patience to find that, after passing the Alps, we have the Apennines between us; besides the new-invented difficulties of passing from this country to Bologna, occasioned by their foolish quarantines. I will not entertain you with my road adventures till we meet. But I cannot help mentioning the most agreeable of them, which was seeing at Lyons the most beautiful and the best behaved young man I ever saw. I am sure your ladyship must know I mean my Lord Lempster. (2) He did me the honour of coming to visit me several times; accompanied me to the opera; and, in short, I am indebted to him for many civilities, besides the pleasure of seeing so amiable a figure. If I had the honour of all my relations much at heart, I should, however, have been mortified at seeing his contrast in the person of my cousin Lord Fielding, (3) who is at the same academy. I met Lord Carlisle at Pont Beauvoisin, who had been confined in the mountains three weeks in a miserable village, on the account of his son's health, who is still so ill that he can travel in no way but in a litter. I enquired after your ladyship, as I cannot help doing so of every body that I think may have seen you. He told me that he had not

(1) Lord Halifax, made Earl of Halifax by a fresh creation after the death of his uncle Charles, who had been a minister under King William and George I; and whose barony, given by the former, was already settled upon him. Both became extinct upon his son's dying without male issue. (2) Lord Lempster, son of Lady Pomfret.

(3) Basil, afterwards seventh Earl of Denbigh. His father was Lady Mary's first cousin.

had that advantage, but he was informed that you intended leaving Sienna, and would certainly pass the carnival at Venice; which determines me to go thither, where I beg you would direct your next letter, enclosed to Mr. Brown, the English consul there.

It is impossible to express to you the satisfaction I feel in the hopes of passing our time together, remote from the nonsense of our own country, and present to the only happiness this world can afford, a mutual friendship and esteem; which I flatter myself your par me, and which is paid to you with the utmost jus madam,

Your faithful, etc., etc.

Venice, Oct. 10, N. S.

I DID not answer de fret's letter the moment I had received it, from a culous reason, which was however a very serious t; a gnat had saluted one of my eyes so roughly, t two days absolutely sealed down: it is now quite v first use I make of it is to give thanks for your kind thoughts of me, which I wish I knew how to deserve.

I like this place extremely, and am of opinion you would do so too: as to cheapness, I think 't is impossible to find any part of Europe where both the laws and customs are so contrived purposely to avoid expences of all sorts; and here is a universal liberty that is certainly one of the greatest *agrémens* in life. We have foreign ambassadors from all parts of the world, who have all visited me. I have received visits from many of the noble Venetian ladies; and upon the whole I am very much at my ease here. If I was writing to Lady Sophia, I would tell her of the comedies and operas which are every night, at very low prices: but I believe even you will agree with me that they are ordered to be as convenient as possible, every mortal going in a mask, and consequently no trouble in dressing, or forms of any kind. I should be very glad to see Rome, which was my first intention (I mean next to seeing yourself); but am deterred from it by reasons that are put into my head by all sorts of people that speak to me of it. There are innumerable little dirty spies about all English; and I have so often had the ill-fortune to have false witness borne against me, I fear my star on this occasion. I still hope you will come to Venice; where you will see a great town, very different from any other you ever saw, and a manner of living that will be quite new to you. Let me endeavour to tempt you by naming another motive; you will find a sincere friend, who will try the utmost

of her power to render the place agreeable to you; it can never be thoroughly so to me 'till I have the happiness of seeing Lady Pomfret; being ever, in the strictest sense of that phrase,

Yours, etc.

Venice, Nov. 6.

It was with the greatest pleasure I read dear Lady. Pomfret's letter half an hour ago: I cannot too soon give thanks for the delightful hopes you give me of seeing you here; and, to say truth, my gratitude is even painful to me 'till I try to express some part of it.

Upon my word, I have spoke my real thoughts in relation to Venice; but I will be more particular in my description, least you should find the same reason of complaint you have hitherto experienced. It is impossible to give any rule for the agreeableness of conversation; but here is so great a variety, I think 't is impossible not to find some to suit every taste. Here are foreign ministers from all parts of the world, who, as they have no court to employ their hours, are overjoyed to enter into commerce with any stranger of distinction. As I am the only lady here at present, I can assure you I am courted, as if I was the only one in the world. As to all the conveniences of life, they are to be had at very easy rates; and for those that love public places, here are two playhouses and two operas constantly performed every night, at exceeding low prices. But you will have no reason to examine that article, no more than myself; all the ambassadors having boxes appointed them; and I have every one of their keys at my service, not only for my own person, but whoever I please to carry or send. I do not make much use of this privilege, to their great astonishment. It is the fashion for the greatest ladies to walk the streets, which are admirably paved; and a mask, price sixpence, with a little cloak, and the head of a domino, the genteel dress to carry you every where. The greatest equipage is a gondola, that holds eight persons, and is the price of an English chair. And it is so much the established fashion for every body to live their own way, that nothing is more ridiculous than censuring the actions of another. This would be terrible in London, where we have little other diversion; but for me, who never found any pleasure in malice, I bless my destiny that has conducted me to a part where people are better employed than in talking of the affairs of their acquaintance. It is at present excessive cold (which is the only thing I have to find fault with); but in recompence we have a clear bright sun; and fogs and factions, things unheard of in this climate.

In short, if I come, and like the way of living as well as I do, there can be nothing to be added to the happiness of, dearest madam, Your faithful, etc.

Venice.

You have put me to a very difficult choice, yet, when I consider we are both in Italy, and yet do not see one another, I am astonished at the capriciousness of my fortune. My affairs are so uncertain, I can answer for nothing that is future. I have taken some pains to put the [illegible] for travelling into Mr. Wortley's head, and was so [illegible]aid he should change his mind, that I hastened befo[illegible]rder (at least) to secure my journey. He proposed [illegible]me in six weeks, his business requiring his pres[illegible]castle. Since that, the change of scene that has [illegible] England has made his friends persuade him to a[illegible]ent this sessions: so that what his inclinations, wh[illegible]vern mine, will be next spring, I cannot absolut[illegible] For my own part, I like my own situation so well [illegible]e a displeasure to me to change it. To postpone such a conversation as your's a whole twelvemonth is a terrible appearance; on the other hand, I would not follow the example of the first of our sex, and sacrifice for a present pleasure a more lasting happiness. In short, I can determine nothing on this subject. When you are at Florence, we may debate it over again.—I had letters last post from England that informed me we lodged in a house together. I think it is the first lie I ever heard invented that I wished a solemn truth.

The Prince of Saxony is expected here in a few days, and has taken a palace exactly over against my house. As I had the honour to be particularly well acquainted (if one may use that phrase) with his mother when I was at Vienna, I believe I cannot be dispensed with from appearing at the conversations which I hear he intends to hold: which is some mortification to me who am wrapt up among my books with antiquarians and virtuosi. I shall be very impatient for the return to this letter; hoping to hear something more determined of your resolutions; which will in a great measure form those of, dear madam, Your ladyship's most faithful, etc.

I MUST begin my letter, dear madam, with asking pardon for the peevishness of my last. I confess I was piqued at yours, and you should not wonder I am a little tender on that point. To suspect me of want of desire to see you, is accusing at once both my taste and my sincerity; and you will allow that all the

world are sensible upon these subjects. But you have now given me an occasion to thank you, in sending me the most agreeable young man I have seen in my travels. I wish it was in my power to be of use to him; but what little services I am able to do him, I shall not fail of performing with great pleasure. I have already received a very considerable one from him in a conversation where you was the subject, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him talk of you in a manner that agreed with my own way of thinking. I wish I could tell you that I set out for Florence next week; but the winter is yet so severe, and by all report, even that of your friends, the roads so bad, it is impossible to think of it. We are now in the midst of carnival amusements, which are more than usual, for the entertainment of the Electoral Prince of Saxony, and I am obliged to live in a hurry very inconsistent with philosophy, and extreme different from the life I projected to lead. But 't is long since I have been of Prior's opinion, who, I think, somewhere compares us to cards, who are but played with, do not play. At least such has been my destiny from my youth upwards; and neither Dr. Clarke (1) or Lady Sundon could ever convince me that I was a free agent; for I have always been disposed of more by little accidents, than either my own inclinations or interest. I believe that affairs of the greatest importance are carried the same way. I seriously assure you (as I have done before), I wish nothing more than your conversation; and am downright enraged that I can appoint no time for that happiness; which however I hope will not be long delayed, and is impatiently waited for by, dear madam, Your ladyship's, etc.

I CANNOT deny your ladyship's letter gave me a great deal of pleasure; but you have seasoned it with a great deal of pain, in the conclusion (after the many agreeable things you have said to me) that you are not entirely satisfied with me : you will not throw our separation on ill fortune; and I will not renew the conversation of the fallen angels in Milton, who in contesting on predestination and free-will, we are told,

"They of the vain dispute could know no end."

Yet I know that neither my pleasures, my passions, nor my interests, have ever disposed of me, so much as little accidents,

(1) Dr. Clarke and Lady Sundon. This alludes to Queen Caroline and her confidante, who dabbled in philosophy and metaphysics, and were at one time very fond of Dr. Clarke, with whom they affected to study. Pope's line may be remembered:

"Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke."

which, whether from chance or destiny, have always determined my choice. Here is weather for example, which, to the shame of all almanacks, keeps on the depth of winter in the beginning of spring; and makes it as much impossible for me to pass the mountains of Bologna, as it would be to wait on you in another planet, if you had taken up your residence in Venus or Mercury. However, I am fully determined to give myself that happiness; but when is out of my power to decide. You may imagine, apart from the gratitude I owe you and the inclination I feel for you, [illegible] impatient to hear good sense pronounced in my na[illegible]e; having only heard my language out of the mo[illegible]oys and governors for these five months. Here[illegible]ndations of them broke in upon us this carnival, [illegible]partment must be their refuge; the greater part [illegible]aving kept an inviolable fidelity to the language [illegible]ses taught them. Their whole business abroad ([illegible]n perceive) being to buy new clothes, in which th[illegible]me obscure coffee-house, where they are sure of m[illegible]ne another; and after the important conquest of some wa[illegible] gentlewoman of an opera Queen, who perhaps they remember as long as they live, return to England excellent judges of men and manners. I find the spirit of patriotism so strong in me every time I see them, that I look on them as the greatest blockheads in nature; and, to say truth, the compound of booby and *petit maître* makes up a very odd sort of animal. I hope we shall live to talk all these things over, and ten thousand more, which I reserve till the hour of meeting; which that it may soon arrive is the zealous wish of, Your ever faithful, etc., etc.

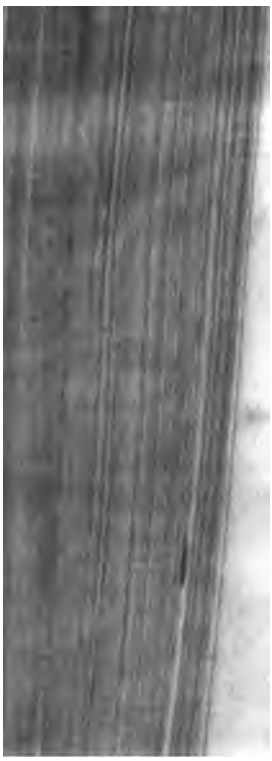
Upon my word, dear madam, I seriously intend myself the happiness of being with you this summer; but it cannot be till then; while the Prince of Saxony stays here I am engaged not to move; not upon his account, as you may very well imagine, but here are many entertainments given, and to be given him by the public, which it would be disobliging to my friends here to run away from; and I have received so many civilities from the first people here, I cannot refuse them the complaisance of passing the feast of the Ascension in their company, though 't is a real violence to my inclination to be so long deprived of your's, of which I know the value, and may say, that I am just to you from judgment as well as pleased with you from taste. I envy nothing more to Lady Walpole than your conversation, though I am glad you have met with her's. Have you not reasoned much on the surprizing conclusion of Lord

Scarborough? I confess I look upon his engagement with the Duchess, (1) not as the cause, but sign, that he was mad. I could wish for some authentic account of her behaviour on this occasion. I do not doubt she shines in it, as she has done in every other part of her life. I am almost inclined to superstition on this accident; and think it a judgment for the death of a poor silly soul, (2) that you know he caused some years ago.

(1) Isabella, the widow of William Duke of Manchester, was eldest daughter of John Duke of Montagu, by his wife, Lady Mary Churchill, daughter of John the great Duke of Marlborough, a woman celebrated for her beauty, and the admiration which it excited. She was about to take as her second husband Richard Earl of Scarborough, (the Lord Scarborough so praised by Chesterfield and Pope,) when, without any apparent reason to be tired of life, he destroyed himself the day before that fixed for their marriage. Report said, that by hastily drying up an issue, or using hazardous means to check an eruption, he had repelled a humour, which flew to his brain, and produced a sudden fit of insanity. Lady Mary Wortley's remarks on this and every thing else concerning the Duchess of Manchester, are so far from charitable that the cause of her bitterness should be explained. The Duchess, unfortunately, was at variance, indeed at open war, with her parents, having married very young, and in the first enjoyment of delightful freedom, made too much haste to fling off the yoke of her mother; who, perhaps, on her side, strove to govern rather too long. But this Lady Mary, who was her mother the Duchess of Montagu's fast friend, would not admit, and threw the whole blame upon the daughter, for whom, however, the self-same circumstance won zealous protection and partiality from her august grandmother, Sarah of Marlborough. "You, my sweet Duchess, (said the grandmother in a overflow of fondness,) *you* were always the very best of God's creatures, but you have a *mother!!*" The grand-daughter who was gifted with a great deal of humour, and knew perfectly well what made her a favourite, could not resist answering, "Ay, and *she* has a mother!"

None of the Duchess of Manchester's lovers pursued her more ardently than at one time did Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. So, whenever Duchess Sarah heard of any imprudent love-match, "Ah! well!" she would cry, "I don't care who runs away with whom so long as the Fox does not carry off my Goose."

(2) This was Lady Mary's own sister-in-law, the widow Lady Kingston, who with a weak understanding had strong affections, and devoted them all to Lord Scarborough. She thought him so firmly engaged to her, that she even taught her children to call him *papa*. But falling ill, and sending for him, she received such a shock from a cold slighting answer he gave to something she said about their future marriage, that she turned on her pillow and spoke to him no more. As she died a day or two afterwards, Lady Mary might justly accuse him of having struck the death-blow.



ming to complain of h
and which literally di
agreeable. I can har
and stalking about at
surprized at suffering
more disposition, as I
than to be enlivened
where I am amazed to fi
after travelling a thousa
som of a republic, with
and courts. Won't yo
member my contracting
as the most distant thin
Fortune tosses her up (in
in a thousand affairs that
lived. Say what you ple
a superior hand, and the
a great deal of free-will, i

I CANNOT help being off
cessary to make an excuse
expressed of seeing me.
ungrateful not to be sensible
me. I prefer one hour of
shows that have ever been
commonly overrule both o



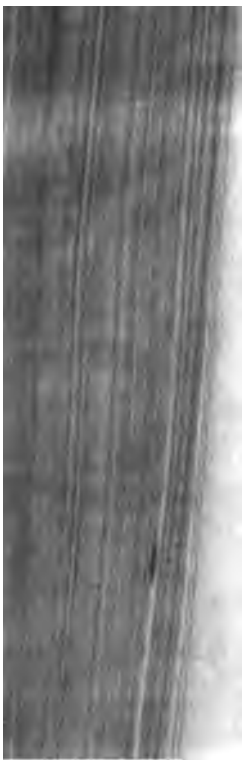
allowed us by nature, and yet how much of that little is squandered. I am determined to be a better housewife for the future; and not to be cheated out of so many irretrievable hours, that might be laid out to better advantage. I could pity the Duchess of Manchester, though I believe 'tis a sensation she is incapable of feeling for any body, and I do not doubt it is her pride that is chiefly shocked on this occasion; but as that is a very tender part, and she having always possessed a double portion of it, I am persuaded she is very miserable. I am surprised at the different way of acting I find in Italy, where, though the sun gives more warmth to the passions, they are all managed with a sort of discretion that there is never any public *éclât*, though there are ten thousand public engagements; which is so different from what I had always heard and read, that I am convinced either the manners of the country are wonderfully changed, or travellers have always related what they have imagined, and not what they saw; as I found at Constantinople, where, instead of the imprisonment in which I fancied all the ladies languished, I saw them running about in veils from morning to night.

'Till I can see you, dear Madam, let me hear from you as often as possible, and do not think your favours thrown away upon a stupid heart; it is sincerely devoted to your service, with as much attachment as ever. I can part with all other pretensions, but I must be angry if you are in this point unjust to

Your faithful servant, etc., etc.

Venice, May 17.

I HAD the happiness of a letter from your ladyship a few days since, and yesterday the pleasure of talking of you with Sir Henry Englefield. He tells me you are still in ice and snow at Florence, and we are very little better at Venice, where we remain in the state of warming beds and sitting by fire-sides. I begin to be of opinion that the sun is grown old; it is certain he does not ogle with so much spirit as he used to do, or our planet has made some slip unperceived by the mathematicians. For my own part, who am more passionately fond of Phœbus than ever Clymene was, I have some thoughts of removing into Africa, that I may feel him once more before I die; which I shall do as surely as your olive-trees, if I have much longer to sigh for his absence. In the mean time I am tied here as long as the Prince of Saxony, which is an uncertain term, but I think will not be long after the Ascension; and then I intend myself the pleasure of waiting on you, where I will listen to all your reproaches, hoping you will do the same to my excuses,



in the windows and bal
next Wednesday, and w
shows, in the midst of
round us. I may, howe
ness, these things can at
the song says) you engage
you of when I am so ha
that I am

I HAVE this moment re
obliging letter I ever read
of the 28th May. I ought
thank you in person, but
is a new unforeseen, impert
English called a big belly.
but my dear chambermaid,
to me, was pleased to honou
that she expects to lie in ev
her loose gown has hinder
though I have been told to-
knew it except myself. Her
Venice for her sweet sake,
heartily; but it is not possible
Italian with the care of my je
to an English servant of mine,
ing her, but a great



at a time when neither he nor I thought he could stay above half the time he has done. This friendship of ours is attended with such peculiar circumstances as make it as free from all possibility of a reproach, as a fancy your ladyship may take, for aught I know, to the Venus de Medici; he being in some sense as immoveable as she, and equally incapable, by the duties of his cursed place, to leave the post he is in, even for one moment. I go there to visit him behind the Prince's chair, which is his grate;(1) where we converse in English (which he speaks perfectly well), and he has the pleasure of talking to me with a freedom, that he does not use to any other. You may easily imagine the consolation this is to him; and you have so good a heart, that I am sure you must be sensible of the pleasure I find in giving any to a man of so extraordinary a character both for virtue and understanding. This is the true history of my stay here, which shall be as short as these *remoras* will permit; being ever, etc.

I SEND you this letter by so agreeable a companion, that I think it a very considerable present. He will tell you that he has pressed me very much to set out for Florence immediately, and I have the greatest inclination in the world to do it; but, as I have already said, I am but too well convinced that all things are relative, and mankind was not made to follow their own inclinations. I have pushed as fair for liberty as any one; I have most philosophically thrown off all the chains of custom and subjection: and also rooted out of my heart all seeds of ambition and avarice. In such a state, if freedom could be found, that lot would sure be mine; yet certain atoms of attraction and repulsion keep me still in suspense; and I cannot absolutely set the day of my departure, though I very sincerely wish for it, and have one reason more than usual; this town being at present infested with English, who torment me as much as the frogs and lice did the palace of Pharaoh, and are surprised that I will not suffer them to skip about my house from morning till night; me, that never opened my doors to such sort of animals in England. I wish I knew a corner of the world inaccessible to petit-maitres and fine ladies. I verily believed when I left London I should choose my own company for the remainder of my days; which I find more difficult to do abroad than at home; and with humility I sighing own,

(1) Lady Mary must have meant that the Prince's chair was to his governor, what the grate of a nunnery is to the nuns, an impassable barrier.

stronger power eludes the sickly will,
es my rising hope with certain ill;
And makes me with reflective trouble see,
That all is destin'd that I fancy'd free.

I have talked to this purpose with the bearer of this letter: you may talk with him on any subject, for though our acquaintance has been very short, it has been long enough to show me that he has an understanding that will be agreeable in what light he pleases to show it.

YOUR ladyship's letter have this minute received) would have been the mo le thing in the world, if it had been directed to ano I can no more be charmed with it than a duellist e skill by which he is mortally wounded. With I owe you, I cannot forbear saying, that no woman proached another with less reason than you do me You can't possibly suspect I have got my chamber child myself for a pretence to stay here. This is a crime of which all mankind will acquit me; and if she had any such malicious design in conceiving, I can assure you she had no orders from me; but, as the song says,

'T is e'en but a folly to flounce;
'T is done, and it cannot be holp.

As soon as she is able to travel, I will certainly set out, notwithstanding the information of your popish priest. There's another thing; how can you pin your faith upon the sleeve of one of those gentlemen, against the assurances given you by a daughter of the Church of England? After this you are obliged to me that I do not suspect he can persuade you into a belief in all the miracles in the Legend. All quarrelling apart, if neither death nor sickness intervene, you will certainly see me at Florence. I talk of you every day at present with Mr. Mackenzie(1) who is a very pretty youth, much enchanted by the charms of Lady Sophia, who, I hear from all hands, so far outshines all the Florentine beauties, that none of them dare appear before her I shall take great pleasure in being spectatress of her triumphs; but yet more in your ladyship's conversation, which was never more earnestly desired by any one than it is at this time by, dearest madam, Yours, etc.

Venice, June 29th.

(1) James Stuart Mackenzie, the younger brother of Lord Bute.

To convince you of my sincere impatience to see you, though my waiting gentlewoman is not yet brought to bed, I am determined to set out the last day of this month, whether she is able to accompany me or not. I hope for one month's happiness with you at Florence; and if you then remove to Rome, I will wait on you thither, and shall find double pleasure in every fine thing I see in your company. You see, whatever acquaintance I have made at Venice, I am ready to sacrifice them to your's. I have already desired my London correspondents to address their letters to your palace, and am

Most faithfully yours, etc.

Aug. 12, N. S.

I AM going to give your ladyship a very dangerous proof of my zealous desire of seeing you. I intend to set out to-morrow morning, though I have a very swelled face; attended by a damsel who has lain in but sixteen days. I hope after this expedition you will never more call in doubt how much I am dearest madam, Yours, etc.

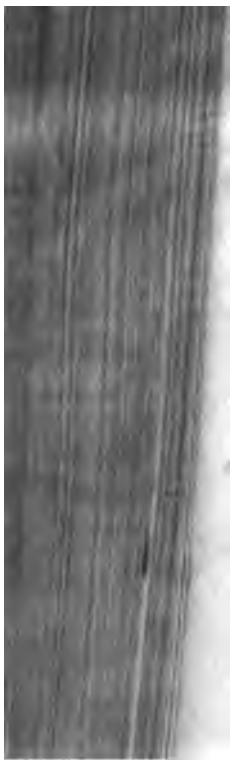
Bologna, Aug. 16.

I AM thus far arrived towards the promised land, where I expect to see your ladyship; but shall stay here a day or two to prepare myself for the dreadful passage of the Apennines. In the mean time I have taken the liberty to direct two trunks and a box to your palace. The post is just going out, and hinders me from saying more than that I am Ever yours.

Oct. 22, N. S.

DEAR MADAM,—I flatter myself that your ladyship's goodness will give you some pleasure in hearing that I am safely arrived at Rome. It was a violent transition from your palace and company to be locked up all day with my chambermaid, and sleep at night in a hovel; but my whole life has been in the Pindaric style. I am at present settled in the lodging Sir Francis Dashwood (1) recommended to me. I liked that Mr. Boughton mentioned to me (which had been Sir Bourchier Wray's) much better; 'tis two zechins per month cheaper, and at least twenty more agreeable; but the landlord would not let it, for a very pleasant reason. It seems your gallant knight used to lie with his wife; and as he had no hopes I would do

(1) Sir Francis Dashwood, a very noted character in his time. He claimed and obtained the old Barony of Le Despenser after the death of the Earl of Westmoreland.



— the Opera House. Thi
not tire you with my thank
am obliged to your ladyshi
of them, and can never be
ship's

—

I RECEIVED the honour
night. I perceive all letter
closed are from dear Mr. M
friendly solicitude my retur
him meet me at Bologna. I
that youth. I could not wis
fectionate behaviour than h
ducement is added to many
but——. I intend for Naple
will not exceed fifteen days,
possible for you to arrive;
sake. Here are entertainme
notions I had of the magni
you it has surpassed all my i
cerned for Mr. Boughton, an
cover his health. I shall ver
guess about the said letter.
D'Arcie (what D'Arcie I can't
where I now am, and Sir Fr
with her; she went from hen
England

fancy. I go to bed every night at ten, run about all the morning among the antiquities, and walk every evening in a different beautiful villa; where, if amongst the fountains I could find the waters of Lethe, I should be completely happy.

> Like a deer that is wounded I bleed and run on,
> And fain I my torment would hide.
> But alas! 't is in vain, for wherever I run
> The bloody dart sticks in my side,

and I carry the serpent that poisons the paradise I am in. I beg your pardon (dear madam) for this impertinent account of myself; you ought to forgive it, since you would not be troubled with it, if I did not depend upon it, that your friendship for me interests you in all my concerns; though I can no way merit it but by the sincerity with which I am, etc.

Naples, Nov. 25, N. S.

HERE I am arrived at length, after a most disagreeable journey. I bought a chaise at Rome, which cost me twenty-five good English pounds; and had the pleasure of being laid low in it the very second day after I set out. I had the marvellous good luck to escape with life and limbs; but my delightful chaise broke all to pieces, and I was forced to stay a whole day in a hovel, while it was tacked together in such a manner as would serve to drag me hither. To say truth, this accident has very much palled my appetite for travelling. I was last night at the opera, which is far the finest in Italy; it was the Queen's birth-night; the whole house was illuminated, and the court in its greatest splendour. Mrs. Allen is very well behaved, and (*entre nous*) her lover one of the prettiest men I ever saw in any country; but all is managed with the strictest decency. I have been diverted both at Rome and here with Lady W—'s (1) memoirs. The consul told me that when she

(1) Lady W.'s memoirs,—probably Lady Walpole's, Sir Robert's daughter-in-law. When she first broke loose from all restraints, while still very young, separating from her husband to seek adventures abroad, as at that time, according to the usual justice and candour of party spirit, every body, even a runaway wife, was *in* the right *versus* Sir Robert Walpole and his family, some patriot bade her good-speed in these lines, which are given from memory, and therefore may not be quite exact;

> "Go, sprightly Rolle, and traverse earth and sea;
> Go, fly the land where beauty mayn't be free;
> Admired and pity'd, seek some friendly shore,
> Where not a Walpole shall approach thee more."

first cam[illegible]e she was in the full fury of her passion for Mr. Sturgis. He went once to take the air in a coach with them, and her ladyship was so violent, he protested he had a great mind to have alighted and walked home on foot, rather than have been a spectator. I could not help laughing when I remembered our disputes.

I am informed here are many pretty houses to be had, and I own I have half a mind to send orders for my goods to be brought hither; but fixing is a point of such importance, it deserves to be well consi[illegible] I am now sitting comfortably without a fire, and a s[illegible] an article of consequence. It is possible there ma[illegible] intrigues here as in other places; but there is [illegible]decency that I am pleased with; and by what I [illegible]politans (contrary to their common character), t[illegible]me a better sort of people than the Romans, or (if [illegible]ve me leave to say it) the Florentines. There [illegible]incture of Spanish honour amongst them; and [illegible]hat I can forgive a little Spanish formality. [illegible]ve yet determined nothing but wherever I am, [illegible]adam, faithfully yours etc.

Rome, January 20, N. S.

THIS is the fourth letter I have wrote to your ladyship, since I had the honour of hearing from you. I own I am much mortified at it. I do not doubt my letters have miscarried, for I cannot believe your silence proceeds from any other cause. In the mean time I must suffer greatly in your opinion if you think me stupid or ungrateful enough to neglect a correspondence which is every way so advantageous to me. I am returned from Naples, where I was much tempted to fix my residence, both from the charms of the climate, and the many civilities I met with. Some considerations made me decline it; and since my arrival here I have received such pressing and obliging letters from my friends at Venice, I can hardly resist my inclination to go thither. I am ashamed of my irresolution, but I own I am still undetermined. You see I confess to you all my weakness. My baggage is arrived at Leghorn; and, wherever I turn myself afterwards, it is necessary for me to go thither to give some orders concerning it; I only wait for the moon-light to begin my journey. I see all the English here every day, and amongst them Lord Lincoln, who is really, I think, very deserving, and appears to have both spirit and understanding. They all expect your ladyship's family here before the end of the carnival. I wish my affairs would permit me to stay till that time, if it be true you intend

coming, otherwise the shows give me very little curiosity. The Abbé Niccolini is very obliging to me, but I fear his interest is not sufficient to do the service to my friend, that I endeavour with all my heart; though I 've little hopes of success from what the Venetian ambassador told me last night. I had last post a great deal of news from England, but as I suppose you had the same, I do not trouble you with the repetition. I hope all your family continue in health and beauty.

I am ever, dear madam, your ladyship's, etc.

YOUR ladyship's letters are so concise, I suppose you neither expected or desired a quick return to them; however I could not let slip this opportunity of assuring you that you have still in being a very sincere (though perhaps insignificant) humble servant. If you could know all my behaviour here, you would be thoroughly convinced of this truth, and of my endeavours to serve you. I was not at all surprised at the sight of Mr. Sturgis; he has the very face of a lover kicked out of doors; and I pity his good heart, at the same time I despise his want of spirit. I confess I am amazed (with your uncommon understanding) that you are capable of drawing such false consequences. Because I tell you another woman has a very agreeable lover, you conclude I am in love with him myself; when God knows I have not seen one man since I left you, that has affected me otherwise than if he had been carved in marble. Some figures have been good, others have been ill made; and all equally indifferent to me. The news I have heard from London is, Lady Margaret Hastings (1) having disposed of herself to a poor wandering methodist; Lady Lucy Manners being engaged to Mr. Pawlet; Miss Henshaw married to Captain Strickland; and Lady Carnarvon receiving the honourable addresses of Sir Thomas Robinson; here is a great heap of our sex's folly.

I intend setting out for Leghorn the next Sunday, and from thence I am yet undetermined. What is very pleasant, I have met two men exactly in the same circumstances. The one is Prince Couteau (brother to the Princess of Campo Florida), who has abandoned his country on being disgusted with his wife; and the other a Genoese Abbé, who has both wit and learning in a very ugly form, and who on a disagreeable ad-

(1) Lady Margaret Hastings, etc.—Perhaps none of this news was true. Lady Lucy Manners certainly married the Duke of Montrose; and by the Peerage book it appears that Lady Margaret Hastings died unmarried.

venture is resolved never to return to Genoa. We often talk over every town in Europe, and find some objection or other to every one of them.

If it would suit your conveniency to see me at Sienna, I would stop there to receive that pleasure.

Rome, February 15th.

I AM extremely sorry (dear madam) that things have turned out so unluckily to hinder me the pleasure of your conversation; I really believed Lord Strafford intended to go straight to Florence, instead of which he has been at Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca, which has occasioned these mistakes. When you arrive at Rome, I am persuaded you will be convinced of my endeavours to serve you; and I'm very positive nothing but ill management can hinder that affair from succeeding. I own it will require some skill from the opposition it is like to meet with. I am now expecting every hour to be summoned on board, or I would take a trip to Florence to inform you of every thing. I am sorry you seem to doubt the benignity of your stars; pray trust to mine, which (though of little use to myself) have never failed of showering some good fortune where I wished it, as I do most sincerely to you; being, dear madam,

Faithfully yours, M. W. M.

Leghorn, March the 3rd.

Turin, October 2nd.

I HAD the honour of seeing Lord Lempster yesterday, who told me to my great surprise your letter complains of my silence, while I was much mortified at yours, having never heard once from you since I left Leghorn, though I have wrote several times. I suppose our frequent removals have occasioned this breach in our correspondence, which it will be a great pleasure to me to renew. I hear you are very well diverted at Bruxelles; I am very much pleased here, where the people in general are more polite and obliging than in most parts of Italy. I am told Lady Walpole is at present at Verona, and intends to pass the carnival at Venice. Mrs. Prat passed this way last week; the Duchess of Buckingham is daily expected. Italy is likely to be blessed with the sight of English ladies of every sort and size. I staid some time at Genoa, tempted to it by the great civilities I received there, and the opportunity of hiring a palace in the most beautiful situation I ever saw. I was visited there by Lord Lincoln and Mr. Walpole, who informed me that you hurried away from Venice, designing for England. I hope some good occasion has stopped you. I do not doubt you have



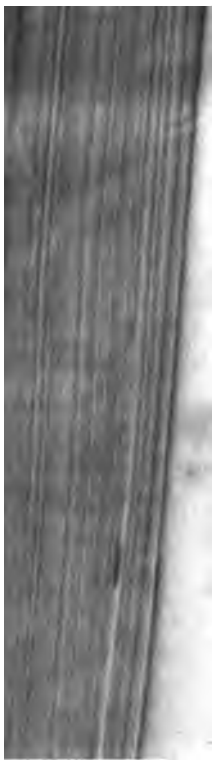
heard Mrs. Goldsworthy's melancholy history; which is very comical. I saw often Signora Clelia Durazzo, who was your friend and very much mine; and we had the pleasure of talking frequently of your ladyship, in many parties we had together. I have thus given you a long account of my travels, I hope to have in return the history of yours. I am told, since I began this letter, that Miss Windsor, who is very well married in Holland (I forget the name), is gone to Naples. I think I was very unlucky not to meet with her; I should be very glad to have an opportunity of showing my regard to your ladyship, in serving any of your relations; and perhaps my experience might be of some use to a stranger. If my intelligence from hence can be any way agreeable to you, you have a right to command it. I wish I could show you more effectually how much I am Ever yours, M. W. M.

Be pleased to direct, "recommandé à Mons. Villette, Ministre de S. M. Britanique."

Chambery, December 3, N. S.

At length, dear madam, I have the pleasure of hearing from you; I hope you have found every thing in London to your satisfaction. I believe it will be a little surprise to you to hear that I am fixed for this winter in this little obscure town; which is generally so much unknown, that a description of it will at least have novelty to recommend it. Here is the most profound peace and unbounded plenty, that is to be found in any corner of the universe; but not one rag of money. For my part, I think it amounts to the same thing, whether one is obliged to give several pence for bread, or can have a great deal of bread for a penny, since the Savoyard nobility here keep as good tables, without money, as those in London, who spend in a week what would be here a considerable yearly revenue. Wine, which is equal to the best Burgundy, is sold for a penny a quart, and I have a cook for very small wages, that is capable of rivalling Chloé. (1) Here are no equipages but chairs, the hire of which is about a crown a week, and all other matters proportionable. I can assure you I make the figure of the Duchess of Marlborough, by carrying gold in my purse; there being no visible coin but copper. Yet we are all people that can produce pedigrees to serve for the Order of Malta. Many of us have travelled, and 'tis the fashion to love reading. We eat together perpetually, and have assemblies every night for conversation. To say truth, the houses are all built after the

(1) See note p. 383.



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advantageously by you
goodness for this; sin
hence, but the assurance
Be pleased to direct as
direction. Here are no
you must excuse the war

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ship on the changes in I
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live here in so much health
remove. I am extremely
to your satisfaction; I ex
soon; at least, if my corres
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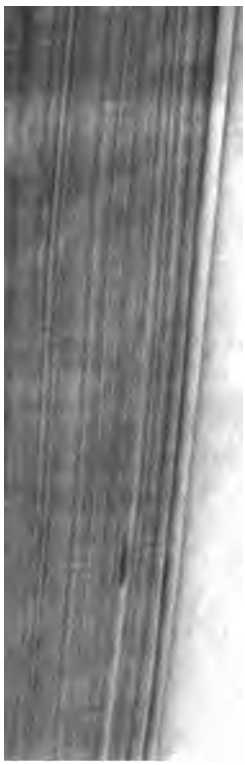
times. He has been married about seven years. His lady is a well-bred agreeable woman; and he has a little daughter about six years old, that is an angel in face and shape. She will be the greatest heiress of this province, and his ambition is to marry her in England. The manners and fashions of this place copy those of Paris. Here are two assemblies, always concluding with a good supper; and we have had balls during the carnival, twice a week; which, though neither so numerous nor magnificent as those in London, were perhaps full as agreeable. After having given your ladyship a sketch of this town, you may imagine I expect a return of intelligence from London; how you pass your time, and what changes and chances happen amongst our acquaintance. When you see Lady E. Spelman, or Mrs. Bridgman, I should be obliged to you if you told them I am still their humble servant. I hope you are persuaded that I am unalterable yours, M. W. M.

Avignon, June 1, N. S.

I HAVE changed my situation, fearing to find myself blocked up in a besieged town: and not knowing where else to avoid the terrors of war, I have put myself under the protection of the Holy See. Your ladyship being well acquainted with this place, I need not send you a description of it; but I think you did not stay in it long enough to know many of the people. I find them very polite and obliging to strangers. We have assemblies every night, which conclude with a great supper; and comedies which are tolerably well acted. In short, I think one may wile away an idle life with great tranquillity; which has long since been the utmost of my ambition.

I never was more surprised than at the death of the Duchess of Cleveland; (1) I thought her discretion and constitution made to last at least as long as her father's. I beg you to let me know what accident has destroyed that fine figure which seemed built to last an age. You are very unjust to me in regard to the Marquis of Beaufort; he is too much an Englishman not to be inquisitive after the news of London. There has passed nothing there since he left it that he has not been informed of. Lord Lempster can tell you that before I came to Turin he had mentioned to him that he had had the honour of seeing his mother. He removed from Chambery with his whole family about the same time I left it; and for the same reason they passed into Italy; and if Piedmont proves the theatre of war, intend to refuge

(1) The Duchess of Cleveland,—one of the many daughters of Daniel Finch Earl of Nottingham.



sum of opinion that it de

Here are several Eng
before; but they beha
pression of our conduc
stiff stays do not give the
dress.

Notwithstanding the di
confidence in your ladysh
be so good as to answer
" recommandé à Monsieu
take care to forward it to,

Your faithf

—

It is but this morning t
your ladyship's obliging let
you mention never reached
retarded in its passage. It
us miserable exiles, the di
few friends who are generou
I am very sorry and surprised
had such an attack. In lieu
that of a very uncommon sha
ings, having never had one da
took less care to prevent it.
spect of continued happiness



niece's meeting with Lord Goreing; he visited me at Venice. and seemed one of the most reasonable young men I have seen,

I endeavour to amuse myself here with all sorts of monastic employments, the conversation not being at all agreeable to me, and friendship in France as impossible to be attained as orange-trees on the mountains of Scotland; it is not the product of the climate; and I try to content myself with reading, working, walking, and what you'll wonder to hear me mention, building. I know not whether you saw when you were at Avignon the rock of Douse, at the foot of which is the Vice Legate's palace; from the top of it you may see the four provinces of Venaisin, Provence, Languedoc, and Dauphiné; with the distant mountains of Auvergne, and the near meeting of the Durance and Rhone which flow under it; in short, it is the most beautiful land prospect I ever saw. There was anciently a temple of Diana, and another of Hercules of Gaul, whose ruins were turned into a fort, where the powder and ammunition of the town were kept, which was destroyed by lightning about eighty years since. There remained an ancient round tower, which I said in presence of the Consul I would make a very agreeable belvidere if it was mine. I expected no consequence from this accidental speech of mine; but he proposed to the Hotel de Ville, the next day, making me a present of it; which was done *nemine contradicente*. Partly to show myself sensible of that civility, and partly for my own amusement, I have fitted up a little pavilion, which Lord Burlington would call a temple; being in the figure of the Rotunda; where I keep my books and generally pass all my evenings. If the winds were faithful messengers, they would bring you from thence many sighs and good wishes. I have few correspondents in England, and you that have lived abroad know the common phrases that are made use of; "As I suppose you know every thing that passes here;" or, "Here is nothing worth troubling you with;" this is all the intelligence I receive. You may judge then how much I think myself obliged to you, dear madam, when you tell me what passes amongst you. I am so ignorant, I cannot even guess at the improper marriages you mention. If it is Lady Mary Grey that has disposed of herself in so dirty a manner, I think her a more proper piece of furniture for a parsonage-house than a palace; and 't is possible she may have been the original product of a chaplain.

I believe your ladyship's good-nature will lament the sudden death of the poor Marquis of Beaufort, who died of an apopletic fit. He is a national loss to the English, being always ready to serve.

Nov. 4, N. S. Avignon.

I AM very much obliged to your ladyship for judging so rightly both of my taste and inclinations as to think it impossible I should leave a letter of yours unanswered. I never received that which you mention; and am not surprized at it, since I have lost several others, and all for the same reason; I mean, mentioning political transactions; and 't is the best proof of wisdom that I know of our reigning ministers, that they will not suffer their fame to travel into foreign lands; neither have I any curiosity for their proceedings; being long ago persuaded of the truth of that histori-prophetical verse which says,

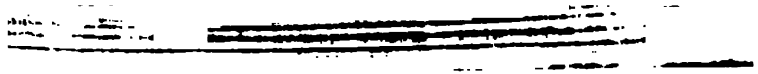
The world will still be ruled by knaves
And fools, contending to be slaves.

I desire no other intelligence from my friends but tea-table chat, which has been allowed to our sex by so long a prescription, I believe no lady will dispute it at present. I am very much diverted with her grace's passion, which is perhaps excited by her devotion; being piously designed to take a strayed young man out of the hands of a wicked woman. I wish it may end as those projects often do, in making him equally despise both, and take a bride as charming as Lady Sophia; who, I am glad, has had a legacy from Mrs. Bridgman, though I could have wished it had been more important. I hear the Duke of Cleveland will be happily disposed of to Miss Gage; who, I do not doubt, will furnish his family with a long posterity, or I have no skill in airs and graces. This place affords us no news worth telling. I suppose you know Lady Walpole has been near dying; and that Mrs. Goldsworthy being detected *flagrant délit*, is sent back to England with her children; some of which I hear he disowns. I think her case not unlike Lady Abergavenny's; her loving spouse being very well content with her gallantrys while he found his account in them, but raging against those that brought him no profit. Be pleased to direct your next to Avignon, and I believe it will come safe to your ladyship's

Faithful humble servant, M. W. M.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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